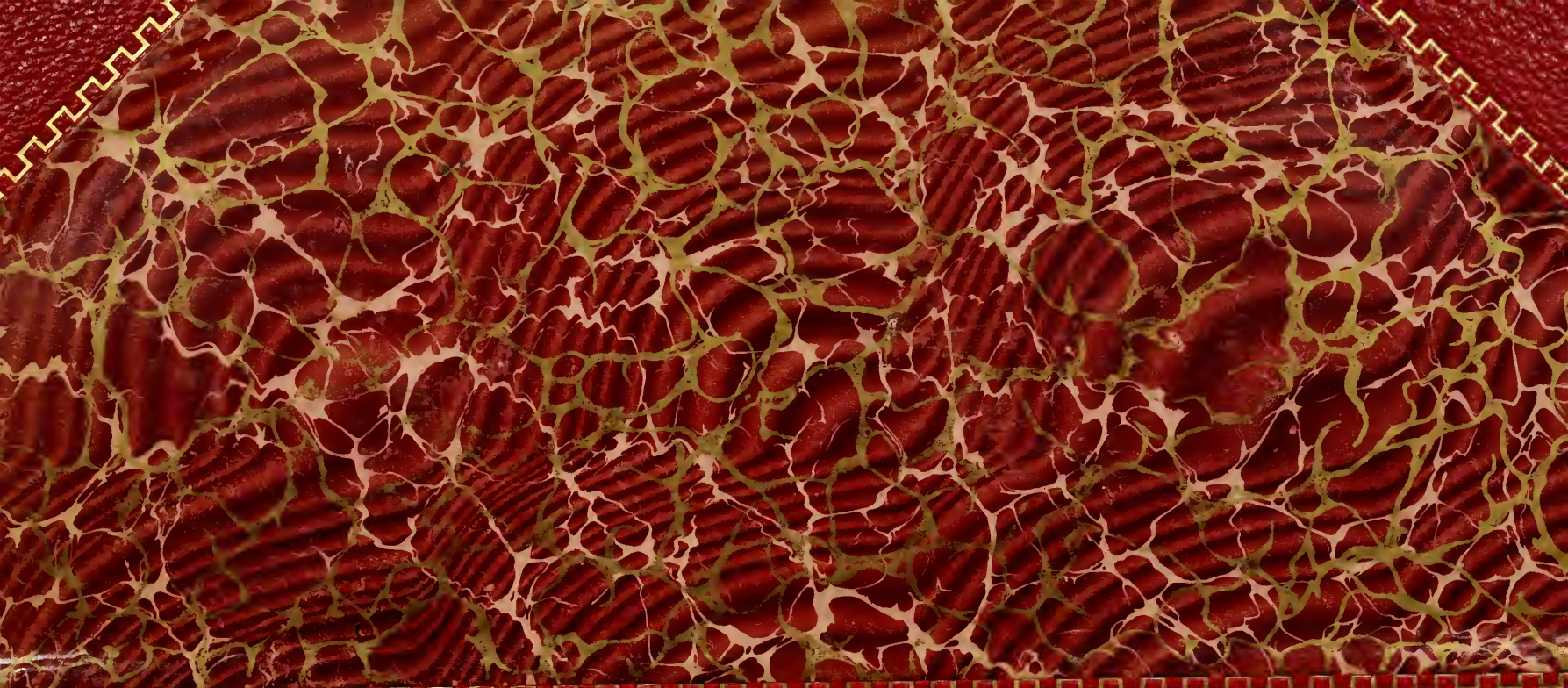

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THE

UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A Collection of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

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PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

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THE USE AND VALUE OF ANTHOLOGIES

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK BY
DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

THERE have been periods in human history when the action of the Turk, who picks up and preserves every stray piece of inscribed paper, "because it may contain the name of Allah," has been highly reasonable. Such, in fact, is the present attitude of the archæologist and explorer to the fragments of papyrus he encounters in the rubbish of buried Egyptian cities, precious because they are so scarce, because they are so old, and because nobody can tell what priceless syllables they may contain. But the demeanour which is right in the infancy of a young literature, or amid the vestiges of an antique one, is wholly uncalled for in an age where the difficulty is to keep out of print. Even without the printing press, the scholars of the Alexandrian period found literature getting too much for them. What must it be now, when every daily newspaper requires machinery capable of producing more literary matter in an hour than all the scribes of Alexandria could have turned out in a generation? As the existence of a great river in a civilised country involves that of dykes, and quays, and bridges, so the existence of a great literature implies the ministrations of literary officials engaged in winnowing the bad from the good, and helping the latter to permanence. In a rude, imperfect manner this function is discharged by the current criticism of the periodical press; but this criticism, produced in haste, and by persons of widely varying degrees of qualification, requires to be itself very carefully winnowed.

The appearance of a new book in ancient times must have elicited abundance of *viva voce* criticism, but the literary review can scarcely have existed. Every intellectual condition favoured, but material conditions forbade. The circulation of our most esteemed journals would be limited indeed, if they were produced by transcribers working with reed pens; nor, in fact, when the indispensable exigencies of ordinary life had been satisfied, did enough papyrus remain for the books and the comments also. Readers no doubt spoke their minds freely, but authors did not fall into the hands of the grammarians, corresponding to our reviewers, until they had passed this preliminary ordeal, and had established more or less claim to a permanent place in literature. The grammarian, sometimes, no doubt, somewhat of a pedant, but almost always endowed with the culture entitling him to act as literary expert and appraiser, proceeded by one of three methods. If he did not reject the aspirant altogether, he admitted him into his *canon*, or drew upon him for his anthology, or made him the subject of an epitome—

Flasked and fine,
And priced and saleable at last!

It can rarely be said now, as it often could of old, that a single book is the chief repertory of knowledge on any important subject. While, therefore, epitomes of information are more frequent than ever, epitomes of particular authors have become rare. The canon, also, is a classification difficult to maintain in presence of the extreme complexity of modern literature. In ancient times this beneficial system was comparatively easy to apply, when the world possessed but one literary language, and that one in which the standard of excellence was both lofty and well defined. It was not difficult for a Greek to decide, for instance, that but nine of the numerous lyric poets of Hellas deserved to be accounted canonical, and the conditions of literary composition had so greatly altered between the times of Simonides and those of Aristarchus, that there was but little prospect of the rekindling of a "Lost Pleiad," or of the intrusion of a tenth muse into the hallowed circle. The classification went farther; three tragic poets and three of the old

comedy were picked out from the rest as pre-eminently worthy to be read; seven of the later Alexandrian dramatists were allowed to form a band of Epigoni, below the great but among the good; twenty-four of Menander's comedies were selected as eminently worthy of transcription, and hence survived for the perusal of Photius after a thousand years. Of the canon of Scripture, Old and New, and the weighty controversies connected with it, it is needless to speak. In the modern literature the principle of the canon is less easy of application, on account of the difficulty of establishing an absolute criterion of style, and also of its greater complexity and variety. The supreme perfection of prose style, the felicitous expression to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken away, has, perhaps, hardly ever been attained but by those authors of the first rank with whom the modern world has least concern. Rousseau may be an exception, but to canonise Bossuet will not be to find him readers, and who is to discriminate the temporary from the permanent in the enormous production of Voltaire? We should, moreover, be confronted by the want of any standard of excellence universally agreed upon. Athens or Alexandria could prescribe the laws of taste to obedient antiquity, but Pascal's writ does not run in Britain, or Carlyle's in France. The age of literary canons, in the sense of select authors prescribed for imitation, is gone by, and apart from individual examples and the admonitions which we occasionally receive from men of taste sensitive to the literary failings of their times, such as Matthew Arnold, the best way to maintain a high standard of authorship is the method of anthology, of a selection from those pieces which have actually striven and prevailed in the great literary struggle for existence, and thus practically demonstrated the qualities that keep a writer's name green.

Two systems have been followed in the confection of anthologies, each of which has its advantages. The first, especially recommendable for poetical anthologies, is the system of fastidious severity, which can only be carried out by a compiler of exquisite taste and consummate judgment. Such was the system on which Meleager,

the first Greek anthologist, framed his collection, which, so far as can be determined in the mutilated condition in which it has reached our times, did not contain a single piece unacceptable on poetical grounds. Such was also the case with the first series of the late Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," which we are able to judge with more exactness than Meleager's, knowing not only what Mr. Palgrave admitted, but what he excluded. The same high standard, however, is incapable of application to selections of mixed verse and prose, since modern prose rarely attains the flawless perfection of much modern verse, nor, growing out of and leading up to other passages, can it usually possess the symmetrical unity of a complete poem. Another principle may here be invoked, and the selection may in a manner be entrusted to the public suffrage, those pieces being especially chosen which are known to have appealed with special force to the general heart and conscience. Such is the case with the selections which these remarks accompany. The great majority are here by universal suffrage, and the great extent of the collection, unparalleled in any similar undertaking, allows the general estimate to be reflected with a precision unattainable in an attempt to present "infinite riches in little room." The endeavour to indicate public feeling by a few favourite pieces would be like carrying a sample brick as a representative of a great city; it is otherwise where there is room for hundreds of such objects of general approval. If this character of echo of *vox populi, vox Dei* does not seem equally merited by all departments of this colossal gathering, the objector may reflect that the favourite literature of educated persons is not, like a plane surface, spread out everywhere and equally visible in every part, but, like the soil itself, a succession of strata through which the explorer must drive his shaft, and that the occurrence of Plato, for example, in the uppermost stratum, is a good reason for not expecting him lower down; that the lower strata have their indigenous products too; and that the business of a collection formed on this principle is to exhibit not one stratum but all, so long as all deserve the name of literature. This is assuredly the case; various as are the degrees of culture and the modifications of

taste here represented, not much will be found that does not incontestably belong to the world of literature, as distinguished from the world of bookmaking. While such a collection is especially profitable as a mirror of the nation's mental activity, and an echo of the general verdict, it might well have impressed an intelligent foreigner by the vigour, affluence, and variety of the Anglo-American intellect, and the splendour of the gifts bestowed upon the finer spirits of the mother country and her daughters, whether of Teutonic or of Celtic stock.

The large proportion allotted in this anthology to American literature is not without significance at the present crisis in the history of our race. We in Britain have learned to acknowledge a Greater Britain, greater actually in extent, potentially in world-wide importance, than our own. So frankly has the admission been made that the phrase recording it has become a household word, as famous and universally accepted as John Bull. But we are now beginning to see that the phrase cannot be limited to our colonial dependencies. Let any one ask himself the question: Supposing that Australia, for instance, were to assert political independence of Great Britain, would she therefore be excluded from Greater Britain? Assuredly not; for one tie that would have been snapped, twenty would remain—kinship, language, literature, religion, institutions substantially identical, commercial and social intercourse—after a short interval at most, the same affection as of old. But if this is true of the new colony, it must be equally true of the old. The rupture of political connections and the change of political institutions have made no breach between England and America. In reading the specimens of American literature in this collection we are at once aware that we are reading our own. They do not differ from us as do the specimens of the literature of France or Germany. They are racy of the soil, of course, and that soil is not the soil of England, but neither is it the soil of Scotland or Ireland. It is not two great literatures regarding each other across the Atlantic, but one colossal literature bestriding that vast ocean. What hope and encouragement this fact affords it is need-

less to say, both as a revelation of the indefinite possibilities of the development of our literature in the future, and as an assurance of the mutual understanding of the two moieties of this great English-speaking nation which present circumstances do, and future circumstances will, so urgently require. A virtual identity of literary expression and literary sentiment which has grown up by the force of circumstances without encouragement, sometimes with discouragement, from statesmen and organs of public opinion, clearly points to affinities too deep to be unsettled by transitory circumstances, and which will, indeed, impress such circumstances into its service.

Apart from the great actual merits of American writers, the successful transplantation of English literature to the United States and "Greater Britain" is almost the most important event that has ever befallen it, indefinitely extending the chances of the one thing absolutely essential to its existence. There is, after all, no glory of British literature equal to that which is all but unique with it—its continuity. Shelley, who was not only a great poet but a great intellect, notes this when he says—

> Poesy's unfailing river
> Which through Albion winds *for ever*.

This is the simple fact, save for the dull period of the fifteenth century, when literature all over Europe was mainly restricted to commentary and compilation, England has never wanted a successor to Chaucer, and the least superficially attractive ages of her literature have frequently produced the works of most sterling value. The same may be said of French literature as regards prose, not as regards poetry, which, unless versified logic and rhetoric be poetry, slept in France for two hundred and fifty years. Elsewhere, in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece, we everywhere behold the same phenomena of epochs of extreme brilliancy followed by long periods of silence or of the productiveness of perverted taste. England alone is always active to good purpose, and if some eras of her literary history are less exemplary than others, there is not one with which the nation or the world could

dispense. The prospect of her continued activity is obviously brightened by the new Englands she has created in the regions of the newly-discovered world, whether American, African, or Australian, most favourable to intellectual as well as to physical activity. Like the banyan tree, she has sent down shoots rooted in the earth, any of which may rival the massiveness and surpass the durability of the parent. Something like this has happened of old, when Roman literature, effete at home, was long preserved and cultivated by Spaniards, Gauls, Africans, and Egyptians, who were either descended from Roman colonists, or had imbibed the spirit of Latin letters. The barbarian deluge, however, overwhelmed the colonies and dependencies as well as the mother country — a catastrophe little likely to befall the widely-disseminated lands where English is the language of letters and of life. American and colonial literature, therefore, deserve profound attention from Britain, as the certain perpetuators of her own, as, even in their present undeveloped condition, redeeming this from the reproach of insularity, and as indefinitely enlarging its prospects both of permanence and of influence upon mankind. It would be rash to predict that the next English-speaking genius of the first rank will be born in America or Australia, but it would be equally rash to predict that he will not.

In one of the charming letters which Emerson wrote to Carlyle the philosopher is found telling his friend of his vain but strenuous endeavour to get through the whole of Goethe's work. "Thirty-five I have read," he writes blithely, "but compass the other thirty-five I cannot." Seventy volumes in all from one man! Little wonder that the Concord sage could find time for perhaps only twice as many as the present day finds time to remember.

For a moment this thought may seem discouraging, and derogatory to modern literature, especially when we consider the care taken to preserve, and the pains spent in interpreting, every scrap that has come down to us from antiquity. But this is not really the case, for what is the larger part of antique literature itself but a co-operative alliance for the performance of tasks too

extensive for any single man? Ancient authors, like moderns, fell to a certain extent into oblivion, but revived again in those whom they had influenced, and by whom the best part of their writings were preserved, though mainly as ingredients in the works of others, often in an altered form. The Bible and the Talmud, the Vedas, the Mahabarata, the Avesta, the Sagas, and the Eddas are not the work of one man but of many men. They are full of fragments of older writings, frequently recognisable as such. Granting the personality of Homer and the unity of his epics, who can doubt that he must have worked upon abundant stores of material furnished by more primitive minstrels? The dramatists prey upon him in their turn. Æschylus declared that his tragedies were but scraps stolen from the great Homeric banquet. Take even a comparatively recent, a highly finished, and a perfectly artistic production like the *Æneid*, what would remain even of this national epic of Rome if Virgil were deprived of everything that he had borrowed from Greece? He was a great anthologist, and his English rival Milton even a greater; naturally so, for he had wider fields to gather in. Ancient history, with one or two remarkable exceptions to be noticed, is more than an anthology; it is a composite, a *breccia*. As historical facts became more numerous and less manageable throughout the lengthening ages, the standard histories of Ephorus, Theopompus, and the like, become a quarry for later compilers of the order of Diodorus and Trogus, who sometimes transcribe their predecessor, sometimes abridge him, but alway fuse his identity into their own. The exception is in the case of writers like Herodotus and Thucydides, rendered by perfect style or consummate political wisdom a possession for ever, as one of them said. If a man can write like Herodotus or Thucydides he need not fear the compiler or the anthologist, and many moderns, such as the very Goethe whom we have cited as an instance of the impermanence of great authors, have attained this standard in their best works. For their inferior writings and the general mass of authors there remains but the alternatives—to be absorbed, to be excerpted, or to be virtually forgotten.

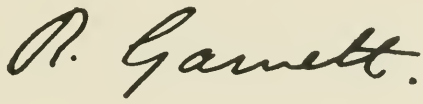
Absorption may be defined as the process undergone by valuable

literary matter which has not received due artistic form and polish. It is not thrown away; it does not, properly speaking, cease to exist, but it exists only as an element in the compositions of later authors. The truly artistic production, on the other hand, though equally liable to be laid under contribution as a source of information, may well outlast the inferior work into whose service it is thus pressed, as the diamond survives the glass which it engraves. Almost every word, for example, which Arrian has written about Alexander, is very probably coloured by the authoritative biography of Ptolemy Lagus, Alexander's companion in arms, but of Ptolemy's work itself, deficient in style and arrangement, not a word is preserved except those which may be embedded in Arrian's narrative. Cæsar's Commentaries, on the other hand, have been equally used as historical authorities, but the works of those who have thus employed them have mostly passed away, while the Commentaries remain as fresh as of old. Yet, though terse brevity is among their most conspicuous merits, the modern reader, unless a professional scholar or historian, cannot find time for them, not from their prolixity, but from the immensity of the mass of even more valuable literature. He must therefore make their acquaintance through general Roman histories like Mommsen's, or special biographies like Froude's, or else through the medium of excerpt or anthology. This is but another way of saying that only the best literature of its respective description, be that description elevated or familiar, is proper for anthology. Such a collection should take no cognisance of the literature destined to absorption, but only of that which is isolated from the mass by its superior symmetry and polish. It follows that it will be more concerned with poetry and fiction than with the graver departments of intellectual labour, since these can be profitably cultivated without the art which in poetry and fiction is absolutely indispensable, and also that in dealing with serious literature it will concern itself chiefly with what approximates most closely to art: in disquisition seeking for what is most cogent, in narrative for what is most dramatic. The very law of its existence, then, should keep it at a high level.

Modern literature, yet more decisively nineteenth-century literature, possesses a richness, a range, and a variety to which the classics of the past can lay no claim; and if something of the perfection of form which belongs to classical times is lacking to the present day, this loss is compensated in many ways. Nothing is more characteristic of the literary activity of the last hundred and fifty years than its amazing fertility. To such a point indeed has the production of books now attained, that the danger lies not in a paucity of genius, but in the fact that the works of genius may be lost in a surging and ever-increasing flood. Every nation contributes. In England and America alone upwards of 10,000 new books are printed every year. Were we to take twice Dr. Johnson's prescription of five hours a day and read as fast as could Scott or Macaulay, it would still be impossible to compass a tithe of this mass. Sifting and selection, once a slow and orderly process, has become an imperative necessity. The dilemma is clear. We shall either read aimlessly, catching up bits of what is good and great amid much chaff and trash, or else we shall neglect the greater literature altogether.

The time seems ripe for a reversion to the principle which gave to classical literature its glory and its life—the sentiment that the highest excellence should be aimed at, and hence for a revival of the Greek idea of an anthology—a "gathering of flowers," which is after all, translated into broader scientific language, but Darwin's formula of the survival of the fittest. It is out of this idea that the present work has sprung. If the execution corresponds to the idea, if it is a true gathering of flowers, it should aid in protecting our literature on both sides of the Atlantic from its chief actual danger—debasement to suit the taste of half-educated readers. The perils which it has already encountered and escaped—the Euphuistic affectation of the Elizabethan age, the Gallicism of the Restoration period, the frigidity of the eighteenth century—were maladies caught from the refined and intelligent society of those epochs. All these it has surmounted, but it is now confronted with an entirely novel danger in the dependence of the most popular, and therefore the most influential, authors upon a wide general public

neither refined nor intelligent, who now, as dispensers of the substantial rewards of literature, occupy the place formerly held by the Court, the patron, and the university. Hence a serious apprehension of a general lowering of the standard of literature, far more pernicious than any temporary aberration of taste. The evil may be combated in many ways, and not least effectively by anthologies, which, if skilfully adapted to meet the needs of the general reader, and not themselves unduly tolerant of inferior work, may do much good by familiarising the reader with what is excellent in the present, and reminding the writer of the conditions on which alone fame may be won in the future.



THE ASSYRIAN STORY OF THE CREATION.

By Rev. A. H. SAYCE.

(From "Records of the Past.")

[Archibald Henry Sayce, the foremost living Assyriologist and authority on Hebrew origins, and a philologist of great attainments, was born near Bristol, England, September 25, 1846. Graduated at Oxford, and ordained 1871. His early repute was so great that at twenty-seven he was made one of the Old Testament Revision Committee. He has published among other works a comparative Assyrian Grammar (1872); "Principles of Comparative Philology" (1874); "Lectures on the Assyrian Language" (1877); "Babylonian Literature" (1877); "Introduction to the Science of Language" (1880); "Monuments of the Hittites" (1881), revised 1888; "First Light from the Monuments" (1884); "Ancient Empires of the East" (1884); "Assyria" (1885); "Hibbert Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion" (1887); "Records of the Past, New Series" (1889–1892); "Life and Times of Isaiah" (1889); "Races of the Old Testament" (1891); "Social Life among the Assyrians and Babylonians" (1891); "Primer of Assyriology" (1894); "The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments" (1894); "The Egypt of the Hebrews" (1895); "Early History of the Hebrews" (1897).

Fragments of a long epic poem, describing the creation of the world in a series of tablets or books, were discovered by Mr. George Smith among the cuneiform treasures of the British Museum which had come from the royal library of Kouyunjik or Nineveh. The tablets appear to be seven in number; and since the creation was described as consisting of a series of successive acts, it presented a curious similarity to the account of the creation recorded in the first chapter of Genesis.

The first tablet or book opens before the beginning of time, the expression "at that time" answering to the expression "in the beginning" of Genesis. The heavens and earth had not yet been created; and since the name was supposed to be the same as the thing named, their names had not as yet been pronounced. A watery chaos alone existed, Mummu Tiamat, "the chaos of the deep." Out of the bosom of this chaos

proceeded the gods as well as the created world. First came the primeval divinities Lakhmu and Lakhamu, words of unknown meaning, and then An-sar [Uranus, Saturn] and Ki-sar, "the upper" and "lower firmament." Last of all were born the three supreme gods of the Babylonian faith, Anu the sky god, Bel or Illil the lord of the ghost world, and Ea the god of the river and sea [Jupiter, Pluto, Neptune].

But before the younger gods could find a suitable habitation for themselves and their creation, it was necessary to destroy "the dragon" of chaos with all her monstrous offspring. The task was undertaken by the Babylonian sun god Merodach. Light was introduced into the world, and it only remained to destroy Tiamat herself. Tiamat was slain and her allies put in bondage, while the books of destiny which had hitherto been possessed by the older race of gods were now transferred to the younger deities of the new world. The visible heaven was formed out of the skin of Tiamat, and became the outward symbol of An-sar and the habitation of Anu, Bel, and Ea, while the chaotic waters of the dragon became the law-bound sea ruled over by Ea.

The heavens having been thus made, they were furnished with mansions for the sun and moon and stars, and the heavenly bodies were bound down by fixed laws that they might regulate the calendar and determine the year.

It will be seen from this that in its main outlines the Assyrian epic of the creation bears a striking resemblance to the account of it given in the first chapter of Genesis. In each case the history of the creation is divided into seven successive acts; in each case the present world has been preceded by a watery chaos. In fact, the selfsame word is used of this chaos in both the Biblical and Assyrian accounts — *tehôm*, *Tiamat;* the only difference being that in the Assyrian story "the deep" has become a mythological personage, the mother of a chaotic brood. The order of the creation, moreover, agrees in the two accounts; first the light, then the creation of the firmament of heaven, subsequently the appointment of the celestial bodies "for signs and for seasons and for days and years," and next, the creation of beasts and "creeping things."

But the two accounts also differ in some important particulars. In the Assyrian epic the earth seems not to have been made until after the appointment of the heavenly bodies, instead of before it as in Genesis; and the seventh day is a day of work

instead of rest; while there is nothing corresponding to the statement of Genesis that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." But the most important difference consists in the interpolation of the struggle between Merodach and the powers of evil, as a consequence of which light was introduced into the universe and the firmament of the heavens was formed.

It has long since been noted that the conception of this struggle stands in curious parallelism to the verses of the Apocalypse (Rev. xii. 7–9): "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world." We are also reminded of the words of Isaiah xxiv. 21, 22: "The Lord shall visit the host of the high ones that are on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth. And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in prison." It may be added that an Assyrian bas-relief now in the British Museum represents Tiamat with horns and claws, tail and wings.

There is no need of drawing attention to the profound difference of spiritual conception that exists between the Assyrian epic and the first chapter of Genesis. The one is mythological and polytheistic, with an introduction savoring of the later materialism of the schools; the other is sternly monotheistic. Between Bel-Merodach and the Hebrew God there is an impassable gulf.

It is unfortunate that the last lines of the epic, in which the creation of man would have been recorded, have not yet been recovered. A passage in one of the early magical texts of Babylonia, however, goes to show that the Babylonians believed that the woman was produced from the man, conformably to the statement in Gen. ii. 22, 23. We there read of the seven evil spirits, that "the woman from the man do they bring forth."

First Tablet.

At that time the heaven above had not yet announced,
or the earth beneath recorded, a name;
the unopened deep was their generator,

Mummu-Tiamat (the chaos of the sea) was the mother of them all.
Their waters were embosomed as one, and
the cornfield was unharvested, the pasture was ungrown.
At that time the gods had not appeared, any of them;
By no name were they recorded, no destiny (had they fixed).
Then the (great) gods were created,
Lakhmu and Lakhamu issued forth (the first),
until they grew up (when)
An-sar and Ki-sar were created.
Long were the days, extended (was the time, until)
the gods Anu (Bel and Ea were born),
An-sar and Ki-sar (gave them birth).

The rest of the tablet is lost.

Fourth Tablet.

REVERSE.

"(Against) the gods my fathers thou hast directed thy hostility.
Thou harnesser of thy companions, may thy weapons reach their bodie(s).
Stand up, and I and thou will fight together."
When Tiamat heard this,
she uttered her former spells, she repeated her command.
Tiamat also cried out vehemently with a loud voice.
From its roots she strengthened (her) seat completely.
She recites an incantation, she casts a spell,
and the gods of battle demand for themselves their arms.
Then Tiamat attacked Merodach the chief prophet of the gods;
in combat they joined; they met in battle.
And the lord outspread his snare (and) inclosed her.
He sent before him the evil wind to seize (her) from behind.
And Tiamat opened her mouth to swallow it.
He made the evil wind enter so that she could not close her lips.
The violence of the winds tortured her stomach, and
her heart was prostrated and her mouth was twisted.
He swung the club, he shattered her stomach;
he cut out her entrails; he overmastered (her) heart;
he bound her and ended her life.
He threw down her corpse; he stood upon it.
When Tiamat who marched before (them) was conquered,
he dispersed her forces, her host was overthrown,
and the gods her allies who marched beside her
trembled (and) feared (and) turned their backs.
They escaped and saved their lives.

They clung to one another fleeing helplessly.
He followed them and shattered their weapons.
He cast his snare and they are caught in his net.
Knowing (?) the regions they are filled with grief.
They bear their sin, they are kept in bondage,
and the elevenfold offspring are troubled through fear.
The spirits as they march *perceived* (?) the glory (of MERODACH).
His hand lays blindness (on their eyes).
At the same time their opposition (is broken) from under them;
and the god KINGU who had (marshaled) their (forces)
he bound him also along with the god of the tablets (of destiny in) his right hand.
And he took from him the tablets of destiny (that were) upon him.
With the string of the stylus he sealed (them) and held the . . . of the tablet.
From the time when he had bound (and) laid the yoke on his foes
he led the illustrious enemy captive like an ox,
he established fully the victory of AN-SAR over the foe;
MERODACH overcame the lamentation of (EA) the lord of the world.
Over the gods in bondage he strengthened his watch, and
TIAMAT whom he had bound he turned head backwards;
then the lord trampled on the underpart of TIAMAT.
With his club unbound he smote (her) skull;
he broke (it) and caused her blood to flow;
the north wind bore (it) away to secret places.
Then his father (EA) beheld (and) rejoiced at the savor;
he caused the *spirits* (?) to bring a peace offering to himself.
So the lord rested; his body he feeds.
He strengthens (his) *mind* (?), he forms a clever plan,
and he stripped her of (her) skin like a fish, according to his plan;
he described her likeness and (with it) overshadowed the heavens;
he stretched out the skin, he kept a watch,
he urged on her waters that were not issuing forth;
he lit up the sky; the sanctuary (of heaven) rejoiced, and
he presented himself before the deep, the seat of EA.
Then the lord measured (TIAMAT) the offspring of the deep;
the chief prophet made of her image the house of the Firmament.
Ê-SARRA which he had created (to be) the heavens
the chief prophet caused ANU, BEL, and EA to inhabit as their stronghold.

FIFTH TABLET.

He prepared the twin mansions of the great gods.
He fixed the stars, even the twin stars to correspond with them.
He ordained the year, appointing the signs of the Zodiac over (it).

For each of the twelve months he fixed three stars,
from the day when the year issues forth to the close.
He founded the mansion of (the Sun-god) the god of the ferryboat,
that they might know their bonds,
that they might not err, that they might not go astray in any way.
He established the mansion of BEL and EA along with himself.
Moreover he opened the great gates on either side,
he strengthened the bolts on the left hand and on the right,
and in the midst of it he made a staircase.
He illuminated the Moon-god that he might be porter of the night,
and ordained for him the ending of the night that the day may be known,
(saying:) "Month by month, without break, keep watch in thy disk.
At the beginning of the month light up the night,
announcing thy horns that the heaven may know.
On the seventh day, (filling thy) disk
thou shalt open indeed (its) narrow contraction.
At that time the sun (will be) on the horizon of heaven at thy (rising).
Thou shalt cut off its . . .
(Thereafter) towards the path of the sun thou shalt approach.
(Then) the contracted size of the sun shall indeed change (?)
. . . seeking its path.
. . . descend and pronounce judgment.

The rest of the obverse and the first three lines of the reverse are destroyed.

SEVENTH TABLET.

At that time the gods in their assembly created (the beasts).
They made perfect the mighty (monsters).
They caused the living creatures (of the field) to come forth,
the cattle of the field, (the wild beasts) of the field, and the creeping things (of the field).
(They fixed their habitations) for the living creatures (of the field).
They distributed (in their dwelling places) the cattle and the creeping things of the city.
(They made strong) the multitude of creeping things, all the offspring (of the earth).
. . . in the assembly of my family.
. . . EA the god of the illustrious face.
. . . the multitude of creeping things did I make strong.
. . . the seed of LAKHAMA did I destroy.

The rest is lost.

ISHTAR'S DESCENT TO THE UNDERWORLD.

From BABYLONIAN TABLETS.

(Translated by H. Fox Talbot in "Records of the Past," First Series.)

Ishtar was the goddess of Love, answering to the Venus of the Latins and the Aphrodite of the Greeks. The object of her descent into the infernal regions was probably narrated in another tablet, which has not been preserved, for no motive is assigned for it here. I conjecture that she was in search of her beloved Thammuz (Adonis), who was detained in Hades by Persephone or Proserpine. We may compare the Greek legend, which was as follows, as given by Panyasis (quoted by Apollodorus): —

"Aphrodite had intrusted Adonis, who was a very beautiful child during his infancy, to the care of Persephone; but she fell in love with him, and refused to restore him. Upon this Aphrodite appealed to Jupiter, who gave judgment in the cause. He decreed that Adonis should remain for one third of the year in the infernal regions with Persephone; one third of the year in heaven with Aphrodite; the remaining third of the year was to be left at his own disposal. Adonis chose to spend it in heaven with Aphrodite."

The Assyrian legend differs much from this, but yet has some resemblance.

To the land of Hades, the region of (. . .)
Ishtar, daughter of the Moon-god San, turned her mind,
and the daughter of San fixed her mind [to go there]:
to the House of Eternity: the dwelling of the god Irkalla:
to the House men enter — but cannot depart from ·
to the Road men go — but cannot return:
The abode of darkness and famine,
where Earth is their food: their nourishment clay:
Light is not seen: in darkness they dwell:
ghosts, like birds, flutter their wings there:
on the door and gate posts the dust lies undisturbed.

When Ishtar arrived at the gate of Hades
to the keeper of the gate a word she spoke:
"O keeper of the entrance! open thy gate!
"Open thy gate! again, that I may enter!
"If thou openest not thy gate, and I enter not,

"I will assault the door: I will break down the gate:
"I will attack the entrance: I will split open the portals:
"I will raise the dead, to be the devourers of the living!
"Upon the living, the dead shall prey!"

Then the Porter opened his mouth and spoke,
and said to the great Ishtar,
"Stay, Lady! do not shake down the door!
"I will go, and tell this to the Queen Nin-ki-gal."

The Porter entered, and said to Nin-ki-gal,
"these curses thy sister Ishtar [utters]
"blaspheming thee with great curses." [. . .]

When Nin-ki-gal heard this, [. . .]
she grew pale, like a flower that is cut off:
she trembled, like the stem of a reed:
"I will cure her rage," she said; "I will cure her fury:
"these curses I will repay to her!
"Light up consuming flames! light up blazing straw!
"Let her doom be with the husbands who deserted their wives!
"Let her doom be with the wives who from their husbands' side departed!
"Let her doom be with the youths who led dishonored lives!
"Go, Porter, open the gate for her,
"but strip her, like others at other times."

The Porter went and opened the gate.
"Enter, Lady of Tiggaba city! It is permitted!
"May the Sovereign of Hades rejoice at thy presence!"

The first gate admitted her, and stopped her: there was taken off the great crown from her head.
"Keeper! do not take off from me, the great crown from my head!"
"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands its removal."

The second gate admitted her, and stopped her: there were taken off the earrings of her ears.
"Keeper! do not take off from me, the earrings of my ears!"
"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands their removal!"

The third gate admitted her, and stopped her: there were taken off the precious stones from her head.
"Keeper! do not take off from me, the precious stones from my head!"
"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands their removal!"

The fourth gate admitted her, and stopped her: there were taken off the small lovely gems from her forehead.
"Keeper! do not take off from me, the small lovely gems from my forehead!"
"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands their removal!"

The fifth gate admitted her, and stopped her: there was taken off the central girdle of her waist.

"Keeper! do not take off from me, the central girdle from my waist!"

"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands its removal!"

The sixth gate admitted her, and stopped her: there were taken off the golden rings of her hands and feet.

"Keeper! do not take off from me, the golden rings of my hands and feet!"

"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands their removal!"

The seventh gate admitted her, and stopped her: there was taken off the last garment from her body.

"Keeper! do not take off from me, the last garment from my body!"

"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands its removal!"

After that mother Ishtar had descended into Hades,
Nin-ki-gal saw her, and stormed on meeting her.
Ishtar lost her reason; and heaped curses upon her.
Nin-ki-gal opened her mouth and spoke,
to Namtar her messenger a command she gave:
"Go, Namtar!" [some words lost].
"Bring her out for punishment. . . ."

The divine messenger of the gods, lacerated his face before them.
The assembly of the gods was full,
the Sun came, along with the Moon his father.
Weeping he spoke thus unto Hea the king:
"Ishtar descended into the earth; and she did not rise again;
"and since the time that mother Ishtar descended into Hades,
"the bull has not sought the cow, nor the male of any animal the female.
"The slave and her master [some words lost]
"The master has ceased from commanding:
"the slave has ceased from obeying."

Then the god Hea in the depth of his mind laid a plan:
he formed, for her escape, the figure of a man of clay.
"Go to save her, Phantom! present thyself at the portal of Hades;
"the seven gates of Hades will open before thee,
"Nin-ki-gal will see thee, and be pleased with thee.
"When her mind shall be grown calm, and her anger shall be worn off,
"awe her with the names of the great gods!
"Prepare thy frauds! On deceitful tricks fix thy mind!
"The chiefest deceitful trick! Bring forth fishes of the waters out of an empty vessel!
"This thing will please Nin-ki-gal:
"then to Ishtar she will restore her clothing.
"A great reward for these things shall not fail.
"Go, save her, Phantom! and the great assembly of the people shall crown thee!

"Meats, the first of the city, shall be thy food!
"Wine, the most delicious in the city, shall be thy drink!
"To be the Ruler of a Palace, shall be thy rank!
"A throne of state, shall be thy seat!
"Magician and Conjurer shall bow down before thee!"

Nin-ki-gal opened her mouth and spoke:
to Namtar her messenger a command she gave:
"Go, Namtar! clothe the Temple of Justice!
"Adorn the *images?* and the *altars?*
"Bring out Anunnak! Seat him on a golden throne!
"Pour out for Ishtar the waters of life, and let her depart from my dominions!"

Namtar went; and clothed the Temple of Justice;
he adorned the images and the altars;
he brought out Anunnak; on a golden throne he seated him;
he poured out for Ishtar the waters of life, and let her go.

Then the first gate let her forth, and restored to her — the first garment of her body.

The second gate let her forth, and restored to her — the diamonds of her hands and feet.

The third gate let her forth, and restored to her — the central girdle of her waist.

The fourth gate let her forth, and restored to her — the small lovely gems of her forehead.

The fifth gate let her forth, and restored to her — the precious stones of her head.

The sixth gate let her forth, and restored to her — the earrings of her ears.

The seventh gate let her forth, and restored to her — the great crown on her head.

HYMN TO THE GOD MERODACH.

An Akkadian Psalm. (3000 B.C.?)

Who shall escape from before thy power?
Thy will is an eternal mystery!
Thou makest it plain in heaven and in the earth.
Command the sea and the sea obeyeth thee.
Command the tempest and the tempest becometh a calm.
Command the winding course of the Euphrates
And the will of Merodach shall arrest the floods.
Lord, thou art holy! Who is like unto thee?
Merodach thou art honored among the gods that bear a name.

ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

By JOHN MILTON.

[JOHN MILTON: English poet; born in London, December 9, 1608; died in London, November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629; was Latin secretary, 1649–1660. He became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors. "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. His masque of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" in 1645. Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous. His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

BENEATH him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth; yea, more!—
A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Gecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by —
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain, as his garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm

And country whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell
How, from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers.
Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable — Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only — and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringèd bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. . . .
The Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure —
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men; though both

Adam and Eve

From an engraving by Aug

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed:
For contemplation he and valor formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils — which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received
Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed;
Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banished from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
Of God or Angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met —
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labor than suffice
To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell —
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat reclined
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers.
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they.

THE MURDER OF ABEL.

By VITTORIO ALFIERI.

(From "Abel.")

[Count Vittorio Alfieri, one of the greatest of Italian dramatists, was born at Asti, in Piedmont, January 17, 1749. Of good birth and independent means, he traveled extensively in Europe, and after the successful production of his first play, "Cleopatra" (1775), devoted himself to dramatic composition. While in Florence he met the Countess of Albany, wife of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and passed many years in her society in Alsace and Paris, and at the outbreak of the French Revolution returned to Italy and died at Florence, October 8, 1803. He was buried in the church of Santa Croce, between the tombs of Machiavelli and Michelangelo, where a beautiful monument by Canova covers his remains. Alfieri left twenty-one tragedies and six comedies, besides five odes on American Independence, various sonnets, and a number of prose works. Included among his tragedies are "Saul," "Philip II.," "Orestes," and "Mary Stuart."]

Envy, Cain, Death.

Envy—

Why tremble, O youth, why thus fixedly stare,
While fiercely is beating thy heart, on the wound
Which is made doubly sore by the chilling despair
Of the snakes which entwine it, like ivy, around?
O deign, if thou'rt fearless, and fain wouldst be there,
Where joy never ending is certainly found,
O deign of the waters transparent to think,
Which make those men happy supremely, who drink.

Cain—

O who art thou who in these accents strange
Addressest me? Are there upon the earth
Men that we know not of? Remove my doubts,
I pray thee: tell me who thou art: but use
A language that doth more resemble mine,
That I more easily may understand it.

Envy—

Thou son of Adam, by thy speech I know thee.
'Twas not sufficient for thy father then
To get himself expelled, with so much shame,
From that terrestrial lovely Paradise,
Where I with multitudes of others dwell?
For him 'twas not enough? he furthermore
Must keep his own son in deep ignorance
Of the great good thus lost, and take away
The slightest chance of e'er regaining it?

Cain —

What dost thou say? There was a Paradise
On earth? and from it Adam banished was?
And he from his own son so vast a good
Conceals, and hinders?

Envy — Harsh and unjust father,
He envies his own son that happiness,
Of which he was unworthy. There, beyond
The banks of the great river, I was standing
With this my mother dear: and thence I saw
(For those who dwell there all things see and know)
Thee as a fugitive, thy father's dwelling
Leaving, and hither coming . . .

Cain — How canst thou
This know of me, whilst I . . .

Envy — We're not alike.
To us, the happy and perpetual dwellers
Upon that further shore, all things are easy.
There, matters distant or not understood,
Or things impossible, are words unknown:
Brothers and sisters numerous are we,
And sons and fathers; there to every man
Is coupled one like me; as thou hast seen
Eve with thy father live. — I pity took
Upon thy ignorance; and therefore came
As far as this to meet thee. Do but try
To cross the limpid waves, and thou'lt become
Straightway like me; and there, if thou so will it,
Possessor of my beauty thou mayst be;
As I may, if I please, divide with thee
Each of the many things that I possess
Collected in that happy place together.

Cain —

How is it possible that my dear father,
Who loves us so, could cruelly conceal
So vast a good? Thou with thy words dost wake
Within my heart a contrast wonderful.
Thy beauty moves me much; the flatt'ring hope
Of thee; thy sweet discourse, the like of which
I never heard before; yes, I am moved
By all in thee: but how can I abandon
Ungratefully those dear ones to the toil
Of ceaseless labor, whilst I pass myself
An idle life at ease amid delights?

Envy —
Thou thinkest well. Slave, then, and suffer thou,
Fatigue thyself, and sweat. Meanwhile another
Will occupy thy place before thee there.
Cain —
Another? who?
Envy — Thou'rt very blind.
Cain — Perchance,
Is there but room for one?
Envy — For one alone
Of Adam's sons a passage there is granted:
Concealed from thee, but not from all . . .
Cain — O what,
What chill again pervades me! horrible
The doubt I feel . . .
Envy — The thing is manifest,
Not doubtful: I perceive thy every thought:
Yes, Adam to his Abel all revealed,
But hid from thee . . .
Cain — What hear I!
Envy — And the place
For him reserves he.
Cain — Madness! That thick mist
Which so obscured my eyesight suddenly
Has disappeared: I now behold the source
Of that unknown and indistinct fierce impulse,
Which, at the sight, and even at the name
Of Abel, thrilled me through, from time to time.
Envy —
Thou now dost know it all. Only take care
Lest Abel should anticipate thy steps.
As soon as thou hast reached the other shore,
I'll meet thee, and be thine: but I may not
Go with thee to the crossing: and meanwhile,
To strengthen thee in thy design, observe
What I will do. — Now, mother, just to give him
A little sample of our happy race,
Which he will find beyond those waters, say,
Would it not fitting be to let him see
The sudden apparition of a fine
Well-chosen troop of them?
Death — Do as thou will'st,
Dear daughter.
Envy — Thou shalt see, Cain, presently
A handsome people, and harmonious dances

To dulcet notes danced nimbly, which thy heart
Will ravish. — Now, dear brothers, swiftly come;
Appear as rapidly as flies my thought.

[*Strikes her foot on the ground. The different Choruses of musicians and dancers immediately appear on every side.*

DEATH, ENVY, CAIN, CHORUS *of Male and Female Dancers;* CHORUS *of Male and Female Singers.*

Chorus.

His cheeks shall both be overflowed
With tears, with sweat his brow,
To whom it is not granted now
Into our joyous land to press:
But he who in our bright abode
His happy feet can plant,
Has written down in adamant
His full eternal happiness.

Right-hand Chorus.

In this drear place of misery,
How sad the fate of hapless man,
Condemned by cruel destiny
To earn his food as best he can!

Left-hand Chorus.

The man who here doth dwell, we know,
A man like one of us is not:
He has been struck a deadly blow,
Which utterly has changed his lot.

All.

He who the apple tasted ne'er,
Shall he not all life's pleasures share?

A voice.

He shall not lose them, no, no, no. —
Thou, who of the rigid
Ignored prohibition
Nothing dost know;
O come to the frigid
Glad stream of fruition,
And drown there each woe.

Man shall not lose anew
The rights that are his due.

All.

He shall not lose them, no, no, no.

A woman's voice in the Chorus.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in a feast eternal,
Which equaleth the life supernal
In its supreme felicity.

Thou ne'er hast seen the sun's rays blend
So brilliantly as there;
Thou ne'er hast seen from Heaven descend
Such manna sweet and fair,
As in that place thou'lt see:

A man's voice.

There only doth the stream o'erflow
With milk of whitest hue;
There on each tree and hedge doth grow
The purest honey dew,
Man's nutriment to be.

The two voices.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in a feast eternal,
Which equaleth the life supernal
In its supreme felicity.

All.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in felicity.
Quick, quick! Make haste! Away!
If thou shouldst long delay,
Another, with a step less slow,
Before thee will arrive there soon.
If thou dost know how vast the boon,
Thou wilt not lose it, no, no, no.

DEATH, CAIN, ENVY.

Envy —

Do thou awake from out thy stupor, Cain,
Thou hast both seen and heard: then naught remains
For me, but as a pledge of faith, to give thee

My hand. Come, take it.
[*As she touches his hand, she disappears with her mother.*

CAIN.

Cain — Ah, I pray thee, stay . . .
— What frightful chill has pierced my heart! my blood
Appears to stagnate there, all frozen . . . O,
What dreadful flame has now succeeded it!
I follow thee, for fear that villain Abel
Should first arrive there.

CAIN *and* ABEL [*turning towards the river*].

Abel — Cain! what is't I see?
Cain [*running towards him with his pickax*] —
Ah, traitor! dost thou come from there? I soon
Will punish thee.
Abel [*flying backwards*] — Help, mother, help me, help!
Cain [*following him, and disappearing from view*] —
Fly as thou mayst, I'll overtake thee soon.

CAIN, ABEL.

Cain —
Come, villain, come! [*Dragging him by the hair.*
Abel — O my dear brother, pity!
What have I done? . . .
Cain — Come! far away indeed
From that much-longed-for river shalt thou breathe
Thy final vital breath.
Abel — Ah, hear thou me!
My brother, do thou hearken!
Cain — No, that good
Which was my due, but which I ne'er received,
Shall ne'er be thine. Perfidious one, behold,
Around thee look; this is the desert waste,
From which I fled, and where thou leftest me:
Thy last looks never shall behold those waters
Which thou, in thy disloyal thoughts, didst deem
As crossed already: here, upon this sand,
Thou soon shalt lie a corpse.
Abel — But, O my God!
What means all this? at least explain thy words:
I understand thee not: explain, and hear me;
Thou afterwards mayst slay me at thy will,
But hear me first, I pray.
Cain — Say on.
Abel — But tell me,
In what have I offended thee? . . . Alas!

How can I speak to thee, if fierce and stern
Thou standest o'er me? neck and nostrils swollen;
Looks full of fire and blood; thy lips, thy face
All livid; whilst thy knees, thine arms, thy head
Are moved convulsively by trembling strange!—
Pity, my brother: calm thyself: and loosen
Thy hold upon my hair a little, so
That I may breathe.

Cain— I never fancied, Abel,
That thou wouldst be a traitor.

Abel— I am not.
My father knows it; and thou too.

Cain— My father?
Ne'er name him: father of us both alike,
And just, I deemed him, and I was deceived.

Abel—
What sayest thou? Dost doubt his love? thou scarce
Hadst gone away from us this morning, when,
Anxious for thee, with mortal sorrow filled,
My father straightway sent me on thy track . . .

Cain—
Perfidious ones, I know it all; to me
This was a horrible, undoubted proof
Of my bad brother and my still worse father.
I know it all; the veil has fallen; the secret
Has been revealed to me: and I'm resolved
That thou shalt ne'er be happy at my cost.

Abel—
Cain, by that God who both of us created,
And who maintains us, I entreat of thee,
Explain thyself: what is my fault? what secret
Has been revealed to thee? upon my face,
And in my eyes, and words, and countenance,
Does not my innocence reveal itself?
I happy at thy cost? O, how could Abel
Be happy if thou'rt not? Ah, hadst thou seen me,
When I awoke, and found thee not beside me
This morning! Ah, how sorely did I weep!
And how our parents wept! The livelong day
Have I since then consumed, but fruitlessly,
In seeking thee and sadly calling thee,
But never finding thee; although I heard
Thy voice in front of me from time to time,
In the far distance answering: and I
Went ever further on in search of thee,

Up to yon river; over whose broad waves
I feared that thou, who art a swimmer bold,
Hadst crossed . . .

Cain — And of that river darest thou,
Foolhardy one, a single word to speak?
I well believe thou fearedst, if I crossed it,
That thou wouldst have forever lost the hope
Of crossing it thyself. Thou darest, too,
To mingle truth and falsehood? and assert
That I replied to thee? But now the end
Of every wicked art has come: in vain
Thou soughtest to anticipate my steps:
Thou seest that I have caught thee just in time:
Nor river, nor the light of heaven shalt thou
E'er see again. I'll kill thee; fall thou down!

Abel —
Keep back thy ax! O do not strike me! See,
I fall before thee, and embrace thy knees.
Keep back thy ax, I pray thee! Hear thou me:
The sound of this my voice, in yonder fields,
Has soothed thee oftentimes, when much incensed,
Now with the stubborn clods, now with the lambs,
But thou wast ne'er so angry as thou'rt now.
Dear brother of my heart . . .

Cain — I'm so no more.

Abel —
But I shall ever be so: thou art too:
I pledge to thee my innocence: I swear it
By both our parents; I have never heard
One word about this river; nor can fathom
Thy accusations.

Cain — Can there be such malice,
Such craftiness, at such a tender age?
All this dissembling makes me madder still;
Vile liar . . .

Abel — What! thou call'st thy Abel, liar?

Cain —
Die now.

Abel — Embrace me first.

Cain — I hate thee.

Abel — I
Still love thee. Strike, if thou wilt have it so;
I'll not resist; but I have not deserved it.

Cain —
— And yet, his weeping, and his juvenile

Candor, which true appears, the sweet accustomed
Sound of his voice, restrain me: and my arm
And anger fall. — But, shall a foolish pity
Rob me forever of my property? . . .
Alas! what to resolve? what do?

Abel — What say'st thou
Apart? Turn towards me: look at me: in vain
Thou hid'st from me thy face: amidst thy fierce
And dreadful ravings, from thy moistened eye
Gleamed there upon me just one passing ray
Of love fraternal and of pity. Take,
I pray thee, pity on my tender youth,
And on thyself. O! dost thou think that God
Can afterwards take pleasure in thy prayers,
Or gifts, if with the blood of thine own brother
He sees thee dyed? And then our excellent
Unhappy mother, wouldst thou rob her thus
Of both her sons? for, certainly, if thou
Shouldst slay me, thou wouldst never dare again
To show thyself before her. Ah, just think
How that unhappy one can live without us:
Think too . . .

Cain — Ah, brother! thou dost rend my heart:
Rise, then, arise: I pardon thee: in this
Embrace . . . What do I? and what said I? Base one,
Thy tears are but a juggle: and not doubtful
Thy treason is; thou dost not merit pardon;
I will not pardon thee.

Abel — What see I? Fiercer
Dost thou become than ever?

Cain — I become
What I should be to thee. Come now what may;
The good denied me, none shall have instead. —
No more of pardon, no more pity; thou
Hast now no brother, father, mother more.
My eye is dimmed already with thick blood:
I see a monster at my feet. Now, die!
What holds me back? What seizes on my arm?
What voice is thundering?

Abel — God sees us.

Cain — God?
Methinks I hear Him: now methinks I see Him,
Pursuing me in fearful wise: already
I see my own ensanguined ax fall down
Upon my guilty head with crashing sound!

Abel —
His senses he has lost. Sad sight! I tremble . . .
From head to foot . . .
Cain — Thou, Abel, do thou take
This ax; and strike with both thy hands, upon
My head. Why dost thou tarry? now behold,
I offer no defense: be quick, and slay me:
Slay me; for in no other way canst thou
Escape my fury, which is fast returning:
I pray thee then, make haste.
Abel — What do I hear?
That I should strike thee? Why, if I still love thee
As much as ever? Calm thyself: become
Thyself again: let's both our father seek:
He waits for thee . . .
Cain — My father? to my father
Go now with thee? I understand: thyself
Hast thou betrayed. The mention of his name
Fiercer than ever wakens all my rage.
Once more then, die thou, die. [*Strikes him.*
Abel — Alas! . . . I feel
My strength depart . . . O mother! . . .
Cain — What, O what
Have I now done? his blood spurts o'er my face!
He falls; he faints . . . Where hide myself? O Heavens!
What have I done? Accursèd ax, begone
Forever from my hand, my eyes . . . What hear I?
Alas! already doth the thund'ring voice
Of God upon me call . . . O where to fly?
There, raves my father in wild fury . . . Here,
My dying brother's sobs . . . Where hide myself?
I fly. [*Flies.*

ABEL [*dying*], *then* ADAM.

Abel —
Ah dreadful pain! . . . O, how my blood
Is running down! . . .
Adam — Already towards the west
The sun approaches fast, and I as yet
Have found them not! The livelong day have I
And Eve consumed in searching for them both,
And all without success . . . But this is surely
The track of Abel: I will follow it. [*Advances.*
Abel —
Alas! help, help! . . . O mother! . . .
Adam — O, what hear I?

Sobs of a human being, like the wails
Of Abel! . . . Heavens! what see I there? a stream
Of blood? . . . Alas! a body further on? . . .
Abel! My son, thou here? . . . Upon thy body
Let me at least breathe forth my own last breath!

Abel —

My father's voice, methinks . . . O! is it thou? . . .
My eyes are dim, and ill I see . . . Ah, tell me,
Shall I again behold . . . my . . . darling mother? . . .

Adam —

My son! . . . sad day! . . . sad sight! . . . How deep
and large
The wound with which his guiltless head is cloven!
Alas! there is no remedy. My son,
Who gave thee such a blow? and what the weapon? . . .
O Heavens! Is't not Cain's pickax that I see
Lying all-bloody there? . . . O grief! O madness!
And is it possible that Cain has slain thee?
A brother kill his brother? I myself
Will arm, with thy own arms; and find thee out,
And with my own hands slay thee. O thou just
Almighty God, didst Thou behold this crime,
And suffer it? breathes still the murderer?
Where is the villain? Didst not Thou, great God,
Beneath the feet of such a monster cause
The very earth to gape and swallow him
In its profound abyss? Then, 'tis Thy will,
Ah yes! that by my hand should punished be
This crime irreparable: 'tis Thy will
That I should follow on the bloody track
Of that base villain: here it is: from me,
Thou wicked Cain, shalt thou receive thy death . . .
O God! But leave my Abel breathing still . . .

Abel —

Father! . . . return, return! . . . I fain would tell thee . . .

Adam —

My son, but how could Cain . . .

Abel — He was . . . indeed . . .
Beside himself: . . . it was not he . . . Moreover . . .
He is thy son . . . O pardon him, . . . as I do . . .

Adam —

Thou only art my son. Devotion true!
O Abel! my own image! thou, my all! . . .
How could that fierce . . .

Abel — Ah, father! . . . tell me . . . truly;

Didst thou e'er plan . . . to take away . . . from Cain, . . .
And give . . . to me . . . some mighty good, . . . which lies
Beyond . . . the river?

Adam — What dost mean? one son
Alone I deemed that I possessed in both.

Abel —

Deceived . . . was Cain then; . . . this he said to me . . .
Ofttimes, . . . inflamed with rage . . . The only cause . . .
Was this: . . . he had . . . a conflict fierce . . . and long . . .
Within himself . . . at first; . . . but . . . then . . . o'ercome,
He struck me . . . and then fled . . . — But now . . . my
breath,
Father, . . . is failing . . . Kiss me . . .

Adam — He is dying . . .
O God! . . . He dies. — Unhappy father! How
Has that last sob cut off at once his voice
And life as well! — Behold thee, then, at last,
Death terrible and cruel, who the daughter
Of my transgression art! O ruthless Death,
Is, then, the first to fall before thy blows
A guileless youth like this? 'Twas me the first,
And me alone, whom thou shouldst have struck down . . .
— What shall I do without my children now?
And this dear lifeless body, how can I
From Eve conceal it? Hide from her the truth?
In vain: but, how to tell her? And, then, where,
Where bury my dear Abel? O my God!
How tear myself from him? — But, what behold I?
Eve is approaching me with weary steps
From far! She promised me that she would wait
Beyond the wood for me . . . Alas! — But I
Must meet her and detain her; such a sight
Might in one moment kill her . . . How I tremble!
Already she has seen me, and makes haste . . .

EVE, *and* ADAM [*running to meet her*].

Adam —

Why, woman, hast thou come? 'tis not allowed
Farther to go: return; return at once
Unto our cottage; there will I erelong
Rejoin thee.

Eve — Heavens! what see I? in thy face
What new and dreadful trouble do I see?
Hast thou not found them?

Adam — No: but, very soon . . .
Do thou meanwhile retrace thy steps, I pray . . .

Eve —
And leave thee? . . . And my children, where are they?
But, what do I behold? thy vesture stained
With quite fresh blood? thy hands, too, dyed with blood?
Alas! what is't, my darling Adam, say!
Yet on thy body are no wounds . . . But, what,
What is the blood there on the ground? and near it
Is not the ax of Cain? . . . and that is also
All soiled with blood? . . . Ah, leave me; yes, I must,
I must approach; to see . . .
Adam — I pray thee, no . . .
Eve —
In vain . . .
Adam — O Eve, stop, stop! on no account
Shalt thou go farther.
Eve [*pushing her way forward a little*] —
But, in spite of thee,
From out thine eyes a very stream of tears
Is pouring! . . . I must see, at any cost,
The reason . . . Ah, I see it now! . . . there lies
My darling Abel . . . O unhappy I! . . .
The ax . . . the blood . . . I understand . . .
Adam — Alas!
We have no sons.
Eve — Abel, my life . . . 'Tis vain
To hold me back . . . Let me embrace thee, Abel.
Adam —
To hold her is impossible: a slight
Relief to her immense maternal sorrow . . .
Eve —
Adam, has God the murderer not punished?
Adam —
O impious Cain! in vain thy flight; in vain
Wilt thou conceal thyself. Within thy ears
(However far away from me thou art)
Shall ring the fearful echo of my threats,
And make thy bosom tremble.
Eve — Abel, Abel . . .
Alas, he hears me not! . . . — I ever told thee,
That I discerned a traitor's mark, yes, traitor's,
Between Cain's eyebrows.
Adam — Never on the earth
That traitor peace shall find, security,
Or an asylum. — Cain, be thou accursed
By God, as thou art by thy father cursed.

WHO WROTE THE PENTATEUCH?

By Rev. A. H. SAYCE.

(From "Early History of the Hebrews.")

[For biographical sketch, see p. 25.]

It is clear that if the modern literary analysis of the Pentateuch is justified, it is useless to look to the five books of Moses for authentic history. There is nothing in them which can be ascribed with certainty to the age of Moses, nothing which goes back even to the age of the Judges. Between the Exodus out of Egypt and the composition of the earliest portion of the so-called Mosaic Law there would have been a dark and illiterate interval of several centuries. Not even tradition could be trusted to span them. For the Mosaic age, and still more for the age before the Exodus, all that we read in the Old Testament would be historically valueless.

Such criticism, therefore, as accepts the results of "the literary analysis" of the Hexateuch acts consistently in stamping as mythical the whole period of Hebrew history which precedes the settlement of the Israelitish tribes in Canaan. Doubt is thrown even on their residence in Egypt and subsequent escape from "the house of bondage." Moses himself becomes a mere figure of mythland, a hero of popular imagination whose sepulcher was unknown because it had never been occupied. In order to discredit the earlier records of the Israelitish people, there is no need of indicating contradictions — real or otherwise — in the details of the narratives contained in them, of enlarging upon their chronological difficulties, or of pointing to the supernatural elements they involve; the late dates assigned to the medley of documents which have been discovered in the Hexateuch are sufficient of themselves to settle the question.

The dates are largely, if not altogether, dependent on the assumption that Hebrew literature is not older than the age of David. A few poems like the Song of Deborah may have been handed down orally from an earlier period, but readers and writers, it is assumed, there were none. The use of writing for literary purposes was coeval with the rise of the monarchy. The oldest inscription in the letters of the Phœnician alphabet yet discovered is only of the ninth century B.C., and

the alphabet would have been employed for monumental purposes long before it was applied to the manufacture of books. As Wolf's theory of the origin and late date of the Homeric Poems avowedly rested on the belief that the literary use of writing in Greece was of late date, so too the theory of the analysts of the Hexateuch rests tacitly on the belief that the Israelites of the age of Moses and the Judges were wholly illiterate. Moses did not write the Pentateuch because he could not have done so.

The huge edifice of modern Pentateuchal criticism is thus based on a theory and an assumption. The theory is that of "the literary analysis" of the Hexateuch, the assumption that a knowledge of writing in Israel was of comparatively late date. The theory, however, is philological, not historical. The analysis is philological rather than literary, and depends entirely on the occurrence and use of certain words and phrases. Lists have been drawn up of the words and phrases held to be peculiar to the different writers between whom the Hexateuch is divided, and the portion of the Hexateuch to be assigned to each is determined accordingly. That it is sometimes necessary to cut a verse in two, somewhat to the injury of the sense, matters but little; the necessities of the theory require the sacrifice, and the analyst looks no further. Great things grow out of little, and the mathematical minuteness with which the Hexateuch is apportioned among its numerous authors, and the long lists of words and idioms by which the apportionment is supported, all have their origin in Astruc's separation of the book of Genesis into two documents, in one of which the name of Yahveh is used, while in the other it is replaced by Elohim.

The historian, however, is inclined to look with suspicion upon historical results which rest upon purely philological evidence. It is not so very long ago since the comparative philologists believed they had restored the early history of the Aryan race. With the help of the dictionary and grammar they had painted an idyllic picture of the life and culture of the primitive Aryan family and traced the migrations of its offshoots from their primeval Asiatic home. But anthropology has rudely dissipated all these reconstructions of primitive history, and has not spared even the Aryan family or the Asiatic home itself. The history that was based on philology has been banished to fairyland. It may be that the historical results

based on the complicated and ingenious system of Hexateuchal criticism will hereafter share the same fate.

In fact, there is one characteristic of them which cannot but excite suspicion. A passage which runs counter to the theory of the critic is at once pronounced an interpolation, due to the clumsy hand of some later "Redactor." Indeed, if we are to believe the analysts, a considerable part of the professedly historical literature of the Old Testament was written or "redacted" chiefly with the purpose of bolstering up the ideas and inventions either of the Deuteronomist or of the later Code. This is a cheap and easy way of rewriting ancient history; but it is neither scientific nor in accordance with the historical method, however consonant it may be with the methods of the philologist.

When, however, we come to examine the philological evidence upon which we are asked to accept this new reading of ancient Hebrew history, we find that it is wofully defective. We are asked to believe that a European scholar of the nineteenth century can analyze with mathematical precision a work composed centuries ago in the East for Eastern readers in a language that is long since dead, can dissolve it verse by verse, and even word by word, into its several elements, and fix the approximate date and relation of each. The accomplishment of such a feat is an impossibility, and to attempt it is to sin as much against common sense as against the laws of science. Science teaches us that we can attain to truth only by the help of comparison; we can know things scientifically only in so far as they can be compared and measured one with another. Where there is no comparison there can be no scientific result. Even the logicians of the Middle Ages taught that no conclusion can be drawn from what they termed a single instance. It is just this, however, that the Hexateuchal critics have essayed to do. The Pentateuch and its history have been compared with nothing except themselves, and the results have been derived not from the method of comparison, but from the so-called "tact" and arbitrary judgment of the individual scholar. Certain postulates have been assumed, the consequences of which have been gradually evolved, one after another, while the coherence and credibility of the general hypothesis has been supported by the invention of further subordinate hypotheses as the need for them arose. The "critical" theory of the origin and character of the Hexa-

teuch closely resembles the Ptolemaic theory of the universe; like the latter, it is highly complicated and elaborate, coherent in itself, and perfect on paper, but unfortunately baseless in reality.

Its very complication condemns it. It is too ingenious to be true. Had the Hexateuch been pieced together as we are told it was, it would have required a special revelation to discover the fact. We may lay it down as a general rule in science that the more simple a theory is, the more likely it is to be correct. It is the complicated theories, which demand all kinds of subsidiary qualifications and assistant hypotheses, that are put aside by the progress of science. The wit of man may be great, but it needs a mass of material before even a simple theory can be established with any pretense to scientific value.

But it is not only science, it is common sense as well, which is violated by the endeavor to foist philological speculations into the treatment of historical questions. Hebrew is a dead language; it is, moreover, a language which is but imperfectly known. Our knowledge of it is derived entirely from that fragment of its literature which is preserved in the Old Testament, and the errors of copyists and the corruptions of the text make a good deal even of this obscure and doubtful. There are numerous words, the traditional rendering of which is questionable; there are numerous others in the case of which it is certainly wrong; and there is passage after passage in which the translations of scholars vary from one another, sometimes even to contradiction. Of both grammar and lexicon it may be said that we see them through a glass darkly. Not unfrequently the reading of the Septuagint — the earliest manuscript of which is six hundred years older than the earliest manuscript of the Hebrew text — differs entirely from the reading of the Hebrew; and there is a marked tendency among the Hexateuchal analysts to prefer it, though the recently discovered Hebrew text of the book of Ecclesiasticus seems to show that the preference is not altogether justified.

How, then, can a modern Western scholar analyze with even approximate exactitude an ancient Hebrew work, and on the strength of the language and style dissolve it once more into its component atoms? How can he determine the relation of these atoms one to the other, or presume to fix the dates to which they severally belong? The task would be impossible

even in the case of a modern English book, although English is a spoken language, with which we are all supposed to be thoroughly acquainted, while its vast literature is familiar to us all. And yet, even where we know that a work is composite, it passes the power of man to separate it into its elements, and define the limits of each. No one, for instance, would dream of attempting such a task in the case of the novels of Besant and Rice; and the endeavor to distinguish in certain plays of Shakespeare what belongs to the poet himself and what to Fletcher has met with the oblivion it deserved. Is it likely that a problem which cannot be solved in the case of an English book can be solved where its difficulties are increased a thousand fold? The minuteness and apparent precision of Hexateuchal criticism are simply due, like that of the Ptolemaic theory, to the artificial character of the basis on which it rests. It is, in fact, a philological mirage; it attempts the impossible, and in place of the scientific method of comparison, it gives us as a starting point the assumptions and arbitrary principles of a one-sided critic.

Where philology has failed, archæology has come to our help. The needful comparison of the Old Testament record with something else than itself has been afforded by the discoveries which have been made of recent years in Egypt and Babylonia, and other parts of the ancient East. At last we are able to call in the aid of the scientific method, and test the age and character, the authenticity and trustworthiness, of the Old Testament history by monuments about whose historical authority there can be no question. And the result of the test has, on the whole, been in favor of tradition, and against the doctrines of the newer critical school. It has vindicated the antiquity and credibility of the narratives of the Pentateuch; it has proved that the Mosaic age was a highly literary one, and that consequently the marvel would be, not that Moses should have written, but that he should not have done so; and it has undermined the foundation on which the documentary hypothesis of the origin of the Hexateuch has been built. We are still, indeed, only at the beginning of discoveries; those made during the past year or two [1895–1896] have, for the student of Genesis, been exceptionally important; but enough has now been gained to assure us that the historian may safely disregard the philological theory of Hexateuchal criticism, and treat the books of the Pentateuch from a wholly different point of view.

They are a historical record, and it is for the historian and archæologist, and not for the grammarian, to determine their value and age. To determine the age and trustworthiness of our literary authorities is doubtless of extreme importance to the historian, but unfortunately the materials for doing so are too often absent, and the fancies and assumptions of the critic are put in their place.

The trustworthiness of an author, like the reality of the facts he narrates, can be adequately tested in only one way. We must be able to compare his accounts of past events with other contemporaneous records of them. Sometimes these records consist of pottery or other products of human industry, which anthropology is able to interpret; often they are the far more important inscriptions which were written or engraved by the actors in the events themselves. In other words, it is to archæology that we must look for a verification or the reverse of the ancient history that has been handed down to us, as well as of the credibility of its narrators. The written monuments of the ancient East which belong to the same age as the patriarchs or Moses can alone assure us whether we are to trust the narrative of the Pentateuch, or to see in it a confused medley of legends, the late date of which makes belief in them impossible.

As has been said above, Oriental archæology has already disclosed sufficient to show us to which of these two alternatives we must lean. On the one hand, much of the history contained in the book of Genesis has been shown, directly or indirectly, to be authentic; on the other hand, the new-fangled theory of the composition of the Hexateuch has been decisively ruled out of court.

The Tel el-Amarna tablets have shown that the western Asia conquered by the Egyptian kings of the eighteenth dynasty was wholly under the domination of Babylonian culture. All over the civilized Oriental world, from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates to those of the Nile, the common medium of literary and diplomatic intercourse was the language and script of Chaldæa. Not only the writing material, but all that was written upon it, was borrowed from Babylonia. So powerful was this Babylonian influence, that the Egyptians themselves were compelled to submit to it. In place of their own singular and less cumbrous hieratic or cursive script, they had to communicate with their Asiatic subjects and allies in the cuneiform characters and the Babylonian tongue. Indeed, there is evi-

dence that the memoranda made by the official scribes of the Pharaoh's court, at all events in Palestine, were compiled in the same foreign speech and syllabary. That the Babylonian language and script were studied in Egypt itself we know from the evidence of the Tel el-Amarna tablets. Among them have been found fragments of dictionaries as well as Babylonian mythological tales. In one of the latter certain of the words and phrases are separated from one another in order to assist the learner.

The use of the Babylonian language and system of writing in western Asia must have been of considerable antiquity. This is proved by the fact that the characters had gradually assumed peculiar forms in the different countries in which they were employed, so that by merely glancing at the form of the writing we can tell whether a tablet was written in Palestine or in northern Syria, in Cappadocia or Mesopotamia. The knowledge of them, moreover, was not confined to the few. On the contrary, education must have been widely spread; the Tel el-Amarna correspondence was carried on, not only by professional scribes, but also by officials, by soldiers, and by merchants. Even women appear among the writers, and take part in the politics of the day. The letters, too, are sometimes written about the most trivial matters, and not unfrequently enter into the most unimportant details.

They were sent from all parts of the known civilized world. The kings of Babylonia and Assyria, of Mesopotamia and Cappadocia, the Egyptian governors of Syria and Canaan, even the chiefs of the Bedâwin tribes on the Egyptian frontier, who were subsidized by the Pharaohs' government like the Afghan chiefs of to-day, all alike contributed to the correspondence. Letters, in fact, must have been constantly passing to and fro along the highroads which intersected Western Asia. From one end of it to the other the population was in perpetual literary intercourse, proving that the Oriental world in the century before the Exodus was as highly educated and literary as was Europe in the age of the Renaissance. Nor was all this literary activity and intercourse a new thing. Several of the letters had been sent to Amenophis III., the father of the "Heretic King," and had been removed by the latter from the archives of Thebes when he transferred his residence to his new capital. And the literary intercourse which was carried on in the time of Amenophis III. was merely a continuation of

that which had been carried on for centuries previously. The culture of Babylonia, like that of Egypt, was essentially literary, and this culture had been spread over western Asia from a remote date. The letters of Khammu-rabi or Amraphel to his vassal, the king of Larsa, have just been recovered, and among the multitudinous contract tablets of the same epoch are specimens of commercial correspondence.

We have, however, only to consider for a moment what was meant by learning the language and script of Babylonia in order to realize what a highly organized system of education must have prevailed throughout the whole civilized world of the day. Not only had the Babylonian language to be acquired, but some knowledge also of the older agglutinative language of Chaldæa was also needed in order to understand the system of writing. It was as if the schoolboy of to-day had to add a knowledge of Greek to a knowledge of French. And the system of writing itself involved years of hard and patient study. It consisted of a syllabary containing hundreds of characters, each of which had not only several different phonetic values, but several different ideographic significations as well. Nor was this all. A group of characters might be used ideographically to express a word, the pronunciation of which had nothing to do with the sounds of the individual characters of which it was composed. The number of ideographs which had to be learned was thus increased fivefold. And, unlike the hieroglyphs of Egypt, the forms of these ideographs gave no assistance to the memory. They had long since lost all resemblance to the pictures out of which they had originally been developed, and consisted simply of various combinations of wedges or lines. It was difficult enough for the Babylonian or Assyrian to learn the syllabary; for a foreigner the task was almost herculean.

That it should have been undertaken implies the existence of libraries and schools. One of the distinguishing features of Babylonian culture were the libraries which existed in the great towns, and wherever Babylonian culture was carried this feature of it must have gone too. Hence in the libraries of western Asia clay books inscribed with cuneiform characters must have been stored up, while beside them must have been the schools, where the pupils bent over their exercises and the teachers instructed them in the language and script of the foreigner. The world into which Moses was born was a world as literary as our own.

If western Asia were the home of a long-established literary culture, Egypt was even more so. From time immemorial the land of the Pharaohs had been a land of writers and readers. At a very early period the hieroglyphic system of writing had been modified into a cursive hand, the so-called hieratic; and as far back as the days of the third and fifth dynasties famous books had been written, and the author of one of them, Ptah-hotep, already deplores the degeneracy and literary decay of his own time. The traveler up the Nile, who examines the cliffs that line the river, cannot but be struck by the multitudinous names that are scratched upon them. He is at times inclined to believe that every Egyptian in ancient times knew how to write, and had little else to do than to scribble a record of himself on the rocks. The impression is the same that we derive from the small objects which are disinterred in such thousands from the sites of the old cities. Wherever it is possible, an inscription has been put upon them, which, it seems taken for granted, could be read by all. Even the walls of the temples and tombs were covered with written texts; wherever the Egyptian turned, or whatever might be the object he used, it was difficult for him to avoid the sight of the written word. Whoever was born in the land of Egypt was perforce familiarized with the art of writing from the very days of his infancy.

Evidence is accumulating that the same literary culture which thus prevailed in Egypt and western Asia had extended also to the peninsula of Arabia. . . .

The Exodus from Egypt, then, took place during a highly literary period, and the people who took part in it passed from a country where the art of writing literally stared them in the face to another country which had been the center of the Tel el-Amarna correspondence and the home of Babylonian literary culture for unnumbered centuries. Is it conceivable that their leader and reputed lawgiver should not have been able to write, that he should not have been educated "in the wisdom of Egypt," or that the upper classes of his nation should not have been able to read? Let it be granted that the Israelites were but a Bedâwin tribe which had been reduced by the Pharaohs to the condition of public slaves; still, they necessarily had leaders and overseers among them, who, according to the State regulations of Egypt, were responsible to the Government for the rest of their countrymen, and some, at least, of these leaders

and overseers would have been educated men. Moses could have written the Pentateuch, even if he did not do so.

Moreover, the clay tablets on which the past history of Canaan could be read were preserved in the libraries and archive chambers of the Canaanitish cities down to the time when the latter were destroyed. If any doubt had existed on the subject after the revelations of the Tel el-Amarna tablets, it has been set at rest by the discovery of a similar tablet on the site of Lachish. In some cases the cities were not destroyed, so far as we know, until the period when it is allowed that the Israelites had ceased to be illiterate. Gezer, for example, which plays a leading part in the Tel el-Amarna correspondence, does not seem to have fallen into the hands of an enemy until it was captured by the Egyptian Pharaoh and handed over to his son-in-law Solomon. As long as a knowledge of the cuneiform script continued, the early records of Canaan were thus accessible to the historian, many of them being contemporaneous with the events to which they referred.

A single archæological discovery has thus destroyed the base of operations from which a one-sided criticism of Old Testament history had started. The really strong point in favor of it was the assumption that the Mosaic age was illiterate. Just as Wolf founded his criticism and analysis of the Homeric Hymns on the belief that the use of writing for literary purposes was of late date in Greece, so the belief that the Israelites of the time of Moses could not read or write was the ultimate foundation on which the modern theory of the composition of the Hexateuch has been based. Whether avowed or not, it was the true starting point of critical skepticism, the one solid foundation on which it seemed to rest. The destruction of the foundation endangers the structure which has been built upon it.

In fact, it wholly alters the position of the modern critical theory. The *onus probandi* no longer lies on the shoulders of the defenders of traditional views. Instead of being called upon to prove that Moses could have written a book, it is they who have to call on the disciples of the modern theory to show reason why he should not have done so. . . . As historians, we are bound to admit the antiquity of writing in Israel. The scribe goes back to the Mosaic age, like the lawgiver, and in this respect, therefore, the Israelites formed no exception to the nations among whom they lived. They were no islet of illiter-

ate barbarism in the midst of a great sea of literary culture and activity, nor were they obstinately asleep while all about them were writing and reading.

There was one period, and, so far as we know, one period only, in the history of western Asia, when the literature of Babylonia was taught and studied there, and when the literary ideas and stories of Chaldæa were made familiar to the people of Canaan. This was the period of Babylonian influence which ended with the Mosaic age. With the Hittite conquests of the fourteenth century B.C., and the Israelitish invasion of Canaan, it all came to an end. The Babylonian story of the Deluge, adapted to Palestine as we find it in the Pentateuch, must belong to a pre-Mosaic epoch. And it is difficult to believe that the identity of the details in the Babylonian and Biblical versions could have remained so perfect, or that the Biblical writer could have exhibited such deliberate intention of controverting the polytheistic features of the original, if he had not still possessed a knowledge of the cuneiform script. It is difficult to believe that he belonged to an age when the Phœnician alphabet had taken the place of the syllabary of Babylonia, and the older literature of Canaan had become a sealed book.

But if so, a new light is shed on the sources of the historical narratives contained in the Pentateuch. Some of them at least have come down from the period when the literary culture of Babylonia was still dominant on the shores of the Mediterranean. So far from being popular traditions and myths first committed to writing after the disruption of Solomon's kingdom, and amalgamated into their present form by a series of "redactors," they will have been derived from the pre-Mosaic literature of Palestine. Such of them as are Babylonian in origin will have made their way westwards like the Chaldæan legends found among the tablets of Tel el-Amarna, while others will be contemporaneous records of the events they describe. We must expect to discover in the Pentateuch not only Israelitish records, but Babylonian, Canaanitish, Egyptian, even Edomite records as well.

The progress of archæological research has already in part fulfilled this expectation. "Ur of the Chaldees" has been found at Muqayyar, and the contracts of early Babylonia have shown that Amorites — or, as we should call them, Canaanites — were settled there, and have even brought to light such distinctively Hebrew names as Jacob-el, Joseph-el, and Ishmael. Even the

name of Abram, Abi-ramu, appears as the father of an "Amorite" witness to a contract in the third generation before Amraphel. And Amraphel himself, along with his contemporaries, Chedor-laomer or Kudur-Laghghamar of Elam, Arioch of Larsa, and Tid'al or Tudghula, has been restored to the history to which he and his associates had been denied a claim. The "nations" over whom Tid'al ruled have been explained, and the accuracy of the political situation described in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis has been fully vindicated. Jerusalem, instead of being a name first given to the future capital of Judah after its capture by David, is proved to have been its earliest title; and the priest-king Melchizedek finds a parallel in his later successor, the priest-king Ebed-Tob, who, in the Tel el-Armana letters, declares that he had received his royal dignity, not from his father or his mother, but through the arm of "the mighty king." If we turn to Egypt, the archæological evidence is the same. The history of Joseph displays an intimate acquaintance on the part of its writer with Egyptian life and manners in the era of the Hyksos, and offers the only explanation yet forthcoming of the revolution that took place in the tenure of land during the Hyksos domination. As we have seen, there are features in the story which suggest that it has been translated from a hieratic papyrus. As for the Exodus, its geography is that of the nineteenth dynasty, and of no other period in the history of Egypt.

Thus, then, directly or indirectly, much of the history contained in the Pentateuch has been shown by archæology to be authentic. And it must be remembered that Oriental archæology is still in its infancy. Few only of the sites of ancient civilization have as yet been excavated, and there are thousands of cuneiform texts in the museums of Europe and America which have not as yet been deciphered. It was only in 1887 that the Tel el-Amarna tablets, which have had such momentous consequences for Biblical criticism, were found; and the disclosures made by the early contracts of Babylonia, even the name of Chedor-laomer itself, are of still more recent discovery. It is therefore remarkable that so much is already in our hands which confirms the antiquity and historical genuineness of the Pentateuchal narratives; and it raises the presumption that with the advance of our knowledge will come further confirmations of the Biblical story. At any rate, the historian's path is clear; the Pentateuch has been tested by the compara-

tive method of science, and has stood the test. It contains history, and must be dealt with accordingly like other historical works. The philological theory with its hair-splitting distinctions, its Priestly Code and "redactors," must be put aside, with all the historical consequences it involves.

But it does not follow that because the philological theory is untenable, all inquiries into the character and sources of the Pentateuch are waste of time. The philological theory has failed because it has attempted to build up a vast superstructure on very imperfect and questionable materials; because, in short, it has attempted to attain historical results without the use of the historical method. But no one can study the Pentateuch in the light of other ancient works of a similar kind without perceiving that it is a compilation, and that its author — or authors — has made use of a large variety of older materials.

If the Pentateuch was originally compiled in the Mosaic age, it must have undergone the fate of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, and been enlarged by subsequent additions. Insertions and interpolations must have found their way into it as new editions of it were made. That such was the case there is indirect testimony. On the one hand the text of the prophetical books was treated in a similar manner, additions and modifications being made in it from time to time by the prophet or his successors in order to adapt it to new political or religious circumstances. . . . On the other hand, a long-established Jewish tradition, which has found its way into the Second Book of Esdras (xiv. 21–26), makes Ezra rewrite or edit the books of Moses. There is no reason to question the substantial truth of the tradition: Ezra was the restorer of the old paths, and the Pentateuch may well have taken its present shape from him. If so, we need not be surprised if we find here and there in it echoes of the Babylonish captivity.

Side by side with materials derived from written sources, the book of Genesis contains narratives which, at all events in the first instance, must have resembled the traditions and poems orally recited in Arab lands, and commemorating the heroes and forefathers of the tribe. Thus there are two Abrahams: the one an Abraham who has been born in one of the centers of Babylonian civilization, who is the ally of Amorite chieftains, whose armed followers overthrow the rear guard of the Elamite army, and whom the Hittites of Hebron address as "a mighty prince"; the other is an Abraham of the Bedâ-

win camp-fire, a nomad whose habits are those of the rude independence of the desert, whose wife kneads the bread while he himself kills the calf with which his guests are entertained. It is true that in actual Oriental life the simplicity of the desert and the wealth and culture of the town may be found combined in the same person; that in modern Egypt Arab shêkhs may still be met with who thus live like wild Bedâwin during one part of the year, and as rich and civilized townsmen during another part of it; while in the last century a considerable portion of upper Egypt was governed by Bedâwin emirs, who realized in their own persons that curious duality of life and manners which to us Westerns appears so strange. But it is also true that the spirit and tone of the narratives in Genesis differ along with the character ascribed in them to the patriarch: we find in them not only the difference between the guest of the Egyptian Pharaoh and the entertainer of the angels, but also a difference in the point of view. The one speaks to us of literary culture, the other of the simple circle of wandering shepherds to whose limited experience the story-teller has to appeal. The story may be founded on fact; it may be substantially true; but it has been colored by the surroundings in which it has grown up, and archæological proof of its historical character can never be forthcoming. At most, it can be shown to be true to the time and place in which its scene is laid.

Such, then, are the main results of the application of the archæological test to the books of the Pentateuch. The philological theory, with its minute and mathematically exact analysis, is brushed aside; it is as little in harmony with archæology as it is with common sense. The Pentateuch substantially belongs to the Mosaic age, and may therefore be accepted as, in the bulk, the work of Moses himself. But it is a composite work; has passed through many editions; is full of interpolations, lengthy and otherwise. But in order to discover the interpolations, or to determine the written documents that have been used, we must have recourse to the historical method and the facts of archæology. The archæological evidence, however, is already sufficient for the presumption that, where it fails us, the text is nevertheless ancient, and the narrative historical — a presumption, it will be noticed, the exact contrary of that in which the Hexateuchal theory has landed its disciples.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

[George Eliot, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgart."]

When Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
Save pure field fruits, as aromatic things,
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine:
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,
And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were;
He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind; but, howsoe'er it be,
His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world:
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled;
Beheld the slow star paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet bird's marriage hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death
Save him, the founder; and it was his faith
That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,
But dark as pines that autumn never sears
His locks thronged backward as he ran, his frame
Rose like the orbèd sun each morn the same,

Lake-mirrored to his gaze; and that red brand,
The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
Was still clear-edged to his unwearied eye,
Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, "My happy offspring shall not know
That the red life from out a man may flow
When smitten by his brother." True, his race
Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face
A copy of the brand no whit less clear;
But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold;
And for their roofs and garments wealth untold
Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves:
They labored gently, as a maid who weaves
Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her palm the tresses soft,
Then peeps to watch the poisèd butterfly,
Or little burdened ants that homeward hie.
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfill;
For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple will.

Till, hurling stones in mere athletic joy,
Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest boy,
And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,
And fetched and held before the glazèd eyes
The things they best had loved to look upon;
But never glance or smile or sigh he won.
The generations stood around those twain
Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
Parted the press, and said: "He will not wake;
This is the endless sleep, and we must make
A bed deep down for him beneath the sod;
For know, my sons, there is a mighty God
Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
I fled from out His land in vain! — 'tis He
Who came and slew the lad, for He has found
This home of ours, and we shall all be bound

By the harsh bands of His most cruel will,
Which any moment may some dear one kill.
Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
We and all ours shall die like summers past.
This is Jehovah's will, and He is strong;
I thought the way I traveled was too long
For Him to follow me: my thought was vain!
He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
Pale Death His footprint is, and He will come again!"

And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race of Cain: soft idlesse was no more,
But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
Smiling with hidden dread — a mother fair
Who folding to her breast a dying child
Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.
Death was now lord of Life, and at his word
Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
With measured wing now audibly arose
Throbbing through all things to some unknown close.
Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn,
And Work grew eager, and Device was born.
It seemed the light was never loved before,
Now each man said, "'Twill go and come no more."
No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,
No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
From the one thought that life must have an end;
And the last parting now began to send
Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
Then Memory disclosed her face divine,
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,
No space, no warmth, but moves among them all;
Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
With ready voice and eyes that understand,
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive hand.

Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered seed
Of various life and action-shaping need.
But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
Of new ambition, and the force that springs
In passion beating on the shores of fate.
They said, "There comes a night when all too late

The mind shall long to prompt the achieving hand,
The eager thought behind closed portals stand,
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
Then while the soul its way with sound can cleave,
And while the arm is strong to strike and heave,
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day, whose rays must bend
As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently,
As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
By that one image of him pale and still."

For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race:
Jabal, the eldest, bore upon his face
The look of that calm river god, the Nile,
Mildly secure in power that needs not guile.
But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
That glows and spreads and leaps from high to higher
Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue;
Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,
His urgent limbs like rounded granite grew,
Such granite as the plunging torrent wears
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be fed,
Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfill
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.

Now Jabal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream

Of elemental life with fullness teem;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
And sheltered them, till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of day.
He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that older grown,
Followed his steps with sense-taught memory;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be
And guide them through the pastures as he would,
With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
Which, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star;
Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.
Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
Till the small race with hope and terror clung
About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
Remoter from the memories of the wood,
More glad discerned their common home with man.
This was the work of Jabal: he began
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.

But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude
Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard, he won.
The pliant clay he molded as he would,
And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood
Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,
He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey

His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought and better than he planned,
Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield
And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
Then spring with wondering triumphant cry,
And, lest the inspiring vision should go by,
Would rush to labor with that plastic zeal
Which all the passion of our life can steal
For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,
Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting hour,
But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The ax, the club, the spikèd wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain;
And near them latent lay in share and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved blade,
Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal; and they say
Some things he made have lasted to this day;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground.
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white disks; but they became the price
The traitor Judas sold his Master for;
And men still handling them in peace and war
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and clings as withering, damning blight.
But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
Nor greedy lust, nor any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into naught,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young:
These handled vaguely and those plied the tools,
Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
But only listened to — some melody,
Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
Won from the common store of struggling sound.
Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
Of some external soul that spoke for him:
The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
Like light that makes wide spiritual room
And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,
To Jubal such enlargèd passion brought
That love, hope, rage, and all experience
Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
Concords and discords, cadences and cries
That seemed from some world-shrouded soul to rise,
Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seemed melted speech —
Melted with tears, smiles, glances — that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
Pondering, he sought his home again and heard
The fluctuant changes of the spoken word:
The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
Next leaping upward to defiant stand
Or downward beating like the resolute hand;
The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on high;
The suasive repetitions Jabal taught,
That timid browsing cattle homeward brought;
The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing;
And through them all the hammer's rhythmic ring.
Jubal sat lonely, all around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him:
For as the delicate stream of odor wakes
The thought-wed sentience and some image makes

From out the mingled fragments of the past,
Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
So streamed as from the body of each sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which found
All prisoned germs and all their powers unbound,
Till thought self-luminous flamed from memory,
And in creative vision wandered free.
Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,
As had some manifested god been there.
It was his thought he saw: the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The struggling unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors: were these wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does put glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing reach,
Surpassing meager need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference —
Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
Then — Nay, I, Jubal, will that work begin!
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
Of coming ages waited through the night,
Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine;
Where fervor that could fill the earthly round
With throngèd joys of form-begotten sound

Must shrink intense within the patient power
That lonely labors through the niggard hour.
Such patience have the heroes who begin,
Sailing the first to lands which others win.
Jubal must dare as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
And, yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre.
He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense
And all desire bends toward obedience.
Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song —
The rapturous word that rapturous notes prolong
As radiance streams from smallest things that burn,
Or thought of loving into love doth turn.
And still his lyre gave companionship
In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.
Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His wingèd song; then with adoring pride
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
He said, "This wonder which my soul hath found,
This heart of music in the might of sound,
Shall forthwith be the share of all our race
And like the morning gladden common space:
The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
This living lyre, to know its secret will,
Its fine division of the good and ill.
So shall men call me sire of harmony,
And where great Song is, there my life shall be."

Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
Forth from his solitary joy he went
To bless mankind. It was at evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
When imminence of change makes sense more fine
And light seems holier in its grand decline.
The fruit trees wore their studded coronal,
Earth and her children were at festival,
Glowing as with one heart and one consent —
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radiance
blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge thighs,
The sinewy man embrowned by centuries;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement too —
Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly flew,
And swayings as of flower beds where Love blew.
For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.
Jabal sat climbed on by a playful ring
Of children, lambs, and whelps, whose gamboling,
With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub meet.
But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For of all hardship work he counted least;
He scorned all rest but sleep, where every dream
Made his repose more potent action seem.
Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was blent,
The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.

Then from the east, with glory on his head
Such as low-slanting beams on corn waves spread,
Came Jubal with his lyre: there 'mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entrancèd whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creature sends
Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous life

Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
He who had lived through twice three centuries,
Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees,
In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
Dreamed himself dimly through the traveled days
Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one;
Felt that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
And in all these the rhythmic influence,
Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
Flowed out in movements, little waves that spread
Enlarging, till in tidal union led
The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve
Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
Of ringèd feet swayed by each close-linked palm:
Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
Till all the gazing elders rose and stood
With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.
Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
Till he could see his brother with the lyre,
The work for which he lent his furnace fire
And diligent hammer, witting naught of this —
This power in metal shape which made strange bliss,
Entering within him like a dream full-fraught
With new creations finished in a thought.

The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air:
It seemed the stars were shining with delight
And that no night was ever like this night.
All clung with praise to Jubal: some besought
That he would teach them his new skill; some caught,
Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks that meet,
The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat:
'Twas easy following where invention trod —
All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music, their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-wingèd utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
"Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony —
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs!
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not. Listening there,
My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
That rise and spread and bloom toward fuller fruit each year."

He took a raft, and traveled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.
It was the region long inhabited
By all the race of Seth; and Jubal said:
"Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's fire
Flames through deep waters; I will take my rest,
And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers' sweetness doth the honeybee."
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And, sowing music, made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood —
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life's weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he traveled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,

The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Naught but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore:
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "The world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
To give me footing, but instead, this main —
Myriads of maddened horses thundering o'er the plain.

"New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart too widens with its widening home:
But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
The lyre's full answer; nay, its chords were all
Too few to meet the growing spirit's call.
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

"No farther will I travel: once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and Song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
Will pour my strains with all the early truth
Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe remembering
Will cry 'Tis he!' and run to greet me, welcoming."

The way was weary. Many a date palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
When, with fresh vision fed, the fuller will
Took living outward shape in pliant skill;
For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.
His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange

With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when naught besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no lightning now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran:
He was the rune-writ story of a man.

And so at last he neared the well-known land,
Could see the hills in ancient order stand
With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
Looked through the sunshine of his childish days;
Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
And seemed to see the selfsame insect broods
Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers — to hear
The selfsame cuckoo making distance near.
Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
Met and embraced him, and said, "Thou art he!
This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."

But wending ever through the watered plain,
Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
He saw dread Change, with dubious face and cold
That never kept a welcome for the old,
Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise
Saying, "This home is mine." He thought his eyes
Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,
Usurping sense, make old things shrink and fade
And seem ashamed to meet the staring day.
His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode;
The little city that once nestled low
As buzzing groups about some central glow,
Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,

Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
Close by the wayside on a weed-grown bank,
Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,
Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar wood.
The morning sun was high; his rays fell hot
On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
On the dry-withered grass and withered man:
That wondrous frame where melody began
Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.

But while he sank far music reached his ear.
He listened until wonder silenced fear
And gladness wonder; for the broadening stream
Of sound advancing was his early dream,
Brought like fulfillment of forgotten prayer;
As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
Quick with the various strains of life to be.
He listened: the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpet's notes outspread,
And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible; could see a train
From out the street slow-winding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring call
On some great name divine, their common soul,
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole.
The word was "Jubal!" . . . "Jubal" filled the air
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
Creator of the quire, the full-fraught strain
That grateful rolled itself to him again.
The aged man adust upon the bank —
Whom no eye saw — at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
Felt, this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once born in him.
But when the train, with living face and limb

And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
The longing grew that they should hold him dear;
Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
The breathing Jubal — him, to whom their love was due.
All was forgotten but the burning need
To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
That lived away from him, and grew apart,
While he as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed,
Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
What though his song should spread from man's small race
Out through the myriad worlds that people space,
And make the heavens one joy-diffusing quire? —
Still 'mid that vast would throb the keen desire
Of this poor aged flesh, this eventide,
This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
This little pulse of self that, having glowed
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
The light of music through the vague of sound,
Ached with its smallness still in good that had no bound.

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
Must he in conscious trance, dumb, helpless lie
While all that ardent kindred passed him by?
His flesh cried out to live with living men
And join that soul which to the inward ken
Of all the hymning train was present there.
Strong passion's daring sees not aught to dare:
The frost-locked starkness of his frame low-bent,
His voice's penury of tones long spent,
He felt not; all his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face:
He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, "I am Jubal, I! . . . I made the lyre!"

The tones amid a lake of silence fell
Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake;
They spread along the train from front to wake
In one great storm of merriment, while he

Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
Of passionate music came with that dream pain
Wherein the sense slips off from each loved thing
And all appearance is mere vanishing.
But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
Anger in front saw profanation near;
Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
For glorious power untouched by that slow death
Which creeps with creeping time; this too, the spot,
And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.
Two rushed upon him: two, the most devout
In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,
And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little need;
He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, "This is the end:
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
So of my mighty years naught comes to me again.

"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
From something round me: dewy shadowy wings
Enclose me all around — no, not above —
Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
Yea — art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
In long-remembered summers; that calm light
Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
That past unchangeable, from change still wrought.
And gentlest tones were with the vision blent:
He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
Or music that calm gaze: to hear, to see,
Was but one undivided ecstasy:

The raptured senses melted into one,
And parting life a moment's freedom won
From in and outer, as a little child
Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
And knoweth naught save the blue heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
I am the angel of thy life and death,
Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
Who blest thy lot above all men's beside?
Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, nor take
Any bride living, for that dead one's sake?
Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
In central heaven, hadst thou been still the same?
Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god —
Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
Or thundered through the skies — aught else for share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?
No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
Where music's voice was silent; for thy fate
Was human music's self incorporate:
Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
Were flesh of *her* flesh and her womb of life.
And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
With hidden raptures were her secrets shown,
Buried within thee, as the purple light
Of gems may sleep in solitary night;
But thy expanding joy was still to give,
And with the generous air in song to live,
Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
And on the mountains in thy wandering
Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring,
That turns the leafless wood to love's glad home,
For with thy coming Melody was come.
This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
And that immeasurable life to know

From which the fleshly self falls shriveled, dead,
A seed primeval that has forests bred.
It is the glory of the heritage
Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age:
Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on this sod,
Because thou shinest in man's soul, a god,
Who found and gave new passion and new joy
That naught but Earth's destruction can destroy.
Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
For too much wealth amid their poverty."

The words seemed melting into symphony,
The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
Was floating him the heavenly space along,
Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
Quitting mortality, a quenched sun wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave.

TUBAL CAIN.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

By Canon RAWLINSON.

[George Rawlinson: a noted English classical and Oriental scholar and historian, brother of the great explorer and scholar Sir Henry Rawlinson; born in Oxfordshire, 1815; canon of Canterbury Cathedral. His monumental works are "Seven Great Oriental Monarchies" (1862-76), the great edition of Herodotus, with his brother and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, four volumes (1858-60), and "History of Egypt," two volumes (second edition 1881). He also wrote theological works and other histories, now superseded.]

Iritisen, a statuary of the eleventh dynasty, had a monument prepared for himself, pronounced to be "one of the masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture." He is represented upon it "holding in the left hand the long baton used by elders and *noblemen*, and in his right hand the *pat* or scepter." In the inscription he calls himself the "true servant" of the king Mentu-hotep, "he who is in the inmost recess of his (*i.e.* the king's) heart, and makes his pleasure all the day long." He also declares that he is "an artist, wise in his art — a man *standing above all men* by his learning." Altogether, the monument is one from which we may reasonably conclude that Iritisen occupied a position not much below that of a noble, and enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the monarch in whose reign he flourished.

Musicians seem scarcely to have attained to the same level. Music was used, in the main, as a light entertainment, enhancing the pleasures of the banquet, and was in the hands of a professional class which did not bear the best of characters. The religious ceremonies into which music entered were mostly of an equivocal character. There may perhaps have been some higher and more serious employment of it, as in funeral lamentations, in religious processions, and in state ceremonies; but on the whole it seems to have borne the character which it bears in most parts of the East at the present day — the character of an art ministering to the lower elements of human nature, and tending to corrupt men rather than to elevate them.

Dancing and music are constantly united together in the sculptures; and the musicians and dancers must, it would seem, have been very closely connected indeed, and socially have ranked almost, if not quite, upon a par. Musicians,

sometimes, as already observed, danced as they played; and where this was not the case, dancers generally formed a part of the *troupe*, and intermixed themselves with the instrumental performers. Dancing was professed both by men and women; but women were preferred; and in the entertainments of the rich the guests were generally amused by the graceful movements of trained females, who went through the steps and figures, which they had been taught, for a certain sum of money. If we may trust the paintings, many of these professionals were absolutely without clothes, or wore only a narrow girdle, embroidered with beads, about their hips. At the best, their dresses were of so light and thin a texture as to be perfectly transparent, and to reveal rather than veil the form about which they floated. It is scarcely probable that the class which was content thus to outrage decency could have borne a better character, or enjoyed a higher social status, than the *almehs* of modern Egypt or the *nautch* girls of India.

Of learned professions in Egypt, the most important was that of the scribe. Though writing was an ordinary accomplishment of the educated classes, and scribes were not therefore so absolutely necessary as they are in most Eastern countries, yet still there were a large number of occupations for which professional penmanship was a prerequisite, and others which demanded the learning that a scribe naturally acquired in the exercise of his trade. The Egyptian religion necessitated the multiplication of copies of the "Ritual of the Dead," and the employment of numerous clerks in the registration of the sacred treasures, and the management of the sacred estates. The civil administration depended largely upon a system of registration and of official reports, which were perpetually being made to the court by the superintendents in all departments of the public service. Most private persons of large means kept bailiffs or secretaries, who made up their accounts, paid their laborers, and otherwise acted as managers of their property. There was thus a large number of lucrative posts which could only be properly filled by persons such as the scribes were, ready with the pen, familiar with the different kinds of writing, good at figures, and at the same time not of so high a class as to be discontented with a life of dull routine, if not of drudgery. The occupation of scribe was regarded as one befitting men from the middle ranks of society, who might otherwise have been blacksmiths, carpenters, small farmers, or the like.

It would seem that there were schools in the larger towns open to all who desired education. In these reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught, together with "letters" in a more extended sense; and industry at such places of instruction was certain to be rewarded by opening to the more advanced students a variety of situations and employments. Some of these may have been of a humble character, and not over well paid; but among them were many which to an Egyptian of the middle class seemed very desirable. The posts under government occupied by scribes included some of great importance, as those of ambassador, superintendent of storehouses, registrar of the docks, clerk of the closet, keeper of the royal library, "scribe of the double house of life." It is indicative of the high rank and position of government scribes, that in the court conspiracy which threatened the life of the third Rameses as many as six of them were implicated, while two served upon the tribunal before which the criminals were arraigned. If a person failed to obtain government appointments, they might still hope to have their services engaged by the rich corporations which had the management of the temples, or by private individuals of good means. Hence the scribe readily persuaded himself that his occupation was above all others — the only one which had nothing superior to it, but was the first and best of all human employments.

The great number of persons who practiced medicine in Egypt is mentioned by Herodotus, who further notices the remarkable fact that, besides general practitioners, there were many who devoted themselves to special branches of medical science, some being oculists, some dentists, some skilled in treating diseases of the brain, some those of the intestines, and so on. Accoucheurs also we know to have formed a separate class, and to have been chiefly, if not exclusively women. The consideration in which physicians were held is indicated by the tradition which ascribed the composition of the earliest medical works to one of the kings, as well as by the reputation for advanced knowledge which the Egyptian practitioners early obtained in foreign countries. According to a modern authority, they constituted a special subdivision of the sacerdotal order; but this statement is open to question, though no doubt some of the priests were required to study medicine.

A third learned profession was that of the architect, which

in some respects took precedence over any other. The chief court architect was a functionary of the highest importance, ranking among the very most exalted officials. Considering the character of the duties intrusted to him, this was only natural, since the kings generally set more store upon their buildings than upon any other matter. "At the time when the construction of the Pyramids and other tombs," says Brugsch, "demanded artists of the first order, we find the place of architect intrusted to the highest dignitaries of the court of the Pharaohs. The royal architects, the *Murket*, as they were called, recruited their ranks not unfrequently from the class of princes; and the inscriptions engraved upon the walls of their tombs inform us that, almost without exception, they married either the daughters or the granddaughters of the reigning sovereigns, who did not refuse the *Murket* this honor."

Though a position of such eminence as this could belong only to one man at a time, it is evident that the luster attaching to the head of their profession would be more or less reflected upon its members. Schools of architects had to be formed in order to secure a succession of competent persons, and the chief architect of the king was only the most successful out of many aspirants, who were educationally and socially upon a par. Actual builders, of course, constituted a lower class, and are compassionated in the poem above quoted, as exposed by their trade both to disease and accident. But architects ran no such risks; and the profession must be regarded as having enjoyed in Egypt a rank and a consideration rarely accorded to it elsewhere. According to Diodorus, the Egyptians themselves said that their architects were more worthy of admiration than their kings. Such a speech could hardly have been made while the independent monarchy lasted and kings were viewed as actual gods; but it was a natural reflection on the part of those who, living under foreign domination, looked back to the time when Egypt had made herself a name among the nations by her conquests, and still more by her great works.

At the opposite extremity of the social scale were a number of contemned and ill-paid employments, which required the services of considerable numbers, whose lives must have been sufficiently hard ones. Dyers, washermen, barbers, gardeners, sandal-makers, blacksmiths, carpenters, couriers, boatmen, fowlers, fishermen, are commiserated by the scribe, Tuaufsakhrat, as well as farmers, laborers, stonecutters, builders,

armorers, and weavers; and though he does not often point out any sufferings peculiar to those of his own countrymen who were engaged in these occupations, we may accept his evidence as showing that, in Egypt, while they involved hard work, they obtained but small remuneration. The very existence, however, of so many employments is an indication that labor was in request; and we cannot doubt that industrious persons could support themselves and their families without much difficulty, even by these inferior trades. The Egyptians, even of the lowest class, were certainly not crushed down by penury or want; they maintained a light heart under the hardships, whatever they may have been, of their lot, and contrived to amuse themselves and to find a good deal of pleasure in existence.

If the boatman, for instance, led a laborious life, "doing beyond the power of his hands to do," he had yet spirit enough to enter into rivalry with his brother boatman, and to engage in rude contests which must have often caused him a broken head or a ducking. If the fowler and the fisherman had sometimes hard work to make a living, yet they had the excitement which attaches to every kind of sport, and from time to time were rewarded for their patient toil by "takes" of extraordinary magnitude. The dragnets and clapnets which they used to entrap their prey are frequently represented as crowded with fish or birds, as many as twenty-five of the latter being inclosed on some occasions. The fish were often of large size, so that a man could only just carry one; and though these monsters were perhaps not in very great request, they would have sufficed to furnish three or four meals to a large family. Fish were constantly dried and salted, so that the superabundance of one season supplied the deficiency of another; and even birds appear to have been subjected to a similar process, and preserved in jars, when there was no immediate sale for them.

An occupation held in especial disrepute was that of the swineherd. According to Herodotus, persons of this class were absolutely prohibited from entering an Egyptian temple, and under no circumstances would a man of any other class either give his daughter in marriage to a swineherd, or take a wife from among them. This prejudice was connected with the notion of the pig being an unclean animal, which was common to the Egyptians with the Jews, the Mohammedans, and the

Indians. If it existed to the extent asserted, the swineherds, the Pariahs of Egypt, must have approached nearly to the character of a caste, as intermarrying wholly among themselves, and despised by every other section of the population.

But if Egyptian civilization had thus its victims, it had also its favorites. There stood in Egypt, outside the entire number of those who either belonged to a profession or exercised a trade or calling, that upper class of which we have more than once spoken, owners of a large portion of the soil, and so possessed of hereditary wealth, not very anxious for official employment, though filling commonly most of the highest posts in the administration, connected in many instances more or less closely with the royal family, and bearing the rank of *suten-rech* or "princes" — a class small, compared with most others, but still tolerably numerous — one which seemed born to enjoy existence and "consume the fruits" of other men's toil and industry. Such persons, as has been said, "led a charmed life." Possessed of a villa in the country, and also commonly of a town house in the capital, the Egyptian lord divided his time between the two, now attracted by the splendors of the court, now by the simple charms of rural freedom and retirement. In either case he dwelt in a large house, amply and elegantly furnished — the floor strewn with bright-colored carpets — the rooms generally provided with abundant sofas and chairs, couches, tables, faldstools, ottomans, stands for flowers, footstools, vases, etc. — household numerous and well trained, presided over by a major-domo or steward, who relieved the great man of the trouble of domestic management. Attached to his household in some way, if not actual members of it, were "adepts in the various trades conducive to his ease and comfort" — the glass blower, the worker in gold, the potter, the tailor, the baker, the sandal-maker.

With a prudent self-restraint not often seen among orientals, he limited himself to a single wife, whom he made the partner of his cares and joys, and treated with respect and affection. No eunuchs troubled the repose of his establishment with their plots and quarrels. His household was composed in about equal proportions of male and female servants; his wife had her waiting maid or tire-woman, his children their nurse or nurses; he himself had his valet, who was also his barber. The kitchen department was intrusted to three or four cooks and scullions, who were invariably men, no women (it would

seem) being thought competent for such important duties. One, two, or more grooms had the charge of his stable, which in the early times sheltered no nobler animal than the ass, but under the New Empire was provided with a number of horses. A chariot, in which he might take an airing, pay visits, or drive a friend, was also indispensable in and after the time of the eighteenth dynasty; and the greater lords had, no doubt, several of such vehicles, with coach houses for their accommodation. Litters were perhaps used only for the aged and infirm, who were conveyed in them on the shoulders of attendants.

Egyptian men of all ranks shaved their heads and their entire faces, except sometimes a portion of the chin, from which a short square beard was allowed to depend. The barber was in attendance on the great lord every morning, to remove any hair that had grown, and trim his beard, if he wore one. The lord's wig was also under his superintendence. This consisted of numerous small curls, together sometimes with locks and plaits, fastened carefully to a reticulated groundwork, which allowed the heat of the head free escape. The dress, even of the highest class, was simple. It consisted, primarily, of the *shenti* or kilt, a short garment folded or fluted, which was worn round the loins, and fastened in front with a girdle. The material might be linen or woolen, according to the state of the weather, or the wearer's inclination, Over this the great lord invariably wore an ample robe of fine linen, reaching from the shoulders to the ankles, and provided with full sleeves, which descended nearly, if not quite, to the elbows. A second girdle, which may have been of leather, confined the outer dress about the waist. The arms and lower parts of the legs were left bare; and in the earliest times the feet were also bare, sandals being unknown; but they came into fashion at the beginning of the fifth dynasty, and thenceforward were ordinarily worn by the rich, whether men or women. They were either of leather lined with cloth, or of a sort of basket work composed of palm leaves or the stalks of the papyrus. The shape varied at different periods. Having dressed himself with the assistance of his valet, the Egyptian lord put on his ornaments, which consisted commonly of a collar of beads or a chain of gold round the neck, armlets and bracelets of gold, inlaid with lapis lazuli and turquoise, round the arms, anklets of the same character round the ankles, and rings upon the fingers of both hands

Thus attired, the lord took his *bâton* or stick, and, quitting his dressing room, made his appearance in the *salon* or eating apartment.

Meanwhile his spouse had performed her own toilet, which was naturally somewhat more elaborate than her husband's. Egyptian ladies wore their own hair, which grew in great abundance, and must have occupied the tire-woman for a considerable period. A double-toothed comb was used for combing it, and it may also have been brushed, though hairbrushes have not been discovered. Ultimately, it was separated into numerous distinct tresses, and plaited by threes into thirty or forty fine plaits, which were then gathered into three masses, one behind the head and the others at either side of the face, or else were allowed to fall in a single continuous ring round the head and shoulders. After it had been thus arranged, the hair was confined by a fillet, or by a headdress made to imitate the wings, back, and tail, and even sometimes the head, of a vulture. On their bodies some females wore only a single garment, which was a petticoat, either tied at the neck or supported by straps over the shoulders, and reaching from the neck or breast to the ankles; but those of the upper class had, first, over this, a colored sash passed twice round the waist and tied in front, and, secondly, a large loose robe, made of the finest linen, with full open sleeves reaching to the elbow. They wore sandals from the same date as the men, and had similar ornaments, with the addition of earrings. These often manifested an elegant taste, being in the form of serpents or terminating in the heads of animals or of goddesses. The application of *kohl* or stibium to the eyes seems to have formed an ordinary part of the toilet.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to follow throughout the day the husband and wife, with whose portraits we are attempting to present our readers. We do not know the hours kept by the upper classes in Egypt, nor the arrangements which prevailed respecting their meals, nor the mode in which a lady of rank employed herself from the time when her morning toilet was completed until the hour of dinner. We may conjecture that she looked after her servants, superintended the teaching of her children, amused herself in her garden, or visited and received visits from her acquaintance; but the evidence on these various points is scanty, and scarcely sufficient to justify general conclusions. It is somewhat different with respect to

the men. The sculptures show us that much of the Egyptian gentleman's day was spent in sports of various kinds; that he indulged in fishing and fowling, as well as in the chase of various wild beasts, some of which were sought as delicacies for the table, while others seem to have been attacked merely to gratify that destructive instinct which urges men to take delight in field sports.

Ponds commonly existed within the pleasure grounds attached to an Egyptian country house, and were often of considerable dimensions. Formal in shape, to suit the general character of the grounds, they were well stocked with a variety of fish, and often furnished the Egyptian noble with a morning's amusement. The sport was of a kind which in these days would not be considered exciting. Reclined upon a mat, or seated on a chair, under the shade of a tree, and with a short rod in his hand, apparently of one joint only, the lord threw his double or single line into the preserved pool, and let his bait sink to the bottom. When he felt the bite of a fish, he jerked his line out of the water, and by this movement, if the fish was securely hooked, he probably landed it; if not, he only lost his labor. Hooks were large and strong, lines coarse, fish evidently not shy; there was no fear of the tackle breaking; and if a few fish were scared by the clumsy method, there were plenty of others to take their place in a few minutes.

A less unskillful mode of pursuing the sport was by means of the fish spear. Embarking upon his pond, or the stream that fed it, in a boat of bulrushes, armed with the proper weapon, and accompanied by a young son, and by his wife or a sister, the lord would direct his gaze into the water, and when he saw a fish passing, strike at him with the barbed implement. If the fish were near at hand, he would not let go of the weapon, but if otherwise, he would throw it, retaining in his grasp a string attached to its upper extremity. This enabled him to recover the spear, even if it sank, or was carried down by the fish; and, when his aim had been true, it enabled him to get possession of his prize. Some spears had double heads, both of them barbed; and good fortune, or superior skill, occasionally secured two fish at once.

The fowling practiced by the Egyptian gentleman was very peculiar. He despised nets, made no use of hawks or falcons, and did not even, except on rare occasions, have recourse to the bow. He placed his whole dependence on a missile, which

has been called a "throw stick"—a thin, curved piece of heavy wood, from a foot and a quarter to two feet in length, and about an inch and a half broad. Gliding silently in a light boat along some piece of water, with a decoy bird stationed at the head of his vessel, trained, perhaps, to utter its note, he approached the favorite haunt of the wild fowl, which was generally a thicket of tall reeds and lotuses. Having come as close to the game as possible, with his throw stick in one hand and a second decoy bird, or even several, in the other, he watched for the moment when the wild fowl rose in a cloud above the tops of the water-plants, and then flung his weapon in among them. Supplied by a relative or an attendant with another, and again another, he made throw after throw, not ceasing till the last bird was out of reach, or his stock of throw sticks exhausted. We sometimes see as many as four sticks in the air, and another upon the point of being delivered. Skilled sportsmen seem to have aimed especially at the birds' necks, since, if the neck was struck, the bird was pretty sure to fall. This sport seems to have been an especial favorite with Egyptians of the upper class.

The chase of wild beasts involved more exertion than either fishing or fowling, and required the sportsman to go further afield. The only tolerable hunting grounds lay in the desert regions on either side of the Nile valley; and the wealthy Egyptians, who made up their minds to indulge in this pastime, had to penetrate into these dreary tracts, and probably to quit their homes for a time, and camp out in the desert. The chief objects of pursuit upon these occasions were the gazelle, the ibex, the oryx, and perhaps some other kinds of antelopes. The sportsman set out in his chariot, well provided with arrows and javelins, accompanied by a number of dogs, and attended by a crowd of menials, huntsmen, beaters, men to set the nets, provision and water carriers, and the like. A large space was commonly inclosed by the beaters, and all the game within it driven in a certain direction by them and the hounds, while the sportsman and his friends, stationed at suitable points, shot their arrows at such beasts as came within the range of the weapon, or sought to capture them by means of a long thong or cord ending in a running noose. Nets were also set at certain narrow points in the wadys or dry water courses, down which the herd, when pressed, was almost sure to pass; and men were placed to watch them, and slaughter each animal

as soon as he was entangled, before he could break his way through the obstacle and make his escape. When the district in which the hunt took place was well supplied with beasts, and the space inclosed by the beaters was large, a curiously mixed scene presented itself towards the close of the day. All the wild animals of the region, roused from their several lairs, were brought together within a narrow space, — hyenas, jackals, foxes, porcupines, even ostriches, held on their way, side by side with gazelles, hares, ibexes, and antelopes of various descriptions, — the hounds also being intermixed among them, and the hunter in his car driving at speed through the thickest of the *mêlée*, discharging his arrows right and left, and bringing down the choicest game. Attendants continually supplied fresh arrows; and the work of slaughter probably went on till night put an end to it, or till the whole of the game was killed or had made its escape.

Occasionally, instead of antelopes, wild cattle were the object of pursuit. In this case, too, dogs were used, though scarcely with much effect. The cattle were, most likely, either stalked or laid in wait for, and, when sufficiently near, were either lassoed, or else shot with arrows, the place aimed at being the junction between the neck and the head. When the lasso was employed, it was commonly thrown over one of the horns.

According to one representation, the lion was made use of in the chase of some animals, being trained to the work, as the *cheeta*, or hunting leopard, is in Persia and India. That the Egyptians tamed lions appears from several of the sculptures, and is also attested by at least one ancient writer; but the employment of them in the chase rests upon a single painting in one of the tombs at Beni Hissar.

Lions themselves, when in the wild state, were sometimes hunted by the monarchs; but it is doubtful whether any Egyptian subject, however exalted his rank, ever engaged in the exciting occupation. The lion was scarcely to be found within the limits of Egypt during any period of the monarchy, and though occasionally to be seen in the deserts upon the Egyptian borders, yet could scarcely be reckoned on as likely to cross his path by a private sportsman. The kings who were ambitious of the honor of having contended with the king of beasts, could make hunting expeditions beyond their borders, and have a whole province ransacked for the game of which they were in search. Even they, however, seem very rarely to

have aspired so high; and there is but one representation of a lion hunt in the Egyptian sculptures.

A similarly exceptional character attached to the chase of the elephant by the Egyptians. One monarch on one occasion only, when engaged in an expedition which took him deep into Asia, "hunted a hundred and twenty elephants on account of their tusks." Here a subject had the good fortune to save his royal master from an attack made upon him by the leading, or "rogue," elephant of the herd, and to capture the brute after inflicting a wound upon its trunk.

The pursuit of the hippopotamus and the crocodile was, on the contrary, a favorite and established practice with Egyptian sportsmen. The hippopotamus was hunted as injurious to the crops, on which it both fed and trampled by night, while at the same time it was valued for its hide, which was regarded as the best possible material for shields, helmets, and javelins. It appears to have been thought better to attack it in the water than upon the land, perhaps because its struggles to escape would then be, comparatively speaking, harmless. Spears, with strings attached to them, were thrown at it; and when these had taken effect, it was drawn to the surface, and its head entangled in a strong noose, by which it could be dragged ashore; or, if this attempt failed, it was allowed to exhaust itself by repeated rushes and plunges in the stream, the hunters "playing" it the while by reels attached to the strings that held their spears, and waiting till it was spent by fatigue and loss of blood, when they wound up their reels, and brought their booty to land.

There were two modes of chasing the crocodile. Sometimes it was speared, like the hippopotamus, and was then probably killed in much the same way; but another method was also adopted, which is thus described by Herodotus: "They bait a hook with a chine of pork, and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter on the bank holds a live pig, which he belabors. The crocodile, hearing its cries, makes for the sound, and encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is dispatched with ease; otherwise he gives much trouble." Very similar modes to both of these are still in use on the Nile.

It is, of course, not to be supposed that the Egyptian of high

rank was so enamored of the chase as to devote to it all the time that he spent in the country. There would be days on which he inspected his farm, his cattle stalls, his live stock, his granaries, his wine presses, his olive presses, moving from place to place, probably, on his favorite ass, and putting questions to his laborers. There would be others on which he received his steward, went through his accounts, and gave such directions as he thought necessary; others again on which his religious duties occupied him, or on which he received the general homage of his subordinates. His life would be in many ways varied. As a local magnate, he might be called upon from time to time to take part in the public business of his nome. He might have civil employment thrust upon him, since no one could refuse an office or a commission assigned him by the king. He might even find himself called upon to conduct a military expedition. But, apart from these extraordinary distractions, he would have occupations enough and to spare. Amid alternations of business and pleasure, of domestic repose and violent exercise, of town and country life, of state and simplicity, he would scarcely find his time hang heavy on his hands, or become a victim to *ennui*. An extensive literature was open to him, if he cared to read; a solemn and mysterious religion, full of awe-inspiring thoughts, and stretching on to things beyond the grave, claimed his attention; he had abundant duties, abundant enjoyments. Though not so happy as to be politically free, there was small danger of his suffering oppression. He might look forward to a tranquil and respected old age; and even in the grave he would enjoy the attentions and religious veneration of those whom he left behind him.

Among the duties continually devolving on him, the most important were those of charity and of hospitality. It was absolutely incumbent upon him, if he would pass the dread ordeal in the nether world, that during this life he should be careful "to give bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, oil to the wounded, and burial to the dead." It was also incumbent on him, in the general opinion of those with whom he lived, that he should show towards men of his own class a free and open-handed hospitality. For this purpose it was necessary that, both in the town and in the country, he should provide his friends with frequent grand entertainments. With a description of one of these we may terminate our account.

The preparations for an entertainment had to commence some days previously. Game had to be procured, professionals engaged, extra attendants hired, a stock of fresh flowers and perhaps of unguents laid in. Great activity prevailed in the kitchen; confectionery was prepared, spices pounded, macaroni made, cooking utensils scoured, the larder stored with provisions. The reception rooms were then arranged for guests, chairs being placed in rows or groups, extra carpets and mats strewn about, flowers put into the vases, and the house generally decorated. When the guests began to arrive, they were first of all received in the vestibule by attendants, who presented them with bouquets, placed garlands of lotus upon their heads, and sometimes collars of lotus round their necks, anointed their hair with unguents, and offered them wine or other beverages. At this time the visitors commonly sat on the floor, probably for the convenience of those who had to anoint and adorn them. Having received these attentions, the guests, ladies and gentlemen intermixed, passed on to the main apartment, where they were greeted by their host and hostess, and begged to take their seats on the chairs and fauteuils which had been arranged for them. Here more refreshments were handed round, more flowers offered, while the guests, generally in pairs, but sometimes in groups, conversed one with another. Music was now commonly introduced, sometimes accompanied by dancing, the performers in both arts being professionals, and the dancing girls being nearly, if not quite, naked. Sometimes, at the same party, there would be two bands, who, we may suppose, played alternately. Pet animals, dogs, gazelles, or monkeys, might be present, and the young children of the house in some instances gave animation to the scene, and enlivened the entertainment with their prattle. As it was not customary for children under ten or twelve years of age to wear any clothes, the nudity of the dancing girls might seem less strange and less indelicate.

It is possible that on some occasions the music, dancing, and light refreshments constituted the whole of the entertainment, and that the guests after a while took their departure without any formal meal being served; but more often the proceedings above described were the mere prelude to the real piece, and the more important part followed. Round tables, loaded with a great variety of delicacies, as joints of meat, geese, ducks, and waterfowl of different kinds, cakes, pastry, fruit, and the like,

Ruins of the Temple of Philæ

are seen interspersed among the guests, to whom no doubt the dishes were handed in succession, and who must have helped themselves, as Orientals commonly do, with their hands. Knives and forks, spoons for eating with, even plates, were an unknown luxury; the guest took what his hands could manage, and after eating either dipped them in water, or wiped them with a napkin brought him by an attendant. The dishes offered him would include probably two or three kinds of fish; meat, generally beef, boiled, roasted, and dressed in various ways; venison and other game; geese, ducks, or waterfowl; vegetables in profusion, as especially lentils, endives, and cucumbers; pastry, cakes, and fruits of twenty kinds, particularly grapes and figs. To quench his thirst, he would be supplied with frequent draughts of wine or beer, the wine probably diluted with water.

Herodotus tells us that it was customary, when the feast was over, for an attendant to bring in a wooden mummied form, from a foot and a half to three feet long, painted to resemble a corpse, and to show it to each guest in turn, with the words: "Gaze here, and drink and be merry; for when you die, such will you be." If the expressions used are rightly reported, we must suppose the figure brought in when the eating was ended and the drinking began, with the object of stimulating the guests to greater conviviality; but if this were so, the custom had probably lost its original significance when Herodotus visited Egypt, since it *must* (one would think) have been intended at the first to encourage seriousness, and check undue indulgence, by sobering thoughts concerning death and judgment to come. The Egyptians were too much inclined to the pleasures of the table, and certainly required no stimulus to drinking. Both gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently indulged to excess. The custom mentioned by Herodotus, and alluded to also by Plutarch, can only have proceeded from the priests, who doubtless wished, as guardians of the public morality, to check the intemperance which they were unable to prevent altogether.

After the banquet was entirely ended, music and singing were generally resumed, and sometimes tumblers or jugglers, both male and female, were introduced, and feats of agility were gone through with much dexterity and grace. The women played with three balls at a time, keeping two constantly in the air; or made somersaults backwards; or sprang

off the ground to the height of several feet. The men wrestled, or pirouetted, or stood on their heads, or walked up each other's backs, or performed other tricks, and feats of strength. Occasionally, games seem to have been played. As the kings themselves in their leisure hours did not disdain to play draughts with their favorites, so it may be presumed that the Egyptian lord and his guest would sometimes relieve the tedium of a long evening by the same or some similar amusement. Chess does not appear to have been known; but a game resembling draughts, one like the modern *morra*, and several which cannot be identified, certainly were; and, though there is more evidence of their being in favor with the lower than with the higher orders, yet it can scarcely be supposed that the royal example was not imitated by many among the nobles.

In conclusion it may be observed that Egyptian society under the Pharaohs, if in many respects it was not so advanced in cultivation and refinement as that of Athens in the time of Pericles, was in some points both more moral and more civilized. Neither the sculptures nor the literary remains give any indication of the existence in Egypt of that degrading vice which in Greece tainted all male society from the highest grade to the lowest, and constituted "a great national disease," or "moral pestilence." Nor did courtesans, though occasionally they attained to a certain degree of celebrity among the Egyptians, ever exercise that influence which they did in Greece over art, literature, and even politics. The relations of the sexes were decidedly on a better footing in Egypt than at Athens, or most other Greek towns. Not only was polygamy unknown to the inhabitants of the Nile valley, and even licensed concubinage confined to the kings, but woman took her proper rank as the friend and companion of man, was never secluded in a harem, but constantly made her appearance alike in private company and in the ceremonies of religion, possessed equal rights with man in the eye of the law, was attached to temples in a quasi-sacerdotal character, and might even ascend the throne and administer the government of the country. Women were free to attend the markets and shops; to visit and receive company both male and female; to join in the most sacred religious services; to follow the dead to the grave; and to perform their part in the sepulchral sacrifices.

In arrangements with respect to education they seem also to have attained a point not often reached by the nations of

antiquity. If the schools wherein scribes obtained their instruction were really open to all, and the career of scribe might be pursued by any one, whatever his birth, then it must be said that Egypt, notwithstanding the general rigidity of her institutions, provided an open career for talent, such as scarcely existed elsewhere in the old world, and such as few modern communities can be said even yet to furnish. It was always possible under despotic governments that the capricious favor of the sovereign should raise to a high, or even to the highest, position the lowest person in the kingdom. But in Egypt, alone of all ancient States, does a system seem to have been established, whereby persons of all ranks, even the lowest, were invited to compete for the royal favor, and, by distinguishing themselves in the public schools, to establish a claim for employment in the public service. That employment once obtained, their future depended on themselves. Merit secured promotion; and it would seem that the efficient scribe had only to show himself superior to his fellows, in order to rise to the highest position but one in the empire.

THE EGYPTIAN HUSBANDMAN.

By CHARLES ROLLIN.

[CHARLES ROLLIN: A French historian; born January, 1661. He was Professor of Rhetoric at the College du Plessis and later at the College du France. He revived the study of Greek and made reforms in the system of education. He published in 1727 a work on the Study of Belles-Lettres; in 1738 a History of Rome; and from 1730 to 1738 his still famous and readable "Ancient History." He died in 1741. He is an excellent gossip and story-teller, of unbounded credulity; and it is diverting to find his sole bit of skepticism excited, in the following passage, by a real and commonplace fact.]

HUSBANDMEN, shepherds, and artificers formed the three classes of lower life in Egypt, but were nevertheless had in very great esteem, particularly husbandmen and shepherds. The body politic requires a superiority and subordination of its several members; for as in the natural body the eye may be said to hold the first rank, yet its luster does not dart contempt upon the feet, the hands, or even on those parts which are less honorable; in like manner, among the Egyptians, the priests, soldiers, and scholars were distinguished by particular honors; but all professions, to the meanest, had their share in

the public esteem, because the despising of any man, whose labors, however mean, were useful to the state, was thought a crime.

A better reason than the foregoing might have inspired them at the first with these sentiments of equity and moderation, which they so long preserved. As they all descended from Ham, their common father, the memory of their still recent origin, occurring to the minds of all in those first ages, established among them a kind of equality, and stamped, in their opinion, a nobility on every person derived from the common stock. Indeed, the difference of conditions, and the contempt with which persons of the lowest rank are treated, are owing merely to the distance from the common root, which makes us forget, that the meanest plebeian, when his descent is traced back to the source, is equally noble with the most elevated rank and title.

Be that as it will, no profession in Egypt was considered as groveling or sordid. By this means arts were raised to their highest perfection. The honor which cherished them mixed with every thought and care for their improvement. Every man had his way of life assigned him by the laws, and it was perpetuated from father to son. Two professions at one time, or a change of that which a man was born to, were never allowed. By this means, men became more able and expert in employments which they had always exercised from their infancy; and every man, adding his own experience to that of his ancestors, was more capable of attaining perfection in his particular art. Besides, this wholesome institution, which had been established anciently throughout Egypt, extinguished all irregular ambition, and taught every man to sit down contented with his condition, without aspiring to one more elevated, from interest, vainglory, or levity.

From this source flowed numberless inventions for the improvement of all the arts, and for rendering life more commodious, and trade more easy. I could not believe that Diodorus was in earnest in what he relates concerning the Egyptian industry, viz.: that this people had found out a way, by an artificial fecundity, to hatch eggs without the sitting of the hen; but all modern travelers declare it to be a fact, which certainly is worthy our curiosity and is said to be practiced in some places of Europe. Their relations inform us, that the Egyptians stow eggs in ovens, which are heated to such a

temperature, and with such just proportion to the natural warmth of the hen, that the chickens produced from these means are as strong as those which are hatched the natural way. The season of the year proper for this operation is from the end of December to the end of April, the heat in Egypt being too violent in the other months. During these four months, upwards of three hundred thousand eggs are laid in these ovens, which, though they are not all successful, nevertheless produce vast numbers of fowls at an easy rate. The art lies in giving the ovens a due degree of heat, which must not exceed a fixed proportion. About ten days are bestowed in heating these ovens, and very near as much time in hatching the eggs. It is very entertaining, say these travelers, to observe the hatching of these chickens, some of which show at first nothing but their heads, others but half their bodies, and others again come quite out of the egg; these last, the moment they are hatched, make their way over the unhatched eggs, and form a diverting spectacle. Corneille le Bruyn, in his Travels, has collected the observations of other travelers on this subject. Pliny likewise mentions it; but it appears from him, that the Egyptians, anciently, employed warm dung, not ovens, to hatch eggs.

I have said, that husbandmen particularly, and those who took care of flocks, were in great esteem in Egypt, some parts of it excepted, where the latter were not suffered. It was, indeed, to these two professions that Egypt owed its riches and plenty. It is astonishing to reflect what advantages the Egyptians, by their art and labor, drew from a country of no great extent, but whose soil was made wonderfully fruitful by the inundations of the Nile, and the laborious industry of the inhabitants. It will be always so with every kingdom whose governors direct all their actions to the public welfare. The culture of lands, and the breeding of cattle, will be an inexhaustible fund of wealth in all countries where these profitable callings are supported and encouraged by maxims of state policy. [This was a topical allusion to the doctrines of the "Physiocrats," the French economic reformers of the mid-18th century, who held that as all wealth is derived from agricultural surplus, agriculture should bear all the taxes and receive compensating state favors. The government eagerly adopted the first proposition, forgot the second, and gave the Revolution another impetus.]

THE PRECEPTS OF PTAH-HOTEP.—THE OLDEST BOOK YET DISCOVERED.

About 2500 B.C.

Be not arrogant because of that which thou knowest; deal with the ignorant as with the learned; for the barriers of art are not closed, no artist being in possession of the perfection to which he should aspire.

If thou findest a disputant while he is hot, and if he is superior to thee in ability, lower the hands, bend the back, do not get into a passion with him. As he will not let thee destroy his words, it is utterly wrong to interrupt him; that proclaims that thou art incapable of keeping thyself calm, when thou art contradicted.

If then thou hast to do with a disputant while he is hot, imitate one who does not stir. Thou hast the advantage over him if thou keepest silence when he is uttering evil words. "The better of the two is he who is impassive," say the bystanders, and thou art right in the opinion of the great.

If thou findest a disputant while he is hot, do not despise him because thou art not of the same opinion. Be not angry against him when he is wrong; away with such a thing. He fights against himself; require him not further to flatter thy feelings. Do not amuse thyself with the spectacle which thou hast before thee; it is odious, mean, [the part] of a despicable soul.

If thou hast, as leader, to decide on the conduct of a great number of men, seek the most perfect manner of doing so, that thy own conduct may be without reproach. Justice is great, invariable, and assured; it has not been disturbed since the age of Osiris. To throw obstacles in the way of the laws, is to open the way before violence. Shall that which is below gain the upper hand, if the unjust does not attain to the place of justice? even he who says: I take for myself, of my own free will; but says not: I take by virtue of my authority. The limitations of justice are invariable.

Inspire not men with fear, else God will fight against thee in the same manner. If any one asserts that he lives by such means [extortion by threats], God will take away the bread from his mouth; if any one asserts that he enriches himself

thereby, God says : I may take these riches to myself. If any one asserts that he beats others, God will end by reducing him to impotence. Let no one inspire men with fear, this is the will of God. Let one provide sustenance for them in the lap of peace ; it will then be that they will freely give what has been torn from them by terror.

If thou art among the persons seated at meat in the house of a greater man than thyself, take that which he gives thee, bowing to the ground. Regard that which is placed before thee, but point not at it; regard it not frequently ; he is a blameworthy person who departs from this rule. Speak not to the great man more than he requires, for one knows not what may be displeasing to him. Speak when he invites thee and thy word will be pleasing.

As for the great man who has plenty of means of existence, his conduct is as he himself wishes. He does that which pleases him ; if he desires to repose, he realizes his intention. The great man stretching forth his hand does that to which other men do not attain. But as the means of existence are under the will of God, one cannot rebel against it.

If thou art one of those who bring the messages of one great man to another, conform thyself exactly to that wherewith he has charged thee : perform for him the commission as he hath enjoined thee. Beware of altering in speaking the offensive words which one great person addresses to another : he who perverts the truthfulness of his way, in order to repeat only what produces pleasure in the words of every man, great or small, is a detestable person.[1]

If thou abasest thyself in obeying a superior, thy conduct is entirely good before God. Knowing who ought to obey and who ought to command, do not lift up thy heart against him. As thou knowest that in him is authority, be respectful towards him as belonging to him.

Be active, during the time of thy existence, doing more than is commanded. Do not spoil the time of thy activity ; he is a blameworthy person who makes a bad use of his moments. Do not lose the daily opportunity of increasing that which thy house possesses. Activity produces riches, and riches do not endure when it slackens.

If thou art employed in the *larit*, stand or sit rather than walk about. Lay down rules for thyself from the first : not to absent thyself even when weariness overtakes thee. Keep an

eye on him who enters announcing that what he asks is secret; what is intrusted to thee is above appreciation, and all contrary argument is a matter to be rejected.

If thou art a leader of peace, listen to the discourse of the petitioner. Be not abrupt with him; that would trouble him. Say not to him: "Thou hast [already] recounted this." Indulgence will encourage him to accomplish the object of his coming. As for being abrupt with the complainant because he described what passed when the injury was done, instead of complaining of the injury itself, let it not be! The way to obtain a clear explanation is to listen with kindness.

If thou desirest to excite respect within the house thou enterest, keep thyself from making advances to a woman, for there is nothing good in so doing. There is no prudence in taking part in it, and thousands of men destroy themselves in order to enjoy a moment, brief as a dream, while they gain death, so as to know it. It is a villainous intention that of a man who thus excites himself; if he goes on to carry it out, his mind abandons him. For as for him who is without repugnance for such an act, there is no good sense at all in him.

If thou desirest that thy conduct should be good and preserved from all evil, keep thyself from every attack of bad humor. It is a fatal malady which leads to discord, and there is no longer any existence for him who gives way to it. For it introduces discord between fathers and mothers, as well as between brothers and sisters; it causes the wife and the husband to hate each other; it contains all kinds of wickedness, it embodies all kinds of wrong.

Be not of an irritable temper as regards that which happens beside thee; grumble not over thy own affairs. Be not of an irritable temper in regard to thy neighbors; better is a compliment to that which displeases than rudeness. It is wrong to get into a passion with one's neighbors, to be no longer master of one's words. When there is only a little irritation, one creates for oneself an affliction for the time when one will again be cool.

If thou art wise, look after thy house; love thy wife without alloy. Fill her stomach, clothe her back, these are the cares to be bestowed on her person. Caress her, fulfill her desires during the time of her existence; it is a kindness which does honor to its possessor. Be not brutal; tact will influence her better than violence. Behold to what she aspires, at what

she aims, what she regards. It is that which fixes her in thy house; if thou repellest her, it is an abyss. Open thy arms for her, respondent to her arms; call her, display to her thy love.

Treat thy dependants well, in so far as it belongs to thee: it belongs to those whom God has favored. As we do not know the events which may happen to-morrow, he is a wise person by whom one is well treated. When there comes the necessity of showing zeal, it will then be the dependants themselves who say, "Come on, come on," if good treatment has not quitted the place; if it has quitted it, the dependants are defaulters.

Do not repeat any extravagance of language; do not listen to it; it is a thing which has escaped from a hasty mouth. If it is repeated, look towards the earth without hearing it; say nothing in regard to it. Cause him who speaks to thee to know what is just, even him who provokes to injustice; cause that which is just to be done, cause it to triumph. As for that which is hateful according to the law, condemn it by unveiling it.

If thou art a wise man, sitting in the council of thy lord, direct thy thought towards that which is wise. Be silent rather than scatter thy words. When thou speakest, know that which can be brought against thee. To speak in the council is an art, and speech is criticised more than any other labor; it is contradiction which puts it to the proof.

If thou art powerful, respect knowledge and calmness of language. Command only to direct; to be absolute is to run into evil. Let not thy heart be haughty, neither let it be mean. Do not let thy orders remain unsaid, and cause thy answers to penetrate; but speak without heat, assume a serious countenance. As for the vivacity of an ardent heart, temper it; the gentle man penetrates all obstacles. He who agitates himself all the day long has not a good moment; and he who amuses himself all the day long keeps not his fortune.

Disturb not a great man; weaken not the attention of him who is occupied.

Compose thy face even in trouble: these are the people who succeed in what they desire.

Teach others to render homage to a great man. If thou gatherest the crop for him among men, cause it to return fully to its owner, at whose hands is thy subsistence. But the gift

of affection is worth more than the provisions with which thy back is covered. Cause those about thee to be loving and obedient.

If thou art a son [deputy] of the guardians deputed to watch over the public tranquillity, execute thy commission without knowing [asking the reason], and speak with firmness. Substitute not for that which the instructor has said, what thou believest to be his intention. The great use words as it suits them: thy part is to transmit rather than to comment upon.

If thou art annoyed at a thing, if thou art tormented by some one who is acting within his right, get out of his sight, and remember him no more when he has ceased to address thee. [That is, bear no rancor after having been deservedly blamed.]

If thou hast become great after having been little, if thou hast become rich after having been poor, when thou art at the head of the city know how not to take advantage of the fact that thou hast reached the first rank, harden not thy heart because of thy elevation: thou art become only the steward of the good things of God. Put not behind thee the neighbor who is like unto thee; be unto him as a companion.

Bend thy back before thy superior. Thou art attached to the palace of the king; thy house is established in its fortune, and thy profits are as is fitting. Yet a man is annoyed at having an authority above himself, and passes the period of life in being vexed thereat. "Do not plunder the house of thy neighbors, seize not by force the goods which are beside thee." Exclaim not then against that which thou hearest, and do not feel humiliated. It is necessary to reflect when one is hindered by it that the pressure of authority is felt also by one's neighbor.[1]

If thou aimest at polished manners, call not him whom thou accostest [loudly?]. Converse with him especially in such a way as not to annoy him. Enter on a discussion with him only after having left him time to saturate his mind with the subject of the conversation. If he lets his ignorance display itself, and if he gives thee an opportunity to disgrace him, treat him with courtesy rather; proceed not to drive him into a corner; do

[1] This sheds a curious light on the difficulties of early government. As in all times of feudal turbulence, the officers of State, chiefly great nobles, are aggrieved at the king's hindering them from laying hands on anything they choose.

not [suggest?] the word to him; answer not in a crushing manner; crush him not; worry him not; in order that in his turn he may not return to the subject, but depart to the profit of thy conversation.

Let thy countenance be cheerful during the time of thy existence. When we see one departing from the storehouse who has entered in order to bring his share of provision, with his face contracted, it shows that his stomach is empty and that authority is offensive to him. Let not that happen to thee.

Recognize those who are faithful to thee when thou art in low estate. Thy merit then is worth more than those who did thee honor. Look only at that which is a man's own. That is of more importance than his high rank; for this is a matter which passes from one to another. The merit of one's son is advantageous to the father, and that which he really is is worth more than the remembrance of his father's rank.

Distinguish from the workman the superintendent who directs, for manual labor is little elevated; the inaction of the hands is honorable. If a man is not in the evil way, that which places him there is the want of subordination to authority.

If thou takest a wife, let her be more contented than any of her fellow-citizens. She will be attached to thee doubly, if her chain is pleasant. Do not repel her; grant that which pleases her; it is to her contentment that she appreciates thy direction.

As for the man without experience who listens not, he effects nothing whatsoever. He sees knowledge in ignorance, profit in loss; he commits all kinds of error, always accordingly choosing the contrary of what is praiseworthy. He lives on that which is mortal.

Let thy thoughts be abundant, let thy mouth be under restraint, and thou shalt argue with the great. Put thyself in unison with the ways of thy master. Apply thyself while thou speakest; speak only of perfect things.

Do that which thy master bids thee. What he tells us, let it be fixed in our heart; to satisfy him greatly, let us do for him more than he has prescribed. Verily a good son [pupil], who does better than he has been told, is one of the gifts of God.

THE EGYPTIAN JUDGMENT DAY.

(From the "Book of the Dead," edited by F. A. Wallis Budge.)

THOUGH the chapters of the "Book of the Dead" represent beliefs belonging to various periods of the long life of the Egyptian nation, and opinions held by several schools of thought in Egypt, the object of them all was to benefit the deceased. They were intended to give him the power to have and to enjoy life everlasting, to give him everything which he required in the life beyond the grave, to insure his victory over his foes, to procure for him the power of going whithersoever he pleased, and when and how he pleased, to preserve the mummy intact, and finally to enable his soul to enter into the bark of Rā or into whatever abode of the blessed had been conceived of by him.

The Judgment Scene consists of three parts: Introduction, Negative Confession, and Concluding Text. The Introduction was said by the deceased at the entrance to the Hall of double Maāti, the Negative Confession was recited by him before the forty-two gods who sat in judgment upon him in this hall, and the Concluding Text was uttered by him when he had passed the ordeal of judgment and was beginning his new life. It is probable that these three texts were originally merely versions each of the other, but in the eighteenth dynasty they are all copied together into papyri. The deceased first asserted that he had not committed certain sins; he next addressed forty-two gods by their names, and declared before each that he had not committed the special sin which it was the duty of the god to punish; and lastly he makes a third confession, the first part of which is practically in the same words as a portion of the Introduction. The Introduction provided the passwords which enabled him to enter the hall, and the Concluding Text provided those which enabled him to go forth from it. It is impossible to say when or how this beautiful chapter, with its lofty conceptions of morality, grew; but although the form in which these are set forth is not older than the eighteenth dynasty, the ideas themselves belong to a period which is as old as the rule of the kings of the third dynasty.

From the Negative Confession we see that the pious Egyptian abhorred fraud, theft, deceit, robbery with violence, iniquity

of every kind, adultery, unchastity and sins of wantonness, manslaughter, murder, incitement to murder, and that he delighted in showing he had wronged none in any way. He neither purloined the things which belonged to his god, nor did he slay the sacred animals; he thought not lightly of the god of his city, and he never cursed him. He honored his king, and he neither wasted his neighbor's plowed lands nor defiled his running stream. He spake not haughtily, he behaved not insolently, he multiplied not his speech overmuch, he abused no man, he attacked no man, he swore not at all, he stirred not up strife, he terrified no man, he was not a man of wrath, he spake evil of none, and he never pried into matters to make mischief. He judged not hastily, he defrauded not his neighbor in the market, he shut not his ears to the words of right and truth, he sought not honors, he never gave way to anger except for a proper cause, and he sought not to enrich himself at the expense of his neighbors. It is difficult to give the exact shades of meaning of many of the words in this Confession, but the general sense is thoroughly well made out; the Egyptian code of morals, as may be seen from the one hundred and twenty-fifth chapter, was the grandest and most comprehensive of those now known to have existed among the nations of antiquity.

The reader will seek, and seek in vain, for many of the attributes of the prayers of Christian nations, and it is a noticeable fact that the Egyptian had no conception of repentance ;[1] at the Judgment which took place in the Hall of Osiris, he based his claim for admission into the kingdom of that god upon the fact that he had not committed certain sins, and that he had feared God and honored the king, and had given bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, and a boat to him that had suffered shipwreck on the Nile.

The Introduction.

The following shall be said when the overseer of the palace, the Chancellor in chief, Nu, triumphant, cometh forth into the Hall of double Maāti, so that we may be separated from every sin which he

[1] This seems to us an entire misconception : the Negative Confession is so sweeping a denial of all wrong that no soul could ever make it truthfully if it were not understood to mean, "Or if I have done any of these things, I repent them utterly." Otherwise not a soul would ever have passed the hall. — Ed. Westminster Library.

hath done and may behold the Faces of the Gods. The Osiris Nu, triumphant, saith: —

"Homage to thee, O Great God, thou Lord of double Maāti, I have come to thee, O my Lord, and I have brought myself hither that I may behold thy beauties. I know thee, and I know thy name, and I know the names of the two and forty gods who exist with thee in this Hall of double Maāti, who live as warders of sinners, and who feed upon their blood on the day when the lives of men are taken into account in the presence of the God Un-nefer; in truth 'Rekhti-merti-neb-Maāti' [*i.e.* "twin sisters with two eyes, ladies of double Maāti"] is thy name. In truth I have come to thee, and I have brought Maāti [*i.e.* right and truth] to thee, and I have destroyed wickedness for thee.

"I have not done evil to mankind.

"I have not oppressed the members of my family.

"I have not wrought evil in the place of right and truth.

"I have had no knowledge of worthless men.

"I have not wrought evil.

"I have not made to be the first consideration of each day that excessive labor should be performed for me.

"I have not brought forward my name for exaltation to honors.

"I have not ill treated servants. I have not thought scorn of God.

"I have not defrauded the oppressed one of his property.

"I have not done that which is an abomination unto the gods.

"I have not caused harm to be done to the servant by his chief.

"I have not caused pain.

"I have made no man to suffer hunger.

"I have made no one to weep.

"I have done no murder.

"I have not given the order for murder to be done for me.

"I have not inflicted pain upon mankind.

"I have not defrauded the temples of their oblations.

"I have not purloined the cakes of the gods.

"I have not carried off the cakes offered to the khus.

"I have not committed fornication.

"I have not polluted myself in the holy places of the god of my city, nor diminished from the bushel.

"I have neither added to nor filched away land.

"I have not encroached upon the fields of others.

"I have not added to the weights of the scales [to cheat the seller]. I have not misread the pointer of the scales [to cheat the buyer]. I have not carried away the milk from the mouths of children.

"I have not driven away the cattle which were upon their pastures.

"I have not snared the feathered fowl of the preserves of the gods.

"I have not caught fish with bait made of fish of their kind.

"I have not turned back the water at the time when it should flow.

"I have not cut a cutting in a canal of running water.

"I have not extinguished a fire [or light] when it should burn.

"I have not violated the times of offering the chosen meat offerings.

"I have not driven off the cattle from the property of the gods.

"I have not repulsed God in his manifestations.

"I am pure. I am pure. I am pure. I am pure.

"My purity is the purity of that great Bennu which is in the city of Sutenhenen [Heracleopolis]; for behold, I am the nose of the God of the winds, who maketh all mankind to live on the day when the Eye [Utchat] of Rā is full in Annu [Heliopolis] at the end of the second month of the season Pert [*i.e.* the season of growing] [in the presence of the divine lord of this earth]. I have seen the Eye of Rā when it was full in Annu; therefore let not evil befall me in this land and in this Hall of double Maāti; because I, even I, know the names of these gods who are therein, and who are the followers of the great god."

Text: The scribe Bebensi, triumphant, saith: —

1. "Hail, thou whose strides are long, who comest forth from Annu [Heliopolis], I have not done iniquity.

2. "Hail, thou who art embraced by flame, who comest forth from Kher-āba, I have not robbed with violence.

3. "Hail, thou divine Nose [Fenti], who comest forth from Khemennu [Hermopolis], I have not done violence [to any man].

4. "Hail, thou who eatest shades, who comest forth from the place where the Nile riseth, I have not committed theft.

5. "Hail, Neha-hāu, who comest forth from Re-stau, I have not slain man or woman.

6. "Hail, thou double Lion-god, who comest forth from heaven, I have not made light the bushel.

7. "Hail, thou whose two eyes are like flint, who comest forth from Sekhem [Letopolis], I have not acted deceitfully.

8. "Hail, thou flame, who comest forth as thou goest back, I have not purloined the things which belong unto God.

9. "Hail, thou Crusher of bones, who comest forth from Sutenbenen [Heracleopolis], I have not uttered falsehood.

10. "Hail, thou who makest the flame to wax strong, who comest forth from Het-ka-Ptah [Memphis], I have not carried away food.

11. "Hail, Qerti [*i.e.* the two sources of the Nile], who come forth from Amentet, I have not uttered evil words.

12. "Hail, thou whose teeth shine, who comest forth from Tashe [*i.e.* the Fayyûm], I have attacked no man.

13. "Hail, thou who dost consume blood, who comest forth from the house of slaughter. I have not killed the beasts [which are the property of God].

14. "Hail, thou who dost consume the entrails, who comest forth from the nābet chamber, I have not acted deceitfully.

15. "Hail, thou God of Right and Truth, who comest forth from the city of double Maāti, I have not laid waste the lands which have been plowed (?).

16. "Hail, thou who goest backwards, who comest forth from the city of Bast [Bubastis], I have never pried into matters [to make mischief].

17. "Hail, Āati, who comest forth from Annu [Heliopolis], I have not set my mouth in motion [against any man].

18. "Hail, thou who art doubly evil, who comest forth from the nome of Āti, I have not given way to wrath concerning myself without a cause.

19. "Hail, thou Serpent Uamemti, who comest forth from the house of slaughter, I have not defiled the wife of a man.

20. "Hail, thou who lookest upon what is brought to him, who comest forth from the Temple of Amsu, I have not committed any sin against purity.

21. "Hail, Chief of the divine Princes, who comest forth from the city of Nehatu, I have not struck fear [into any man].

22. "Hail, Khemiu [*i.e.* Destroyer], who comest forth from the Lake of Kaui, I have not encroached upon [sacred times and seasons].

23. "Hail, thou who orderest speech, who comest forth from Urit, I have not been a man of anger.

24. "Hail, thou Child, who comest forth from the Lake of Heq-āt, I have not made myself deaf to the words of right and truth.

25. "Hail, thou disposer of speech, who comest forth from the city of Unes, I have not stirred up strife.

26. "Hail, Basti, who comest forth from the Secret city, I have made [no man] to weep.

27. "Hail, thou whose face is [turned] backwards, who comest forth from the Dwelling, I have not committed acts of impurity, neither have I lain with men.

28. "Hail, Leg of fire, who comest forth from Ākhekhu, I have not eaten my heart [nursed rancor].

29. "Hail, Kenemti, who comest forth from [the city of] Kenemet, I have abused [no man].

30. "Hail, thou who bringest thine offering, who comest forth from the city of Sau [Sais], I have not acted with violence.

31. "Hail, thou god of faces, who comest forth from the city of Tchefet, I have not judged hastily.

32. "Hail, thou who givest knowledge, who comest forth from Unth, I have not . . . , and I have not taken vengeance upon the god.

33. "Hail, thou lord of two horns, who comest forth from Satiu, I have not multiplied speech overmuch.

34. "Hail, Nefer-Tem, who comest forth from Het-ka-Ptah [Memphis], I have not acted with deceit, and I have not worked wickedness.

35. "Hail, Tem-Sep, who comest forth from Tattu, I have not uttered curses [on the king].

36. "Hail, thou whose heart doth labor, who comest forth from the city of Tebti, I have not fouled (?) water.

37. "Hail, Ahi of the water, who comest forth from Nu, I have not made haughty my voice.

38. "Hail, thou who givest commands to mankind, who comest forth from Sau (?), I have not cursed the god.

39. "Hail, Neheb-nefert, who comest forth from the Lake of Nefer (?) I have not behaved with insolence.

40. "Hail, Neheb-kau who comest forth from [thy] city, I have not sought for distinctions.

41. "Hail, thou whose head is holy, who comest forth from [thy] habitations, I have not increased my wealth, except with such things as are [justly] mine own possessions.

42. "Hail, thou who bringest thine own arm, who comest forth from Aukert [underworld], I have not thought scorn of the god who is in my city."

Address to the Gods of the Underworld.

Text. [Then shall the heart which is righteous and sinless say: —]

The overseer of the palace, the Chancellor in chief, Nu, triumphant, saith: —

"Homage to you, O ye gods who dwell in the Hall of double Maāti, I, even I, know you, and I know your names. Let me not fall under your knives of slaughter, and bring ye not forward my wickedness unto the god in whose train ye are; and let not evil hap come upon me by your means. O declare ye me right and true in the presence of Neb-er-tcher, because I have done that which is right and true in Ta-mera [Egypt]. I have not cursed God, and let not evil hap come on me through the king who dwelleth in my day.

"Homage to you, O ye gods, who dwell in the Hall of double Maāti, who are without evil in your bodies, and who live upon right and truth, and who feed yourselves upon right and truth in the presence of the god Horus, who dwelleth in his divine Disk: de-

liver ye me from the god Baba who feedeth upon the entrails of the mighty ones upon the day of the great judgment. O grant ye that I may come to you, for I have not committed faults, I have not sinned, I have not done evil, I have not borne false witness; therefore let nothing [evil] be done unto me.

"I live upon right and truth, and I feed upon right and truth. I have performed the commandments of men [as well as] the things whereat are gratified the gods, I have made the god to be at peace [with me by doing] that which is his will. I have given bread to the hungry man, and water to the thirsty man, and apparel to the naked man, and a boat to the [shipwrecked] mariner. I have made holy offerings to the gods, and sepulchral meals to the khus. Be ye then my deliverers, be ye then my protectors, and make ye not accusation against me in the presence of [the great god].

"I am clean of mouth and clean of hands; therefore let it be said unto me by those who shall behold me, 'Come in peace; come in peace,' for I have heard that mighty word which the spiritual bodies [sahu] spake unto the Cat in the House of Hapt-re. I have been made to give evidence before the god Hra-f-ha-f [*i.e.* he whose face is behind him], and he hath given a decision [concerning me]. I have seen the things over which the persea tree spreadeth [its branches] within Re-stau. I am he who hath offered up prayers to the gods and who knowest their persons. I have come and I have advanced to make the declaration of right and truth, and to set the balance upon what supporteth it within the region of Aukert.

"Hail, thou who art exalted upon thy standard, thou lord of the Atefu crown, whose name is proclaimed as 'Lord of the winds,' deliver thou me from thy divine messengers who cause dire deeds to happen, and who cause calamities to come into being, and who are without coverings for their faces, for I have done that which is right and true for the Lord of right and truth. I have purified myself and my breast with libations, and my hinder parts with the things which make clean, and my inner parts have been in the pool of right and truth. There is no single member of mine which lacketh right and truth."

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

By MATHILDE BLIND.

[1847–1896.]

Where the mummied Kings of Egypt, wrapped in linen fold on fold,
Couched for ages in their coffins, crowned with crowns of dusky gold,

Lie in subterranean chambers, biding to the day of doom,
Counterfeit life's hollow semblance in each mazy mountain tomb,

Grisly in their gilded coffins, mocking masks of skin and bone,
Yet remain in change unchanging, balking Nature of her own;

Mured in mighty Mausoleums, walled in from the night and day,
Lo, the mortal Kings of Egypt hold immortal Death at bay.

For — so spake the Kings of Egypt — those colossal ones whose hand
Held the peoples from Pitasa to the Kheta's conquered land;

Who, with flash and clash of lances and war chariots, stormed and won
Many a town of stiff-necked Syria to high-towering Askalon:

"We have been the faithful stewards of the deathless gods on high;
We have built them starry temples underneath the starry sky.

"We have smitten rebel nations, as a child is whipped with rods:
We the living incarnation of imperishable gods.

"Shall we suffer Death to trample us to nothingness? and must
We be scattered, as the whirlwind blows about the desert dust?

"No! Death shall not dare come near us, nor Corruption shall not lay
Hands upon our sacred bodies, incorruptible as day.

"Let us put a bit and bridle, and rein in Time's headlong course;
Let us ride him through the ages as a master rides his horse.

"On the changing earth unchanging let us bide till Time shall end,
Till, reborn in blest Osiris, mortal with Immortal blend."

Yea, so spake the Kings of Egypt, they whose lightest word was law,
At whose nod the far-off nations cowered, stricken dumb with awe.

And Fate left the haughty rulers to work out their monstrous doom;
And, embalmed with myrrh and ointments, they were carried to the tomb;

Through the gate of Bab-el-Molouk, where the sulphur hills lie bare,
Where no green thing casts a shadow in the noon's tremendous glare;

Where the unveiled Blue of heaven in its bare intensity
Weighs upon the awe-struck spirit with the world's immensity;

Through the Vale of Desolation, where no beast or bird draws breath,
To the Coffin Hills of Tuat — the Metropolis of Death.

Down — down — down into the darkness, where, on either hand, dread fate
In the semblance of a serpent, watches by the dolorous gate;

Down — down — down into the darkness, where no gleam of sun or star
Sheds its purifying radiance from the living world afar;

Where in labyrinthine windings, darkly hidden, down and down,—
Proudly on his marble pillow, with old Egypt's double crown,

And his mien of cold commandment, grasping still his staff of state,
Rests the mightiest of the Pharaohs, whom the world surnamed the great.

Swathed in fine Sidonian linen, crossed hands folded on the breast,
There the mummied Kings of Egypt lie within each painted chest.

And upon their dusky foreheads Pleiades of flaming gems,
Glowing through the nether darkness, flash from luminous diadems.

Where is Memphis? Like a Mirage, melted into empty air:
But these royal gems yet sparkle richly on their raven hair.

Where is Thebes in all her glory, with her gates of beaten gold?
Where Syenê, or that marvel, Heliopolis of old?

Where is Edfu? Where Abydos? Where those pillared towns of yore
Whose auroral temples glittered by the Nile's thick-peopled shore?

Gone as evanescent cloudlands, Alplike in the afterglow;
But these Kings hold fast their bodies of four thousand years ago.

Sealed up in their Mausoleums, in the bowels of the hills,
There they hide from dissolution and Death's swiftly grinding mills.

Scattering fire, Uræus serpents guard the Tombs' tremendous gate;
While Troth holds the trembling balance, weighs the heart and seals its fate.

And a multitude of mummies in the swaddling clothes of death,
Ferried o'er the sullen river, on and on still hasteneth.

And around them and above them, blazoned on the rocky walls,
Crowned with stars, enlaced by serpents, in divine processionals,

Building of the Pyramids

From the painting by G. Richter, in the Gallery at Munich

Ibis-headed, jackal-featured, vulture-hooded, pass on high,
Gods on gods through Time's perspectives — pilgrims of Eternity.

There, revealed by fitful flashes, in a gloom that may be felt,
Wild Chimeras flash from darkness, glittering like Orion's belt.

And on high, o'er shining waters, in their barks the gods sail by,
In the Sunboat and the Moonboat, rowed across the rose-hued sky.

Night, that was before Creation, watches sphinxlike, starred with eyes,
And the hours and days are passing, and the years and centuries.

But these mummied Kings of Egypt, pictures of a perished race,
Lie, of busy Death forgotten, face by immemorial face.

Though the glorious sun above them, burning on the naked plain,
Clothes the empty wilderness with the golden, glowing grain;

Though the balmy Moon above them, floating in the milky Blue,
Fills the empty wilderness with a silver fall of dew;

Though life comes and flies unresting, like the shadow which a dove
Casts upon the Sphinx, in passing, for a moment from above; —

Still these mummied Kings of Egypt, wrapped in linen, fold on fold,
Bide through ages in their coffins, crowned with crowns of dusky gold.

Had the sun once brushed them lightly, or a breath of air, they must
Instantaneously have crumbled into evanescent dust.

Pale and passive in their prisons, they have conquered, chained to death;
And their lineaments look living now as when they last drew breath!

Have they conquered? Oh, the pity of those Kings within their tombs,
Locked in stony isolation in those petrifying glooms!

Motionless where all is motion in a rolling Universe,
Heaven, by answering their prayer, turned it to a deadly curse.

Left them fixed where all is fluid in a world of star-winged skies;
Where, in myriad transformations, all things pass and nothing dies;

Nothing dies but what is tethered, kept when Time would set it free,
To fulfill Thought's yearning tension upward through Eternity.

THE EPIC OF PENTAUR.

ON THE EXPLOITS OF RAMESES II., ABOUT B.C. 1400.

(Translated by Heinrich Brugsch-Bey, in "Egypt of the Pharaohs.")

[Heinrich Karl Brugsch, a celebrated Egyptologist, was born in Berlin, Germany, February 18, 1827. He early become an enthusiast on Egyptian antiquities, visited Egypt twice to study them, and founded in 1864 at Leipsic a periodical devoted to them. He was professor at Göttingen, 1868–1869, when by invitation of the Khedive he took the headship of the School of Egyptology in Cairo, and was given the titles of Bey and Pasha. In 1881 he succeeded Mariette as keeper of the Museum at Boulak; later in the same year he returned to Berlin to lecture on Egyptology, and was made director of the Egyptian Museum there. He had been a member of the embassy to Persia in 1860. He died September 10, 1894. His works include: "Egyptian Monuments," 1857 and 1862–1866; "History of Egypt," 1859, 1877, revised more than once since and still valuable; "Hieroglyphic-demotic Dictionary," 1867–1882; "The Exodus and the Egyptian Monuments," 1875; "Geographical Dictionary of Ancient Egypt," 1879–1880.]

Beginning of the victory of king Ramses Miamun — may he live forever! — which he obtained over the people of the Khita, of Naharain, of Malunna, of Pidasa, of the Dardani, over the people of Masa, of Karkisha, of Qasuatan, of Qarkemish, of Kati, of Anaugas, over the people of Akerith and Mushanath.

The youthful king with the bold hand has not his equal. His arms are powerful, his heart is firm, his courage is like that of the god of war, Monthu, in the midst of the fight. He leads his warriors to unknown peoples. He seizes his weapons, and is a wall, their [his warriors'] shield in the day of battle. He seizes his bow, and no man offers opposition. Mightier than a hundred thousand united together goes he forwards. His courage is firm like that of a bull. He has smitten all peoples who had united themselves together. No man knows the thousands of men who stood against him. A hundred thousand sank before his glance. Terrible is he when his war cry resounds; bolder than the whole world; he is as the grim lion in the valley of the gazelles. His command will be performed. No one dares to speak against him. Wise is his counsel. Complete are his decisions, when he wears the royal crown Atef and declares his will, a protector of his people. His heart is like a mountain of iron. Such is king Ramses Miamun.

After the king had armed his people and his chariots, and in like manner the Shardonians, which were once his prisoners, then was the order given them for the battle. The king took his way downwards, and his people and his chariots accompanied him, and followed the best road on their march. . . .

Now had the miserable king of the hostile Khita, and the many peoples which were with him, hidden themselves in an ambush to the northwest of the city of Kadesh, while Pharaoh was alone, no other was with him. The legion of Amom advanced behind him. The legion of Phra went into the ditch on the territory which lies to the west of the town of Shabatuna, divided by a long interval from the legion of Ptah in the midst [marching] towards the town of Arnama. The legion of Sutekh marched on by their roads. And the king called together all the chief men of his warriors. Behold, they were at the lake of the land of the Amorites. At the same time the miserable king of Khita was in the midst of his warriors which were with him. But his hand was not so bold as to venture on battle with Pharaoh. Therefore he drew away the horsemen and the chariots which were numerous as the sand. And they stood three men on each war chariot, and there were assembled in one spot the best heroes of the army of Khita, well appointed with all weapons for the fight.

They did not dare to advance. They stood in ambush to the northwest of the town of Kadesh. Then they went out from Kadesh, on the side of the south, and threw themselves into the midst of the legion of Pra-Hormakhu, which gave way, and was not prepared for the fight. Then Pharaoh's warriors and chariots gave way before them. And Pharaoh had placed himself to the north of the town of Kadesh, on the west side of the river Arunatha. Then they came to tell the king. Then the king arose, like his father Month; he grasped his weapons and put on his armor, just like Baal in his time. And the noble pair of horses which carried Pharaoh, and whose name was "Victory in Thebes," they were from the court of King Ramses Miamun. When the king had quickened his course, he rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of Khita, all alone, no other was with him. When Pharaoh had done this, he looked behind him and found himself surrounded by 2500 pairs of horses, and his retreat was beset by the bravest heroes of the king of the miserable Khita, and by all the numerous peoples which were with him, of Arathu, of Masu, of Pidasa, of Kesh-

kesh, of Malunna, of Qazauadana, of Khilibu, of Akerith, of Kadesh, and of Leka. And there were three men on each chariot, and they were all gathered together.

[Thus spake the king : —]

" And not one of my princes, not one of my captains of the chariots, not one of my chief men, not one of my knights was there. My warriors and my chariots had abandoned me, not one of them was there to take part in the battle. . . .

" I hurled the dart with my right hand, I fought with my left hand. I was like Baal in his time before their sight. I had found 2500 pairs of horses; I was in the midst of them; but they were dashed in pieces before my horses. Not one of them raised his hand to fight; their courage was sunken in their breasts, their limbs gave way, they could not hurl the dart, nor had they the courage to thrust with the spear. I made them fall into the waters just as the crocodiles fall in. They tumbled down on their faces one after another. I killed them at my pleasure, so that not one looked back behind him, nor did another turn round. Each one fell, he raised himself not up again.

" There stood still the miserable king of Khita in the midst of his warriors and his chariots, to behold the fight of the king. He was all alone; not one of his warriors, not one of his chariots was with him. There he turned round for fright before the king. Thereupon he sent the princes in great numbers, each of them with his chariot, well equipped with all kinds of offensive weapons: the king of Arathu and him of Masa, the king of Malunna and him of Leka, the king of the Dardani and him of Keshkesh, the king of Qarqamash and him of Khilibi. There were altogether the brothers of the king of Khita united in one place, to the number of 2500 pairs of horses. They forthwith rushed right on, their countenance directed to the flame of fire [*i.e.* my face].

" I rushed down upon them. Like Monthu was I. I let them taste my hand in the space of a moment. I dashed them down, and killed them where they stood. Then cried out one of them to his neighbor, saying: ' This is no man. Ah ! woe to us ! He who is in our midst is Sutekh, the glorious: Baal is in all his limbs. Let us hasten and flee before him. Let us save our lives; let us try our breath.' "

As soon as any one attacked him, his hand fell down and every limb of his body. They could not aim either the bow or

the spear. They only looked at him as he came on in his headlong career from afar. The king was behind them like a griffin.

[Thus spake the king —]

"I struck them down; they did not escape me. I lifted up my voice to my warriors and to my charioteers, and spake to them, 'Halt! stand! take courage, my warriors, my charioteers! Look upon my victory. I am alone, but Amon is my helper, and his hand is with me.'

"When Menna, my charioteer, beheld with his eyes how many pairs of horses surrounded me, his courage left him, and his heart was afraid. Evident terror and great fright took possession of his whole body. Immediately he spake to me: 'My gracious lord, thou brave king, thou guardian of the Egyptians in the day of battle, protect us. We stand alone in the midst of enemies. Stop, to save the breath of life for us. Give us deliverance, protect us, O King Ramses Miamun.'"

Then spake the king to his charioteer: "Halt! stand! take courage, my charioteer. I will dash myself down among them as the sparrow hawk dashes down. I will slay them, I will cut them in pieces, I will dash them to the ground in the dust. Why then is such a thought in thy heart? These are unclean ones for Amon, wretches who do not acknowledge the god."

And the king hurried onwards. He charged down upon the hostile hosts of Khita. For the sixth time, when he charged upon them [says the king]: "There was I like to Baal behind them in his time, when he has strength. I killed them; none escaped me."

[The king gives his officers a tongue lashing for leaving him in the lurch. The next morning the battle is renewed.]

"The diadem of the royal snake adorned my head. It spat fire and glowing flame in the face of my enemies. I appeared like the sun god at his rising in the early morning. My shining beams were a consuming fire for the limbs of the wicked. They cried out to one another, 'Take care, do not fall! For the powerful snake of royalty, which accompanies him, has placed itself on his horse. It helps him. Every one who comes in his way and falls down there comes forth fire and flame to consume his body.'"

And they remained afar off, and threw themselves down on the earth to entreat the king in the sight [of his army]. And the king had power over them and slew them without their

being able to escape. As bodies tumbled before his horses, so they lay there stretched out all together in their blood.

Then the king of the hostile people of Khita sent a messenger to pray piteously to the great name of the king, speaking thus: "Thou art Ra-Hormakhu. Thou art Sutekh the glorious, the son of Nut, Baal in his time. Thy terror is upon the land of Khita, for thou hast broken the neck of Khita forever and ever."

Thereupon he allowed his messenger to enter. He bore a writing in his hand with the address, "To the great double name of the king": —

"May this suffice for the satisfaction of the heart of the holiness of the royal house, the Sun-Horus, the mighty Bull, who loves justice, the great lord, the protector of his people, the brave with his arm, the rampart of his life guards in the day of battle, the king Ramses Miamun.

"The servant speaks, he makes known to Pharaoh, my gracious lord, the beautiful son of Ra-Hormakhu, as follows: —

"Since thou art the son of Amon, from whose body thou art sprung, so has he granted to thee all the peoples together.

"The people of Egypt and the people of Khita ought to be brothers together as thy servants. Let them be at thy feet. The sun god Ra has granted thee the best [people]. Do us no injury, glorious spirit, whose anger weighs upon the people of Khita.

"Would it be good if thou shouldst wish to kill thy servants, whom thou hast brought under thy power? Thy look is terrible, and thou art not mildly disposed. Calm thyself. Yesterday thou camest and hast slain hundreds of thousands. Thou comest to-day, and none will be left remaining [to serve thee].

"Do not carry out thy purpose, thou mighty king. Better is peace than war. Give us freedom."

Then the king turned back in a gentle humor, like his father Monthu in his time, and Pharaoh assembled all the leaders of the army and of the chariot fighters and of the life guards. And when they were all assembled together in one place, they were permitted to hear the contents of the message which the great king of Khita had sent to him. [When they had heard] these words, which the messenger of the king of Khita had brought as his embassy to Pharaoh, then they answered and spake thus to the king: —

"Excellent, excellent is that! Let thy anger pass away, O great lord our king! He who does not accept peace must offer it. Who would content thee in the day of thy wrath?"

Then the king gave order to listen to the words of him, and he let his hands rest, in order to return to the south. Then the king went in peace to the land of Egypt with his princes, with his army, and his charioteers, in serene humor, in the sight of his [people]. All countries feared the power of the king, as of the lord of both the worlds. It had protected his own warriors. All peoples came at his name, and their kings fell down to pray before his beautiful countenance. The king reached the city of Ramses Miamun, the great worshiper of Ra-Hormakhu, and rested in his palace in the most serene humor, just like the sun on his throne. And Amon came to greet him, speaking thus to him: "Be thou blessed, thou our son, whom we love, Ramses Miamun! May they [the gods] secure to him without end many thirty-years' feasts of jubilee forever on the chair of his father Tum, and may all lands be under his feet!"

[The cowering terror of the "miserable king of the Khitas" would seem to have been overdrawn, as an alliance was concluded between him and Rameses on exactly equal terms (including a mutual extradition treaty), and cemented by a royal marriage.]

THE MIRAGE IN EGYPT.

By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Beneath the sand-storm, John the Pilgrim prays;
But when he rises, lo! an Eden smiles,
Green cedarn slopes, meadows of camomiles,
Claspt in a silvery river's winding maze.
"Water, water! Blessed be God!" he says,
And totters gasping toward those happy isles.
Then all is fled! Over the sandy piles
The bald-eyed vultures come and stand and gaze.
"God heard me not," says he; "blessed be God,"
And dies. But as he nears the Pearly Strand,
Heav'n's outer coast where waiting angels stand,
He looks below. "Farewell, thou hooded clod,
Brown corpse the vultures tear on bloody sand,
God heard my prayer for life — blessed be God!"

CONSPIRACY AND SORCERY

By GEORG EBERS.

From "Uarda."

[Georg Moritz Ebers: German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archæology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill health. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany but in other countries. The best known are: "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are: "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred."]

The house of the charioteer Mena resembled the neighboring estate of Paaker, though the buildings were less new, the gay paint on the pillars and walls was faded, and the large garden lacked careful attention. In the vicinity of the house only, a few well-kept beds blazed with splendid flowers, and the open colonnade, which was occupied by Katuti and her daughter, was furnished with royal magnificence.

The elegantly carved seats were made of ivory, the tables of ebony, and they, as well as the couches, had gilt feet. The artistically worked Syrian drinking vessels on the sideboard, tables, and consoles were of many forms; beautiful vases full of flowers stood everywhere; rare perfumes rose from alabaster cups, and the foot sank in the thick pile of the carpets which covered the floor. And over the apparently careless arrangement of these various objects there reigned a peculiar charm, an indescribably fascinating something.

Stretched at full length on a couch, and playing with a silky-haired white cat, lay the fair Nefert, — fanned to coolness by a negro girl, — while her mother Katuti nodded a last farewell to her sister Setchem and to Paaker.

Both had crossed this threshold for the first time for four years; that is, since the marriage of Mena with Nefert, and the old enmity seemed now to have given way to heartfelt reconciliation and mutual understanding.

After the pioneer and his mother had disappeared behind the pomegranate shrubs at the entrance of the garden, Katuti turned to her daughter and said: —

"Who would have thought it yesterday? I believe Paaker loves you still."

Nefert colored, and exclaimed softly, while she hit the kitten gently with her fan, —

"Mother!"

Katuti smiled.

She was a tall woman, of noble demeanor, whose sharp but delicately cut features and sparkling eyes could still assert some pretensions to feminine beauty. She wore a long robe, which reached below her ankles; it was of costly material, but dark in color, and of a studied simplicity. Instead of the ornaments in bracelets, anklets, ear and finger rings, in necklaces and clasps, which most of the Egyptian ladies — and indeed her own sister and daughter — were accustomed to wear, she had only fresh flowers, which were never wanting in the garden of her son-in-law. Only a plain gold diadem, the badge of her royal descent, always rested, from early morning till late at night, on her high brow — for a woman too high, though nobly formed — and confined the long, blue black hair, which fell unbraided down her back, as if its owner contemned the vain labor of arranging it artistically. But nothing in her exterior was unpremeditated, and the unbejeweled wearer of the diadem, in her plain dress, and with her royal figure, was everywhere sure of being observed, and of finding imitators of her dress, and indeed of her demeanor.

And yet Katuti had long lived in need; ay, at the very hour when we first make her acquaintance she had little of her own, but lived on the estate of her son-in-law as his guest, and as the administrator of his possessions; and before the marriage of her daughter she had lived with her children in a house belonging to her sister Setchem.

She had been the wife of her own brother, who had died young, and who had squandered the greatest part of the possessions which had been left to him by the new royal family, in an extravagant love of display.

When she became a widow, she was received as a sister, with her children, by her brother-in-law, Paaker's father. She lived in a house of her own, enjoyed the income of an estate assigned to her by the old Mohar, and left to her son-in-law the care of educating her son, a handsome and overbearing lad, with all the claims and pretensions of a youth of distinction.

Such great benefits would have oppressed and disgraced the proud Katuti, if she had been content with them and in every way agreed with the giver. But this was by no means the case; rather, she believed that she might pretend to a more brilliant outward position, felt herself hurt when her heedless son while he attended school was warned to work more seriously, as he would by and by have to rely on his own skill and his own strength. And it had wounded her when occasionally her brother-in-law had suggested economy, and had reminded her, in his straightforward way, of her narrow means, and the uncertain future of her children.

At this she was deeply offended, for she ventured to say that her relatives could never, with all their gifts, compensate for the insults they heaped upon her; and thus taught them by experience that we quarrel with no one more readily than with the benefactor whom we can never repay for all the good he bestows on us.

Nevertheless, when her brother-in-law asked the hand of her daughter for his son, she willingly gave her consent.

Nefert and Paaker had grown up together, and by this union she foresaw that she could secure her own future and that of her children.

Shortly after the death of the Mohar, the charioteer Mena had proposed for Nefert's hand, but would have been refused if the king himself had not supported the suit of his favorite officer. After the wedding, she retired with Nefert to Mena's house, and undertook, while he was at the war, to manage his great estates, which, however, had been greatly burdened with debt by his father.

Fate put the means into her hands of indemnifying herself and her children for many past privations, and she availed herself of them to gratify her innate desire to be esteemed and admired; to obtain admission for her son, splendidly equipped, into a company of chariot warriors of the highest class; and to surround her daughter with princely magnificence.

When the regent, who had been a friend of her late husband, removed into the palace of the Pharaohs, he made her advances, and the clever and decided woman knew how to make herself at first agreeable, and finally indispensable, to the vacillating man.

She availed herself of the circumstance that she, as well as he, was descended from the old royal house to pique his ambi-

tion, and to open to him a view, which, even to think of, he would have considered forbidden as a crime, before he became intimate with her.

Ani's suit for the hand of the Princess Bent-Anat was Katuti's work. She hoped that the Pharaoh would refuse, and personally offend the regent, and so make him more inclined to tread the dangerous road which she was endeavoring to smooth for him. The dwarf Nemu was her pliant tool.

She had not initiated him into her projects by any words; he, however, gave utterance to every impulse of her mind in free language, which was punished only with blows from a fan, and, only the day before, had been so audacious as to say that if the Pharaoh were called Ani instead of Rameses, Katuti would be not a queen but a goddess, for she would then have not to obey, but rather to guide, the Pharaoh, who indeed himself was related to the immortals.

Katuti did not observe her daughter's blush, for she was looking anxiously out at the garden gate, and said: —

"Where can Nemu be? There must be some news arrived for us from the army."

"Mena has not written for so long," Nefert said softly. "Ah! here is the steward."

Katuti turned to the officer, who had entered the veranda through a side door.

"What do you bring?" she asked.

"The dealer Abscha," was the answer, "presses for payment. The new Syrian chariot and the purple cloth ——"

"Sell some corn," ordered Katuti.

"Impossible, for the tribute to the temples is not yet paid, and already so much has been delivered to the dealers that scarcely enough remains over for the maintenance of the household and for sowing."

"Then pay with beasts."

"But, madam," said the steward, sorrowfully, "only yesterday we again sold a herd to the Mohar; and the water wheels must be turned, and the corn must be thrashed, and we need beasts for sacrifice, and milk, butter, and cheese for the use of the house, and dung for firing."

Katuti looked thoughtfully at the ground.

"It must be," she said presently. "Ride to Hermonthis, and say to the keeper of the stud that he must have ten of Mena's golden bays driven over here."

"I have already spoken to him," said the steward, "but he maintains that Mena strictly forbade him to part with even one of the horses, for he is proud of the stock. Only for the chariot of the lady Nefert ——"

"I require obedience," said Katuti, decidedly, and cutting short the steward's words, "and I expect the horses to-morrow."

"But the stud master is a daring man, whom Mena looks upon as indispensable, and he ——"

"I command here, and not the absent," cried Katuti, enraged, "and I require the horses in spite of the former orders of my son-in-law."

Nefert, during this conversation, pulled herself up from her indolent attitude. On hearing the last words she rose from her couch, and said, with a decision which surprised even her mother: —

"The orders of my husband must be obeyed. The horses that Mena loves shall stay in their stalls. Take this armlet that the king gave me; it is worth more than twenty horses."

The steward examined the trinket, richly set with precious stones, and looked inquiringly at Katuti. She shrugged her shoulders, nodded consent, and said: —

"Abscha shall hold it as a pledge till Mena's booty arrives. For a year your husband has sent nothing of importance."

When the steward was gone, Nefert stretched herself again on her couch and said, wearily: —

"I thought we were rich."

"We might be," said Katuti, bitterly; but as she perceived that Nefert's cheeks were again glowing, she said amiably: "Our high rank imposes great duties on us. Princely blood flows in our veins, and the eyes of the people are turned on the wife of the most brilliant hero in the king's army. They shall not say that she is neglected by her husband. How long Mena remains away!"

"I hear a noise in the court," said Nefert. "The regent is coming."

Katuti turned again toward the garden.

A breathless slave rushed in, and announced that Bent-Anat, the daughter of the king, had dismounted at the gate, and was approaching the garden with the Prince Rameri. . . .

Katuti looked down reflectively. Then she said, "The regent certainly likes very well to pass his hours of leisure

with me, gossiping or playing draughts, but I do not know that I should dare to speak to him of so grave a matter."

"Marriage projects are women's affairs," said Bent-Anat, smiling.

"But the marriage of a princess is a state event," replied the widow. "In this case, it is true, the uncle only courts his niece, who is dear to him, and who he hopes will make the second half of his life the brightest. Ani is kind and without severity. Thou wouldst win in him a husband who would wait on thy looks, and bow willingly to thy strong will."

Bent-Anat's eyes flashed, and she hastily exclaimed: "That is exactly what forces the decisive, irrevocable 'no' to my lips. Do you think that because I am as proud as my mother, and resolute like my father, that I wish for a husband whom I could govern and lead as I would? How little you know me! I will be obeyed by my dogs, my servants, my officers, if the gods so will it, by my children. Abject beings, who will kiss my feet, I meet on every road, and can buy by the hundred, if I wish it, in the slave market. I may be courted twenty times, and reject twenty suitors, but not because I fear that they might bend my pride and my will; on the contrary, because I feel them increased. The man to whom I could wish to offer my hand must be of a loftier stamp, must be greater, firmer, and better than I; and I will flutter after the mighty wing strokes of his spirit, and smile at my own weakness, and glory in admiring his superiority."

Katuti listened to the maiden with the smile by which the experienced love to signify their superiority over the visionary.

"Ancient times may have produced such men," she said. "But if in these days thou thinkest to find one, thou wilt wear the lock of youth till thou art gray. Our thinkers are no heroes, and our heroes are no sages. Here come thy brother and Nefert."

"Will you persuade Ani to give up his suit?" said the princess, urgently.

"I will endeavor to do so, for thy sake," replied Katuti. Then, turning half to the young Rameri and half to his sister, she said: —

"The chief of the House of Seti, Ameni, was in his youth such a man as thou paintest, Bent-Anat. Tell us, thou son of Rameses, that art growing up under the young sycamores, which shall some day overshadow the land — whom dost thou

esteem the highest among thy companions? Is there one among them who is conspicuous above them all for a lofty spirit and the strength of intellect?"

The young Rameri looked gayly at the speaker, and said, laughing: —

"We are all much alike, and do more or less willingly what we are compelled, and by preference everything we ought not."

"A mighty soul — a youth who promises to be a second Snefru, a Thotmes, or even an Ameni? Dost thou know none such in the House of Seti?" asked the widow.

"Oh, yes!" cried Rameri, with eager certainty.

"And he is ——?" asked Katuti.

"Pentaur, the poet," exclaimed the youth. Bent-Anat's face glowed with scarlet color, while her brother went on to explain.

"He is noble and of a lofty soul, and all the gods dwell in him when he speaks. Formerly we used to go to sleep in the lecture hall; but his words carry us away, and if we do not take in the full meaning of his thoughts, yet we feel that they are genuine and noble."

Bent-Anat breathed quicker at these words, her eyes hung on the boy's lips.

"You know him, Bent-Anat," continued Rameri. "He was with you at the paraschites' house, and in the temple court when Ameni pronounced you unclean. He is as tall and handsome as the god Menth, and I feel that he is one of those whom we can never forget when once we have seen them. Yesterday, after you had left the temple, he spoke as he never spoke before; he poured fire into our souls. Do not laugh, Katuti; I feel it burning still. This morning we were informed that he had been sent from the temple, who knows where — and had left us a message of farewell. It was not thought at all necessary to communicate the reason to us; but we know more than the masters think. He did not reprove you strongly enough, Bent-Anat, and therefore he is driven out of the House of Seti. We have agreed to combine to ask for him to be recalled; Anana is drawing up a letter to the chief priest, which we shall all subscribe. It would turn out badly for one alone, but they cannot be at all of us at once. Very likely they will have the sense to recall him. If not, we shall all complain to our fathers, and they are not the meanest in the land."

As soon as Bent-Anat had quitted Mena's domain, the dwarf Nemu entered the garden with a letter, and briefly related his adventures ; but in such a comical fashion that both the ladies laughed, and Katuti, with a lively gayety, which was usually foreign to her, while she warned him, at the same time praised his acuteness. She looked at the seal of the letter, and said, —

" This is a lucky day ; it has brought us great things, and the promise of greater things in the future."

Nefert came close up to her and said imploringly, " Open the letter, and see if there is nothing in it from him."

Katuti unfastened the wax, looked through the letter with a hasty glance, stroked the cheek of her child, and said, —

" Perhaps your brother has written for him ; I see no line in his handwriting."

Nefert on her side glanced at the letter, but not to read it, only to seek some trace of the well-known handwriting of her husband.

Like all the Egyptian women of good family she could read, and during the first two years of her married life she had often — very often — had the opportunity of puzzling, and yet rejoicing, over the feeble signs which the iron hand of the charioteer had scrawled on the papyrus for her whose slender fingers could guide the reed pen with firmness and decision.

She examined the letter, and at last said, with tears in her eyes : —

" Nothing ! I will go to my room, mother."

Katuti kissed her and said, " Hear first what your brother writes."

But Nefert shook her head, turned away in silence, and disappeared into the house.

Katuti was not very friendly to her son-in-law, but her heart clung to her handsome, reckless son, the very image of her lost husband, the favorite of women, and the gayest youth among the young nobles who composed the chariot guard of the king.

How fully he had written to-day — he who wielded the reed pen so laboriously.

This really was a letter ; while usually he only asked in the fewest words for fresh funds for the gratification of his extravagant tastes.

This time she might look for thanks, for not long since he must have received a considerable supply, which she had

abstracted from the income of the possessions intrusted to her by her son-in-law.

She began to read.

The cheerfulness with which she had met the dwarf was insincere, and had resembled the brilliant colors of the rainbow, which gleam over the stagnant waters of a bog. A stone falls into the pool, the colors vanish, dim mists rise up, and it becomes foul and cloudy.

The news which her son's letter contained fell, indeed, like a block of stone on Katuti's soul.

Our deepest sorrows always flow from the same source as might have filled us with joy, and those wounds burn the fiercest which are inflicted by a hand we love.

The further Katuti went in the lamentably incorrect epistle — which she could only decipher with difficulty — which her darling had written to her, the paler grew her face, which she several times covered with the trembling hands, from which the letter dropped.

Nemu squatted on the earth near her, and followed all her movements.

When she sprang forward with a heart-piercing scream, and pressed her forehead to a rough palm trunk, he crept up to her, kissed her feet, and exclaimed, with a depth of feeling that overcame even Katuti, who was accustomed to hear only gay or bitter speeches from the lips of her jester: —

"Mistress! lady! what has happened?"

Katuti collected herself, turned to him, and tried to speak; but her pale lips remained closed, and her eyes gazed dimly into vacancy as though a catalepsy had seized her.

"Mistress! Mistress!" cried the dwarf again, with growing agitation. "What is the matter? shall I call thy daughter?"

Katuti made a sign with her hand, and cried feebly, "The wretches! the reprobates!"

Her breath began to come quickly, the blood mounted to her cheeks and her flashing eyes; she trod upon the letter, and wept so loud and passionately that the dwarf, who had never before seen tears in her eyes, raised himself timidly, and said in mild reproach, "Katuti!"

She laughed bitterly, and said with a trembling voice:

"Why do you call my name so loud; it is disgraced and degraded. How the nobles and the ladies will rejoice! Now envy can point at us with spiteful joy — and a minute ago I

was praising this day! They say one should exhibit one's happiness in the streets, and conceal one's misery; on the contrary, on the contrary! Even the gods should not know of one's hopes and joys, for they too are envious and spiteful!"

Again she leaned her head against the palm tree.

"Thou speakest of shame, and not of death," said Nemu, "and I learned from thee that one should give nothing up for lost excepting the dead."

These words had a powerful effect on the agitated woman. Quickly and vehemently she turned upon the dwarf, saying: —

"You are clever, and faithful too, so listen! but if you were Amon himself there is nothing to be done ——"

"We must try," said Nemu, and his sharp eyes met those of his mistress.

"Speak," he said, "and trust me. Perhaps I can be of no use; but that I can be silent thou knowest."

"Before long the children in the streets will talk of what this tells me," said Katuti, laughing with bitterness, "only Nefert must know nothing of what has happened — nothing, mind; what is that? the regent coming! quick, fly; tell him I am suddenly taken ill, very ill; I cannot see him, not now! No one is to be admitted — no one, do you hear?"

The dwarf went.

When he came back after he had fulfilled his errand, he found his mistress still in a fever of excitement.

"Listen," she said; "first the smaller matter, then the frightful, the unspeakable. Rameses loads Mena with marks of his favor. It came to a division of the spoils of war, for the year; a great heap of treasure lay ready for each of his followers, and the charioteer had to choose before all the others."

"Well?" said the dwarf.

"Well!" echoed Katuti. "Well! how did the worthy householder care for his belongings at home, how did he seek to relieve his indebted estate? It is disgraceful, hideous! He passed by the silver, the gold, the jewels, with a laugh; and took the captive daughter of the Danaid princes, and led her into his tent."

"Shameful!" muttered the dwarf.

"Poor, poor Nefert!" cried Katuti, covering her face with her hands.

"And what more?" asked Nemu, hastily.

"That," said Katuti, "that is — but I will keep calm — quite calm and quiet. You know my son. He is heedless, but he loves me and his sister more than anything in the world. I, fool as I was, to persuade him to economy, had vividly described our evil plight, and after that disgraceful conduct of Mena he thought of us and of our anxieties. His share of the booty was small, and could not help us. His comrades threw dice for the shares they had obtained — he staked his to win more for us. He lost — all — all — and at last against an enormous sum, still thinking of us, and only of us, he staked the mummy of his dead father. He lost. If he does not redeem the pledge before the expiration of the third month, he will fall into infamy, the mummy will belong to the winner, and disgrace and ignominy will be my lot and his."

Katuti pressed her hands on her face, the dwarf muttered to himself, "The gambler and hypocrite!"

When his mistress had grown calmer, he said: —

"It is horrible, yet all is not lost. How much is the debt?"

It sounded like a heavy curse, when Katuti replied, "Thirty Babylonian talents!"

The dwarf cried out, as if an asp had stung him, "Who dared to bid against such a mad stake?"

"The Lady Hathor's son, Antef," answered Katuti, "who has already gambled away the inheritance of his fathers in Thebes."

"He will not remit one grain of wheat of his claim," cried the dwarf. "And Mena?"

"How could my son turn to him after what has happened? The poor child implores me to ask the assistance of the regent."

"Of the regent?" said the dwarf, shaking his big head. "Impossible?"

"I know, as matters now stand; but his place, his name."

"Mistress," said the dwarf, and deep purpose rang in the words, "do not spoil the future for the sake of the present. If thy son loses his honor under King Rameses, the future king, Ani, may restore it to him. If the regent now renders you all an important service, he will regard you as amply paid when our efforts have succeeded, and he sits on the throne. He lets himself be led by thee now because thou hast no need of his help, and dost seem to work only for his sake, and for his elevation. As soon as thou hast appealed to him, and he has assisted thee, all thy confidence and freedom will be gone, and the more difficult he finds it to raise so large a sum of

money at once, the angrier he will be to think that thou art making use of him. Thou knowest his circumstances."

"He is in debt," said Katuti. "I know that."

"Thou shouldst know it," cried the dwarf, "for thou thyself hast forced him to enormous expenses. He has won the people of Thebes with dazzling festive displays; as guardian of Apis he gave a large donation to Memphis; he bestowed thousands on the leaders of the troops sent into Ethiopia, which were equipped by him; what his spies cost him at the camp of the king thou knowest. He has borrowed sums of money from most of the rich men in the country, and that is well, for so many creditors are so many allies. The regent is a bad debtor; but the King Ani, they reckon, will be a grateful payer."

Katuti looked at the dwarf in astonishment.

"You know men!" she said.

"To my sorrow!" replied Nemu. "Do not apply to the regent, and before thou dost sacrifice the labor of years, and thy future greatness, and that of those near to thee, sacrifice thy son's honor."

"And my husband's and my own?" exclaimed Katuti. "How can you know what that is! Honor is a word that the slave may utter, but whose meaning he can never comprehend; you rub the weals that are raised on you by blows; to me every finger pointed at me in scorn makes a wound like an ash-wood lance with a poisoned tip of brass. Oh, ye holy gods! who can help us?"

The miserable woman pressed her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of her own disgrace.

The dwarf looked up at her compassionately, and said, in a changed tone: —

"Dost thou remember the diamond which fell out of Nefert's handsomest ring? We hunted for it, and could not find it. Next day, as I was going through the room, I trod on something hard; I stooped down and found the stone. What the noble organ of sight, the eye, overlooked, the callous despised sole of the foot found; and perhaps the small slave, Nemu, who knows nothing of honor, may succeed in finding a mode of escape which is not revealed to the lofty soul of his mistress!"

"What are you thinking of?" asked Katuti.

"Escape," answered the dwarf. "Is it true that thy sister Setchem has visited thee, and that you are reconciled?"

"She offered me her hand, and I took it!"

"Then go to her. Men are never more helpful than after a reconciliation. The enmity they have driven out seems to leave, as it were, a freshly healed wound which must be touched with caution; and Setchem is of thy own blood, and kind-hearted."

"She is not rich," replied Katuti. "Every palm in her garden comes from her husband, and belongs to her children."

"Paaker, too, was with you?"

"Certainly only by the entreaty of his mother — he hates my son-in-law."

"I know it," muttered the dwarf, "but if Nefert would ask him?"

The widow drew herself up indignantly. She felt that she had allowed the dwarf too much freedom, and ordered him to leave her alone.

Nemu kissed her robe and asked, timidly: —

"Shall I forget that thou hast trusted me, or am I permitted to consider further as to thy son's safety?"

Katuti stood for a moment undecided, then she said: —

"You were clever enough to find what I carelessly dropped; perhaps some god may show you what I ought to do. Now leave me."

"Wilt thou want me early to-morrow?"

"No."

"Then I will go to the Necropolis, and offer a sacrifice."

"Go!" said Katuti, and went toward the house with the fatal letter in her hand.

Nemu stayed behind alone; he looked thoughtfully at the ground, murmuring to himself: —

"She must not lose her honor; not at present, or indeed all will be lost. What is this honor? We all come into the world without it, and most of us go to the grave without knowing it, and very good folks notwithstanding. Only a few who are rich and idle weave it in with the homely stuff of their souls, as the Kuschites do their hair with grease and oils, till it forms a cap of which, though it disfigures them, they are so proud that they would rather have their ears cut off than the monstrous thing. I see, I see — but before I open my mouth I will go to my mother. She knows more than twenty prophets."

Before the sun had risen the next morning, Nemu got himself ferried over the Nile, with the small white ass which Mena's

deceased father had given him many years before. He availed himself of the cool hour which precedes the rising of the sun for his ride through the Necropolis.

Well acquainted as he was with every stock and stone, he avoided the highroads which led to the goal of his expedition, and trotted toward the hill which divides the valley of the royal tombs from the plain of the Nile.

Before him opened a noble amphitheater of lofty limestone peaks, the background of the stately terrace-temple which the proud ancestress of two kings of the fallen family, the great Hatasu, had erected to their memory, and to the Goddess Hathor.

Nemu left the sanctuary to his left, and rode up the steep hill path which was the nearest way from the plain to the valley of the tombs.

Below him lay a bird's eye view of the terrace building of Hatasu, and before him, still slumbering in cool dawn, was the Necropolis with its houses and temples and colossal statues, the broad Nile glistening with white sails under the morning mist; and, in the distant east, rosy with the coming sun, stood Thebes and her gigantic temples.

But the dwarf saw nothing of the glorious panorama that lay at his feet; absorbed in thought, and stooping over the neck of his ass, he let the panting beast climb and rest at its pleasure.

When he had reached half the height of the hill, he perceived the sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer to him.

The vigorous walker had soon reached him, and bid him good morning, which he civilly returned.

The hill path was narrow, and when Nemu observed that the man who followed him was a priest, he drew up his donkey on a level spot, and said reverently: —

"Pass on, holy father; for thy two feet carry thee quicker than my four."

"A sufferer needs my help," replied the leech Nebsecht, Pentaur's friend, whom we have already seen in the House of Seti, and by the bed of the paraschites' daughter; and he hastened on so as to gain on the slow pace of the rider.

Then rose the glowing disk of the sun above the eastern horizon, and from the sanctuaries below the travelers rose up the pious, many-voiced chant of praise.

Nemu slipped off his ass, and assumed an attitude of prayer; the priest did the same; but while the dwarf devoutly fixed his

eyes on the new birth of the Sun god from the eastern range, the priest's eyes wandered to the earth, and his raised hand fell to pick up a rare fossil shell which lay on the path.

In a few minutes Nebsecht rose, and Nemu followed him.

"It is a fine morning," said the dwarf; "the holy fathers down there seem more cheerful to-day than usual."

The surgeon laughed assent. "Do you belong to the Necropolis?" he said. "Who here keeps dwarfs?"

"No one," answered the little man. "But I will ask thee a question. Who that lives here behind the hill is of so much importance that a leech from the House of Seti sacrifices his night's rest for him?"

"The one I visit is mean, but the suffering is great," answered Nebsecht.

Nemu looked at him with admiration, and muttered: —

"That is noble, that is ——" but he did not finish his speech; he struck his brow, and exclaimed: —

"You are going, by the desire of the Princess Bent-Anat, to the child of the paraschites that was run over. I guessed as much. The food must have an excellent aftertaste, if a gentleman rises so early to eat it. How is the poor child doing?"

There was so much warmth in these last words that Nebsecht, who had thought the dwarf's reproach uncalled for, answered, in a friendly tone: —

"Not so badly; she may be saved."

"The gods be praised!" exclaimed Nemu, while the priest passed on.

Nebsecht went up and down the hillside at a redoubled pace, and had long taken his place by the couch of the wounded Uarda in the hovel of the paraschites, when Nemu drew near to the abode of his Mother Hekt, from whom Paaker had received the philter.

The old woman sat before the door of her cave.

Near her lay a board, fitted with crosspieces, between which a little boy was stretched in such a way that they touched his head and his feet.

Hekt understood the art of making dwarfs; playthings in human form were well paid for, and the child on the rack, with his pretty little face, promised to be a valuable article.

As soon as the sorceress saw some one approaching she stooped over the child, took him up, board and all, in her arms, and carried him into the cave. Then she said sternly: —

"If you move, little one, I will flog you; now let me tie you."

"Don't tie me," said the child; "I will be good, and lie still."

"Stretch yourself out," ordered the old woman, and tied the child with a rope to the board. "If you are quiet, I'll give you a honey cake by and by, and let you play with the young chickens."

The child was quiet, and a soft smile of delight and hope sparkled in his pretty eyes. His little hand caught the dress of the old woman, and with the sweetest coaxing tone, which God bestows on the innocent voices of children, he said: —

"I will be as still as a mouse, and no one shall know that I am here; but if you give me the honey cake you will untie me for a little, and let me go to Uarda."

"She is ill — what do you want there?"

"I would take her the cake," said the child, and his eyes glistened with tears.

The old woman touched the child's chin with her finger, and some mysterious power prompted her to bend over him to kiss him. But before her lips had touched his face she turned away, and said, in a hard tone: —

"Lie still! by and by we will see." Then she stooped, and threw a brown sack over the child. She went back into the open air, greeted Nemu, entertained him with milk, bread, and honey, gave him news of the girl who had been run over, for he seemed to take her misfortune very much to heart, and finally asked: —

"What brings you here? The Nile was still narrow when you last found your way to me, and now it has been falling some time [beginning of November]. Are you sent by your mistress, or do you want my help? All the world is alike. No one goes to see any one else unless he wants to make use of him. What shall I give you?"

"I want nothing," said the dwarf, "but ——"

"You are commissioned by a third person," said the witch, laughing. "It is the same thing. Whoever wants a thing for some one else only thinks of his own interest."

"May be," said Nemu. "At any rate your words show that you have not grown unwiser since I saw you last — and I am glad of it, for I want your advice."

"Advice is cheap. What is going on out there?" Nemu related to his mother shortly, clearly, and without reserve,

what was plotting in his mistress' house, and the frightful disgrace with which she was threatened through her son.

The old woman shook her gray head thoughtfully several times; but she let the little man go on to the end of his story without interrupting him. Then she asked, and her eyes flashed as she spoke: —

"And you really believe that you will succeed in putting the sparrow on the eagle's perch — Ani on the throne of Rameses!"

"The troops fighting in Ethiopia are for us," cried Nemu. "The priests declare themselves against the king, and recognize in Ani the genuine blood of Ra."

"That is much," said the old woman.

"And many dogs are the death of the gazelle," said Nemu, laughing.

"But Rameses is not a gazelle to run, but a lion," said the old woman, gravely. "You are playing a high game."

"We know it," answered Nemu. "But it is for high stakes — there is much to win."

"And all to lose," muttered the old woman, passing her fingers round her scraggy neck. "Well, do as you please — it is all the same to me who it is sends the young to be killed, and drives the old folks' cattle from the field. What do they want with me?"

"No one has sent me," answered the dwarf. "I come of my own free fancy to ask you what Katuti must do to save her son and her house from dishonor."

"Hm!" hummed the witch, looking at Nemu while she raised herself on her stick. "What has come to you that you take the fate of these great people to heart as if it were your own?"

The dwarf reddened, and answered hesitatingly, "Katuti is a good mistress, and, if things go well with her, there may be windfalls for you and me."

Hekt shook her head doubtfully.

"A loaf for you, perhaps, and a crumb for me!" she said. "There is more than that in your mind, and I can read your heart as if you were a ripped-up raven. You are one of those who can never keep their fingers at rest, and must knead everybody's dough; must push, and drive and stir something. Every jacket is too tight for you. If you were three feet taller, and the son of a priest, you might have gone far. High you will

go, and high you will end; as the friend of a king — or on the gallows."

The old woman laughed; but Nemu bit his lips, and said: —

"If you had sent me to school, and if I were not the son of a witch, and a dwarf, I would play with men as they played with me; for I am cleverer than all of them, and none of their plans are hidden from me. A hundred roads lie before me, when they don't know whether to go out or in; and where they rush heedlessly forward I see the abyss that they are running to."

"And nevertheless you come to me?" said the old woman, sarcastically.

"I want your advice," said Nemu, seriously. "Four eyes see more than one, and the impartial looker-on sees clearer than the player; besides, you are bound to help me."

The old woman laughed loud in astonishment. "Bound!" she said, "I? and to what, if you please?"

"To help me," replied the dwarf, half in entreaty, and half in reproach. "You deprived me of my growth, and reduced me to a cripple."

"Because no one is better off than you dwarfs," interrupted the witch.

Nemu shook his head, and answered sadly: —

"You have often said so — and perhaps for many others, who are born in misery like me — perhaps — you are right; but for me — you have spoiled my life; you have crippled not my body only, but my soul, and have condemned me to sufferings that are nameless and unutterable."

The dwarf's big head sank on his breast, and with his left hand he pressed his heart.

The old woman went up to him kindly.

"What ails you?" she asked. "I thought it was well with you in Mena's house."

"You thought so?" cried the dwarf. "You who show me as in a mirror what I am, and how mysterious powers throng and stir in me? You made me what I am by your arts; you sold me to the treasurer of Rameses, and he gave me to the father of Mena, his brother-in-law. Fifteen years ago! I was a young man then, a youth like any other, only more passionate, more restless and fiery than they. I was given as a plaything to the young Mena, and he harnessed me to his little chariot, and dressed me out with ribbons and feathers, and flogged me

when I did not go fast enough. How the girl — for whom I would have given my life — the porter's daughter, laughed when I, dressed up in motley, hopped panting in front of the chariot, and the young lord's whip whistled in my ears, wringing the sweat from my brow, and the blood from my broken heart. Then Mena's father died, the boy went to school, and I waited on the wife of his steward, whom Katuti banished to Hermonthis. That was a time! The little daughter of the house made a doll of me, laid me in the cradle, and made me shut my eyes and pretend to sleep, while love and hatred, and great projects were strong within me. If I tried to resist they beat me with rods; and when once, in a rage, I forgot myself, and hit little Mertitefs hard, Mena, who came in, hung me up in the storeroom to a nail by my girdle, and left me to swing there; he said he had forgotten to take me down again. The rats fell upon me; here are the scars, these little white spots here — look! They perhaps will some day wear out, but the wounds that my spirit received in those hours have not yet ceased to bleed. Then Mena married Nefert, and, with her, his mother-in-law Katuti came into the house. She took me from the steward, I became indispensable to her; she treats me like a man, she values my intelligence and listens to my advice — therefore I will make her great, and with her, and through her, I will wax mighty. If Ani mounts the throne, we will guide him — you, and I, and she! Rameses must fall, and with him Mena, the boy who degraded my body and poisoned my soul!"

During this speech the old woman had stood in silence opposite the dwarf. Now she sat down on her rough wooden seat, and said, while she proceeded to pluck a lapwing: —

"Now I understand you; you wish to be revenged. You hope to rise high, and I am to whet your knife, and hold the ladder for you. Poor little man! There, sit down — drink a gulp of milk to cool you, and listen to my advice. Katuti wants a great deal of money to escape dishonor. She need only pick it up — it lies at her door."

The dwarf looked at the witch in astonishment.

"The Mohar Paaker is her sister Setchem's son, is he not?"

"As you say."

"Katuti's daughter Nefert is the wife of your master Mena, and another would like to tempt the neglected little hen into his yard."

"You mean Paaker, to whom Nefert was promised before she went after Mena."

"Paaker was with me the day before yesterday."

"With you?"

"Yes, with me, with old Hekt — to buy a love philter. I gave him one, and as I was curious I went after him, saw him give the water to the little lady, and found out her name."

"And Nefert drank the magic drink?" asked the dwarf, horrified.

"Vinegar and turnip juice," laughed the old witch. "A lord who comes to me to win a wife is ripe for anything. Let Nefert ask Paaker for the money, and the young scapegrace's debts are paid."

"Katuti is proud, and repulsed me severely when I proposed this."

"Then she must sue to Paaker herself for the money. Go back to him, make him hope that Nefert is inclined to him, tell him what distresses the ladies, and if he refuses, but only if he refuses, let him see that you know something of the little dose."

The dwarf looked meditatively on the ground, and then said, looking admiringly at the old woman, "That is the right thing."

"You will find out the lie without my telling you," mumbled the witch; "your business is not perhaps such a bad one as it seemed to me at first. Katuti may thank the ne'er-do-well who staked his father's corpse. You don't understand me? Well, if you are really the sharpest of them all over there, what must the others be?"

"You mean that people will speak well of my mistress for sacrificing so large a sum for the sake ——"

"Whose sake? why speak well of her?" cried the old woman, impatiently. "Here we deal with other things, with actual facts. There stands Paaker — there the wife of Mena. If the Mohar sacrifices a fortune for Nefert, he will be her master, and Katuti will not stand in his way; she knows well enough why her nephew pays for her. But some one else stops the way, and that is Mena. It is worth while to get him out of the way. The charioteer stands close to the Pharaoh, and the noose that is flung at one may easily fall round the neck of the other too. Make the Mohar your ally, and it may easily happen that your rat bites may be paid for with mortal wounds, and Rameses who, if you marched against him openly, might blow you to the ground, may be hit by a lance thrown

from an ambush. When the throne is clear, the weak legs of the regent may succeed in clamoring up to it with the help of the priests. Here you sit — open-mouthed; and I have told you nothing that you might not have found out for yourself."

"You are a perfect cask of wisdom!" exclaimed the dwarf.

"And now you will go away," said Hekt, "and reveal your schemes to your mistress and the regent, and they will be astonished at your cleverness. To-day you still know that I have shown you what you have to do; to-morrow you will have forgotten it; and the day after to-morrow you will believe yourself possessed by the inspiration of the nine great gods. I know that; but I cannot give anything for nothing. You live by your smallness, another makes his living with his hard hands, I earn my scanty bread by the thoughts of my brain. Listen! when you have half won Paaker, and Ani shows himself inclined to make use of him, then say to him that I may know a secret — and I do know one, I alone — which may make the Mohar the sport of his wishes, and that I may be disposed to sell it."

"That shall be done! certainly, mother," cried the dwarf. "What do you wish for?"

"Very little," said the old woman. "Only a permit that makes me free to do and to practice whatever I please, unmolested even by the priests, and to receive an honorable burial after my death."

"The regent will hardly agree to that; for he must avoid everything that may offend the servants of the gods."

"And do everything," retorted the old woman, "that can degrade Rameses in their sight. Ani, do you hear, need not write me a new license, but only renew the old one granted to me by Rameses when I cured his favorite horse. They burnt it with my other possessions, when they plundered my house, and denounced me and my belongings for sorcery. The permit of Rameses is what I want, nothing more."

"You shall have it," said the dwarf. "Good-by; I am charged to look into the tomb of our house, and see whether the offerings for the dead are regularly set out; to pour out fresh essences and have various things renewed. When Sechet has ceased to rage and it is cooler, I shall come by here again, for I should like to call on the paraschites and see how the poor child is."

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

By HORACE SMITH.

[English: 1779-1849; joint author with his brother James of "Rejected Addresses."]

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade, —
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest, — if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
  Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
  And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
  Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
  Reveal the secrets of thy prison house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, — what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
  We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
  New worlds have risen, — we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
  When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
  O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
  The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
  And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh, — immortal of the dead!
  Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quittest thy narrow bed,
  And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
  If its undying guest be lost forever?
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
  In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

SETNA AND THE MAGIC BOOK.

From the Egyptian; translated by W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

The mighty King User-maat-ra (Rameses the Great) had a son named Setna Kha-em-uast, who was a great scribe and very learned in all the ancient writings. And he heard that the magic book of Thoth — by which a man may enchant heaven and earth, and know the language of all birds and beasts — was buried in the cemetery of Memphis. And he went to search for it with his brother An-he-hor-eru; and when they found the tomb of the king's son, Na-nefer-ka-ptah, son of the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Mer-neb-ptah, Setna opened it and went in.

Now in the tomb was Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and with him was the *ka* of his wife, Ahura; for though she was buried at Koptos, her *ka* dwelt at Memphis with her husband, whom she loved. And Setna saw them seated before their offerings, and the book lay between them. And Na-nefer-ka-ptah said to Setna, "Who are you that break into my tomb in this way?" He said, "I am Setna, son of the great King User-maat-ra, living forever; and I come for that book which I see between you." And Na-nefer-ka-ptah said, "It cannot be given to you." Then said Setna, "But I will carry it away by force." Then Ahura said to Setna: "Do not take this book, for it will bring trouble on you as it has upon us. Listen to what we have suffered for it."

Ahura's Tale.

"We were the two children of the King Mer-neb-ptah, and he loved us very much, for he had no others; and Na-nefer-ka-ptah was in his palace as heir over all the land. And when we were grown, the king said to the queen, 'I will marry Na-nefer-ka-ptah to the daughter of a general, and Ahura to the son of another general.' And the queen said, 'No, he is the heir: let him marry his sister, like the heir of a king; none other is fit for him.' And the king said, 'That is not fair: they had better be married to the children of the general.' And the queen said, 'It is you who are not dealing rightly with me.' And the king answered: 'If I have no more than these two children, is it right that they should

marry one another? I will marry Na-nefer-ka-ptah to the daughter of an officer, and Ahura to the son of another officer. It has often been done so in our family.'

"And at a time when there was a great feast before the king, they came to fetch me to the feast. And I was very troubled, and did not behave as I used to do. And the king said to me, 'Ahura, have you sent some one to me about this sorry matter, saying, "Let me be married to my elder brother?"' I said to him, 'Well, let me marry the son of an officer, and he marry the daughter of another officer, as it often happens so in our family.' I laughed and the king laughed. And the king told the steward of the palace, 'Let them take Ahura to the house of Na-nefer-ka-ptah to-night, and all kinds of good things with her.' So they brought me as a wife to the house of Na-nefer-ka-ptah; and the king ordered them to give me presents of silver and gold and things from the palace.

"And Na-nefer-ka-ptah passed a happy time with me, and received all the presents from the palace, and we loved one another. And when I expected a child, they told the king, and he was most heartily glad; and he sent me many things, and a present of the best silver and gold and linen. And when the time came, I bore this little child that is before you. And they gave him the name of Mer-ab, and registered him in the book of the 'House of life.'

"And when my brother Na-nefer-ka-ptah went to the cemetery of Memphis, he did nothing on earth but read the writings that are in the catacombs of the kings, and the tablets of the 'House of life,' and the inscriptions that are seen on the monuments; and he worked hard on the writings. And there was a priest there called Nesi-ptah; and as Na-nefer-ka-ptah went into a temple to pray, it happened that he went behind this priest, and was reading the inscriptions that were on the chapels of the gods. And the priest mocked him and laughed. So Na-nefer-ka-ptah said to him, 'Why are you laughing at me?' And he replied, 'I was not laughing at you, or if I happened to do so, it was at your reading writings that are worthless. If you wish so much to read writings, come to me, and I will bring you to the place where the book is which Thoth himself wrote with his own hand, and which will bring you to the gods. When you read but two pages in this, you will enchant the heaven, the earth, the

abyss, the mountains, and the sea; you shall know what the birds of the sky and the crawling things are saying; you shall see the fishes of the deep, for a divine power is there to bring them up out of the depth. And when you read the second page, if you are in the world of ghosts, you will become again in the shape you were in on earth. You will see the sun shining in the sky, with all the gods, and the full moon.'

"And Na-nefer-ka-ptah said, 'By the life of the king! tell me of anything you want done and I'll do it for you, if you will only send me where this book is.' And the priest answered Na-nefer-ka-ptah, 'If you want to go to the place where the book is, you must give me a hundred pieces of silver for my funeral, and provide that they shall bury me as a rich priest.' So Na-nefer-ka-ptah called his lad and told him to give the priest a hundred pieces of silver; and he made them do as he wished, even everything that he asked for. Then the priest said to Na-nefer-ka-ptah: 'This book is in the middle of the river at Koptos, in an iron box; in the iron box is a bronze box; in the bronze box is a sycamore box; in the sycamore box is an ivory and ebony box; in the ivory and ebony box is a silver box; in the silver box is a golden box, and in that is the book. It is twisted all round with snakes and scorpions and all the other crawling things around the box in which the book is; and there is a deathless snake by the box.' And when the priest told Na-nefer-ka-ptah, he did not know where on earth he was, he was so much delighted.

"And when he came from the temple, he told me all that had happened to him. And he said, 'I shall go to Koptos, for I must fetch this book; I will not stay any longer in the north.' And I said, 'Let me dissuade you, for you prepare sorrow, and you will bring me into trouble in the Thebaid.' And I laid my hand on Na-nefer-ka-ptah to keep him from going to Koptos, but he would not listen to me; and he went to the king and told the king all that the priest had said. The king asked him, 'What is it that you want?' and he replied, 'Let them give me the royal boat with its belongings, for I will go to the south with Ahura and her little boy Mer-ab, and fetch this book without delay.' So they gave him the royal boat with its belongings; and we went with him to the haven, and sailed from there up to Koptos.

"Then the priests of Isis of Koptos and the high priest of Isis came down to us without waiting to meet Na-nefer-

ka-ptah and their wives also came to me. We went into the temple of Isis and Harpokrates; and Na-nefer-ka-ptah brought an ox, a goose, and some wine, and made a burnt offering and a drink offering before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. They brought us to a very fine house with all good things; and Na-nefer-ka-ptah spent four days there, and feasted with the priests of Isis of Koptos, and the wives of the priests of Isis also made holiday with me.

"And the morning of the fifth day came; and Na-nefer-ka-ptah called a priest to him, and made a magic cabin that was full of men and tackle. He put the spell upon it, and put life in it, and gave them breath, and sank it in the water. He filled the royal boat with sand, and took leave of me, and sailed from the haven; and I sat by the river at Koptos that I might see what would become of him. And he said, 'Workmen, work for me, even at the place where the book is.' And they toiled by night and by day; and when they had reached it in three days, he threw the sand out, and made a shoal in the river. And then he found on it entwined serpents and scorpions and all kinds of crawling things around the box in which the book was; and by it he found a deathless snake around the box. And he laid the spell upon the entwined serpents and scorpions and all kinds of crawling things which were around the box, that they should not come out. And he went to the deathless snake, and fought with him, and killed him; but he came to life again and took a new form. He then fought again with him a second time; but he came to life again and took a third form. He then cut him in two parts and put sand between the parts, that he should not appear again.

"Na-nefer-ka-ptah then went to the place where he found the box. He uncovered a box of iron and opened it; he found then a box of bronze and opened that; then he found a box of sycamore wood and opened that; again, he found a box of ivory and ebony and opened that; yet he found a box of silver and opened that; and then he found a box of gold; he opened that and found the book in it. He took the book from the golden box, and read a page of spells from it. He enchanted the heaven and the earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; he knew what the birds of the sky, the fish of the deep, and the beasts of the hills all said. He read another page of the spells, and saw the sun shining in the sky,

with all the gods, the full moon, and the stars in their shapes; he saw the fishes of the deep, for a divine power was present that brought them up from the water. He then read the spell upon the workmen that he had made, and taken from the haven, and said to them, 'Work for me back to the place from which I came.' And they toiled night and day, and so he came back to the place where I sat by the river Koptos; I had not drunk nor eaten anything, and had done nothing on earth, but sat like one who is gone to the grave.

"I then told Na-nefer-ka-ptah that I wished to see this book for which we had taken so much trouble. He gave the book into my hands; and when I read a page of the spells in it, I also enchanted heaven and earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; I also knew what the birds of the sky, the fishes of the deep, and the beasts of the hills all said. I read another page of the spells, and I saw the sun shining in the sky, with all the gods, the full moon, and the stars in their shapes; I saw the fishes of the deep, for a divine power was present that brought them up from the water. As I could not write, I asked Na-nefer-ka-ptah, who was a good writer and a very learned one; he called for a new piece of papyrus, and wrote on it all that was in the book before him. He dipped it in beer, and washed it off in the liquid; for he knew that if it were washed off and he drank it, he would know all that there was in the writing.

"We returned back to Koptos the same day, and made a feast before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. We then went to the haven and sailed, and went northward of Koptos. And as we went on Thoth discovered all that Na-nefer-ka-ptah had done with the book; and Thoth hastened to tell Ra, and said, 'Now know that my book and my revelation are with Na-nefer-ka-ptah, son of the King Mer-neb-ptah. He has forced himself into my place, and robbed it, and seized my box with the writings, and killed my guards who protected it.' And Ra replied to him, 'He is before you; take him and all his kin.' He sent a power from heaven with the command, 'Do not let Na-nefer-ka-ptah return safe to Memphis with all his kin.' And after this hour, the little boy Mer-ab, going out from the awning of the royal boat, fell into the river. He called on Ra, and everybody who was on the bank raised a cry. Na-nefer-ka-ptah went out of the cabin, and read the spell over him; he brought his body up because a divine power brought him to

the surface. He read another spell over him, and made him tell of all what happened to him, and of what Thoth had said before Ra.

"We turned back with him to Koptos. We brought him to the Good House; we fetched the people to him, and made one embalm him; and we buried him in his coffin in the cemetery of Koptos like a great and noble person.

"And Na-nefer-ka-ptah, my brother, said, 'Let us go down; let us not delay, for the king has not yet heard of what has happened to him, and his heart will be sad about it.' So we went to the haven, we sailed, and did not stay to the north of Koptos. When we were come to the place where the little boy Mer-ab had fallen in the water, I went out from the awning of the royal boat, and I fell into the river. They called Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and he came out from the cabin of the royal boat; he read a spell over me, and brought my body up, because a divine power brought me to the surface. He drew me out, and read the spell over me, and made me tell him of all that had happened to me, and of what Thoth had said before Ra. Then he turned back with me to Koptos; he brought me to the Good House, he fetched the people to me, and made one embalm me, as great and noble people are buried, and laid me in the tomb where Mer-ab, my young child, was.

"He turned to the haven, and sailed down, and delayed not in the north of Koptos. When he was come to the place where we fell into the river, he said to his heart, 'Shall I not better turn back again to Koptos, that I may lie by them? For, if not, when I go down to Memphis, and the king asks after his children, what shall I say to him? Can I tell him, "I have taken your children to the Thebaid and killed them, while I remained alive, and I have come to Memphis still alive?"' Then he made them bring him a linen cloth of striped byssus; he made a band and bound the book firmly, and tied it upon him. Na-nefer-ka-ptah then went out of the awning of the royal boat and fell into the river. He cried on Ra, and all those who were on the bank made an outcry, saying, 'Great woe! sad woe! Is he lost, that good scribe and able man that has no equal?'

"The royal boat went on without any one on earth knowing where Na-nefer-ka-ptah was. It went on to Memphis, and they told all this to the king. Then the king went down to the royal boat in mourning, and all the soldiers and high priests

and priests of Ptah were in mourning, and all the officials and courtiers. And when he saw Na-nefer-ka-ptah, who was in the inner cabin of the royal boat, — from his rank of high scribe, — he lifted him up. And they saw the book by him; and the king said, 'Let one hide this book that is with him.' And the officers of the king, the priests of Ptah, and the high priest of Ptah, said to the king: 'Our Lord, may the king live as long as the sun! Na-nefer-ka-ptah was a good scribe, and a very skillful man.' And the king had him laid in his Good House to the sixteenth day, and then had him wrapped to the thirty-fifth day, and laid him out to the seventieth day, and then had him put in his grave in his resting place.

"I have now told you the sorrow which has come upon us because of this book for which you ask, saying, 'Let it be given to me.' You have no claim to it; and, indeed, for the sake of it, we have given up our life on earth."

* * * * * * *

And Setna said to Ahura, "Give me the book which I see between you and Na-nefer-ka-ptah; for if you do not, I will take it by force." Then Na-nefer-ka-ptah rose from his seat and said, "Are you Setna, to whom my wife has told of all these blows of fate, which you have not suffered? Can you take this book by your skill as a good scribe? If, indeed, you can play games with me, let us play a game, then, of fifty-two points." And Setna said, "I am ready," and the board and its pieces were put before him. And Na-nefer-ka-ptah won a game from Setna; and he put the spell upon him, and defended himself with the game board that was before him, and sunk him into the ground above his feet. He did the same at the second game, and won it from Setna, and sunk him into the ground to his waist. He did the same at the third game, and made him sink into the ground up to his ears. Then Setna struck Na-nefer-ka-ptah a great blow with his hand. And Setna called his brother An-he-hor-eru and said to him, "Make haste and go up upon earth, and tell the king all that has happened to me, and bring me the talisman of my father Ptah and my magic books."

And he hurried up upon the earth, and told the king all that had happened to Setna. The king said, "Bring him the talisman of his father Ptah, and his magic books." And An-he-hor-eru hurried down into the tomb; he laid the talisman on Setna, and he sprang up again immediately. And then

Setna reached out his hand for the book, and took it. Then — as Setna went out from the tomb — there went a Light before him, and Darkness behind him. And Ahura wept at him, and she said: "Glory to the King of Darkness! Hail to the King of Light! all power is gone from the tomb." But Na-nefer-ka-ptah said to Ahura, "Do not let your heart be sad; I will make him bring back this book, with a forked stick in his hand, and a fire pan on his head." And Setna went out from the tomb, and it closed behind him as it was before.

Then Setna went to the king, and told him everything that had happened to him with the book. And the king said to Setna, "Take back the book to the grave of Na-nefer-ka-ptah, like a prudent man, or else he will make you bring it with a forked stick in your hand, and a fire pan on your head." But Setna would not listen to him; and when Setna had unrolled the book he did nothing on earth but read it to everybody.

[Here follows a story of how Setna, walking in the court of the temple of Ptah, met Tabubua, a fascinating girl, daughter of a priest of Bast, of Ankhtaui; how she repelled his advances, until she had beguiled him into giving up all his possessions, and slaying his children. At the last she gives a fearful cry and vanishes, leaving Setna bereft of even his clothes. This would seem to be merely a dream, by the disappearance of Tabubua, and by Setna finding his children alive after it all; but on the other hand he comes to his senses in an unknown place, and is so terrified as to be quite ready to make restitution to Na-nefer-ka-ptah. The episode, which is not creditable to Egyptian society, seems to be intended for one of the vivid dreams which the credulous readily accept as half realities.]

So Setna went to Memphis, and embraced his children for that they were alive. And the king said to him, "Were you not drunk to do so?" Then Setna told all things that had happened with Tabubua and Na-nefer-ka-ptah. And the king said, "Setna, I have already lifted up my hand against you before, and said, 'He will kill you if you do not take back the book to the place you took it from.' But you have never listened to me till this hour. Now, then, take the book to Na-nefer-ka-ptah, with a forked stick in your hand, and a fire pan on your head."

So Setna went out from before the king, with a forked stick in his hand, and a fire pan on his head. He went down to the tomb in which was Na-nefer-ka-ptah. And Ahura said to him,

"It is Ptah, the great god, that has brought you back safe." Na-nefer-ka-ptah laughed, and he said, "This is the business that I told you before." And when Setna had praised Na-nefer-ka-ptah, he found it as the proverb says, "The sun was in the whole tomb." And Ahura and Na-nefer-ka-ptah besought Setna greatly. And Setna said, "Na-nefer-ka-ptah, is it aught disgraceful (that you lay on me to do)?" And Na-nefer-ka-ptah said, "Setna, you know this, that Ahura and Mer-ab, her child, behold! they are in Koptos; bring them here into this tomb, by the skill of a good scribe. Let it be impressed upon you to take pains, and to go to Koptos to bring them here." Setna then went out from the tomb to the king, and told the king all that Na-nefer-ka-ptah had told him.

The king said, "Setna, go to Koptos and bring back Ahura and Mer-ab." He answered the king, "Let one give me the royal boat and its belongings." And they gave him the royal boat and its belongings, and he left the haven, and sailed without stopping till he came to Koptos.

And they made this known to the priests of Isis at Koptos and to the high priest of Isis; and behold they came down to him, and gave him their hand to the shore. He went up with them and entered into the temple of Isis of Koptos and of Harpokrates. He ordered one to offer for him an ox, a goose, and some wine, and he made a burnt offering and a drink offering before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. He went to the cemetery of Koptos with the priests of Isis and the high priest of Isis. They dug about for three days and three nights, for they searched even in all the catacombs which were in the cemetery of Koptos; they turned over the steles of the scribes of the "double house of life," and read the inscriptions that they found on them. But they could not find the resting place of Ahura and Mer-ab.

Now Na-nefer-ka-ptah perceived that they could not find the resting place of Ahura and her child Mer-ab. So he raised himself up as a venerable, very old ancient, and came before Setna. And Setna saw him, and Setna said to the ancient, "You look like a very old man, do you know where is the resting place of Ahura and her child Mer-ab?" The ancient said to Setna, "It was told by the father of the father of my father to the father of my father, and the father of my father has told it to my father; the resting place of Ahura and of her child Mer-ab is in a mound south of the town of Pehemato." And Setna said to the ancient, "Perhaps we may do damage to

Pehemeto, and you are ready to lead one to the town for the sake of that." The ancient replied to Setna: "If one listens to me, shall he therefore destroy the town of Pehemato! If they do not find Ahura and her child Mer-ab under the south corner of their town, may I be disgraced." They attended to the ancient, and found the resting place of Ahura and her child Mer-ab under the south corner of the town of Pehemato. Setna laid them in the royal boat to bring them as honored persons, and restored the town of Pehemato as it originally was. And Na-nefer-ka-ptah made Setna to know that it was he who had come to Koptos, to enable them to find out where the resting place was of Ahura and her child Mer-ab.

So Setna left the haven in the royal boat, and sailed without stopping, and reached Memphis with all the soldiers who were with him. And when they told the king, he came down to the royal boat. He took them as honored persons, escorted to the catacombs, in which Na-nefer-ka-ptah was, and smoothed down the ground over them.

This is the completed writing of the tale of Setna Kha-em-uast and Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and his wife Ahura, and their child Mer-ab. It was written in the 35th year, the month Tybi.

MYCERINUS.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[Matthew Arnold: English poet, essayist, and critic; born at Laleham, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. He was professor of poetry at Oxford, 1857–1867. He was government inspector of schools for nearly forty years. His earliest published works were his prize poems, "Alaric at Rome," written at Rugby, and "Cromwell," written at Oxford. His poetical works include "The Strayed Reveler, and Other Poems" (1848); "Empedocles on Etna" (1853); "Merope," a tragedy (1857); "New Poems" (1868). His prose essays include "Lectures on Celtic Literature," and "Lectures on Translating Homer," "Culture and Anarchy," "Literature and Dogma," and "Discourses on America."]

"After Chephren, Mycerinus, son of Cheops, reigned over Egypt. He abhorred his father's courses, and judged his subjects more justly than any of their kings had done. To him there came an oracle from the city of Buto to the effect that he was to live but six years longer, and to die in the seventh year from that time."—Herodotus.

"Not by the justice that my father spurned,
Not for the thousands whom my father slew,
Altars unfed and temples overturned,
Cold hearts and thankless tongues, where thanks are due;
Fell this dread voice from lips that cannot lie,
Stern sentence of the Powers of Destiny.

"I will unfold my sentence and my crime.
My crime, — that, rapt in reverential awe,
I sate obedient, in the fiery prime
Of youth, self-governed, at the feet of Law;
Ennobling this dull pomp, the life of kings,
By contemplation of diviner things.

"My father loved injustice, and lived long;
Crowned with gray hairs he died, and full of sway.
I loved the good he scorned, and hated wrong —
The gods declare my recompense to-day.
I looked for life more lasting, rule more high;
And when six years are measured, lo, I die!

"Yet surely, O my people, did I deem
Man's justice from the all-just gods was given;
A light that from some upper fount did beam,
Some better archetype, whose seat was heaven;
A light that, shining from the blest abodes,
Did shadow somewhat of the life of gods.

"Mere phantoms of man's self-tormenting heart,
Which on the sweets that woo it dares not feed!
Vain dreams, which quench our pleasures, then depart,
When the duped soul, self-mastered, claims its meed:
When, on the strenuous just man, Heaven bestows,
Crown of his struggling life, an unjust close!

"Seems it so light a thing, then, austere powers,
To spurn man's common lure, life's pleasant things?
Seems there no joy in dances crowned with flowers,
Love free to range, and regal banquetings?
Bend ye on these indeed an unmoved eye,
Not gods, but ghosts, in frozen apathy?

"Or is it that some force, too stern, too strong,
Even for yourselves to conquer or beguile,
Bears earth and heaven and men and gods along,
Like the broad volume of the insurgent Nile?
And the great powers we serve, themselves may be
Slaves of a tyrannous necessity?

"Or in mid-heaven, perhaps, your golden cars,
Where earthly voice climbs never, wing their flight,
And in wild hunt, through mazy tracts of stars,
Sweep in the sounding stillness of the night?
Or in deaf ease, on thrones of dazzling sheen,
Drinking deep draughts of joy, ye dwell serene?

"Oh, wherefore cheat our youth, if thus it be,
Of one short joy, one lust, one pleasant dream?
Stringing vain words of powers we cannot see,
Blind divinations of a will supreme;
Lost labor! when the circumambient gloom
But hides, if gods, gods careless of our doom?

"The rest I give to joy. Even while I speak,
My sand runs short; and as yon star-shot ray,
Hemmed by two banks of cloud, peers pale and weak,
Now, as the barrier closes, dies away, —
Even so do past and future intertwine,
Blotting this six years' space, which yet is mine.

"Six years, — six little years, — six drops of time!
Yet suns shall rise, and many moons shall wane,
And old men die, and young men pass their prime,
And languid pleasure fade and flower again,
And the dull gods behold, ere these are flown,
Revels more deep, joy keener than their own.

"Into the silence of the groves and woods
I will go forth; though something would I say, —
Something, — yet what, I know not: for the gods
The doom they pass revoke not nor delay;
And prayers and gifts and tears are fruitless all,
And the night waxes, and the shadows fall.

"Ye men of Egypt, ye have heard your king!
I go, and I return not. But the will
Of the great gods is plain; and ye must bring
Ill deeds, ill passions, zealous to fulfill
Their pleasure, to their feet; and reap their praise, —
The praise of gods, rich boon! and length of days."

— So spake he, half in anger, half in scorn;
And one loud cry of grief and of amaze
Broke from his sorrowing people; so he spake,
And turning, left them there: and with brief pause.
Girt with a throng of revelers, bent his way
To the cool region of the groves he loved. . . .

So six long years he reveled, night and day.
And when the mirth waxed loudest, with dull sound
Sometimes from the grove's center echoes came,
To tell his wondering people of their king;
In the still night, across the steaming flats,
Mixed with the murmur of the moving Nile.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,

And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

STORY OF THE TWO BROTHERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE EGYPTIAN, BY P. LE PAGE RENOUF

(From "Records of the Past.")

THERE were two brothers (children), of one mother and of one father. Anpu was the name of the elder, Bata that of the younger.

Anpu had a house and a wife, and his younger brother was like a son to him. He it was who . . . clothes for him. He followed after his cattle . . . he who did the plowing . . . did all the labors of the fields.

Behold, his younger brother was so good a laborer that there was not his equal in the whole land. . . . But when the days had multiplied after this the younger brother was with his cattle according to his daily wont, he took them to his house every evening; he was laden with all the herbs of the field. . . .

(The elder brother) sat with his wife and ate and drank (whilst the younger was in) the stable with his cattle. But when the day dawned . . . he rose before his elder brother, took bread to the field and called the (laborers) to eat in the field.

He followed after his cattle and they told him where the best grasses were. He understood all that they said and he took them to the place where the best herbage was which they wanted.

And the cattle which was before him became exceedingly beautiful, and they multiplied exceedingly. And when the time for plowing came, his elder brother said to him, "Let us take our teams for plowing, because the land has made its appearance. The time is excellent for plowing it. So do thou come with seed, for we shall accomplish the plowing." . . . So said he.

And the younger brother proceeded to do whatever his elder told him. . . . But when the day dawned they went to the field with their . . . and worked at their tillage and they enjoyed themselves exceedingly at their work.

But when the days had multiplied after this they were in the field . . . (the elder brother) sent his junior, saying, "Go and fetch seed for us from the village."

And the younger brother found the wife of the elder sitting at her toilet. And he said to her, "Arise and give me seed that I may go back to the field, because my elder brother wishes me to return without delay."

And she said to him, "Go, open the bin, and take thyself whatever thou wilt; my hair would fall by the way."

The youth entered his stable; he took a large vessel, for he wished to take a great deal of seed, and he loaded himself with grain and went out with it.

And she said to him, "How much have you on . . ." And he said to her, "Two measures of barley and three of wheat; in all five, which are on my arm."

And she spoke to him, saying, "What strength there is in thee! indeed, I observe thy vigor every day." Her heart knew him. . . . She seized upon him and said to him: "Come, let us lie down for an instant. Better for thee . . . beautiful clothes."

The youth became like a panther with fury on account of the shameful discourse which she had addressed to him. And she was alarmed exceedingly.

He spoke to her, saying: "Verily, I have looked upon thee in the light of a mother and thy husband in that of a father to me. (For he is older than I, as much as if he had begotten me.) What a great abomination is this which thou hast mentioned to me. Do not repeat it again to me, and I will not speak of it to any one. Verily, I will not let anything of it come forth from my mouth to any man."

He took up his load and went forth to the field. He came to his elder brother, and they accomplished the task of their labor.

But when the time of evening had come, the elder brother returned to his house. His younger brother behind his cattle . . . loaded with all things of the field. He led his cattle before him to lie down in their stable. . . .

Behold, the wife of his elder brother was alarmed at the discourse which she had held. She . . . She made herself like one who has suffered violence from a man, for she wished to say to her husband, "It is thy younger brother who has done me violence."

Her husband returned home at evening according to his daily wont. He came to his house, and he found his wife lying as if murdered by a ruffian.

She did not pour water upon his hand according to her wont, she did not light the lamp before him, his house was in darkness. She was lying uncovered.

Her husband said to her, "Who has been conversing with thee?"

She said, "No one has conversed with me except thy younger brother; when he came to fetch seed for thee, he found me sitting alone, and he said to me, 'Come, and let us lie down for an instant . . .'; that is what he said to me.

"But I did not listen to him. 'Behold, am I not thy mother, and thy elder brother is he not like a father to thee?' that is what I said to him, and he got alarmed and did me violence that I might not make a report to thee; but if thou lettest him live, I shall kill myself. Behold he was come . . ."

And the elder brother became like a panther . . . he made his dagger sharp, and took it in his hand. And the elder brother put himself behind the door of his stable to kill his younger brother on his return at evening to bring his cattle to the stable.

But when the sun set, he loaded himself with all the herbs of the field, according to his daily wont. And he came, and the first cow entered into the stable, and it said to its keeper: "Verily, thy elder brother is standing before thee with his dagger to slay thee. Betake thyself from before him."

He heard the speech of the first ox; the next one entered and it spoke in the same way. He looked under the door of the stable, and he saw the two feet of his elder brother, who was standing behind the door with a dagger in his hand.

He laid down his load upon the ground and betook himself to flight, his elder brother following him with his dagger.

The younger brother invoked the Sun god Horus of the two horizons, saying, "My good Lord, it is thou who distinguishest wrong from right!"

The Sun god stopped to listen to all his wailings. And the Sun god made a large stream, which was full of crocodiles, between him and his elder; one of them was on one bank and one upon the other.

And the elder brother struck his hand twice (with rage) at not killing him: he did.

And the younger brother called to him from the bank, saying: —

"Stop till daybreak, and when the sun's disk comes forth, I shall have an explanation with thee in its presence to give the . . . of the truth, for I have never done wrong to thee, but I will never live in the places wherein thou art. I am going to the mountain of the Cedar."

But when the day dawned, the Sun god, Horus of both horizons, came forth, and each of them saw the other.

The young man spoke to his elder brother, saying: "What is this, thy coming to kill me wrongfully? Hearest thou not what my mouth speaketh? Verily, I am thy younger brother, in very deed, and thou wert to me as a father, and thy wife as a mother.

"Behold, is it not because thou didst send me to fetch seed for us thy wife said to me, 'Come, let us lie down for an instant;' but see, she has turned it to thee the wrong way."

And he made him understand what had happened with reference to himself with his wife. He swore by the Sun god, Horus of both horizons, saying, "Thy intent is to slay me wrongfully, thou art with thy dagger, . . ." and he took a sharp knife, cut off his phallus and threw it into the water, and the fish swallowed it.

But he became faint and swooned away. And his elder brother felt compassion exceedingly. And he stood weeping and crying, not being able to pass over to the place where his younger brother was, on account of the crocodiles.

But the younger brother called to him, saying: "Behold, thou didst imagine a crime: thou didst not imagine that it was a virtuous action or a thing which I had done for thee.

"Now return to thy house, and do thou look after thy cattle thyself; for I will no longer remain in a place where thou art. I go to the mountain of the Cedar.

"But as to what thou shalt do for me, and thy coming to look after me, thou shalt learn, namely, things will happen to me.

"I shall take my heart and place it in the top of the flower of the Cedar, and when the Cedar is cut down, it will fall to the ground.

"Thou shalt come to seek it. If thou art seven years in the search of it, let not thy heart be depressed; and when thou hast found it, thou shalt place it in a cup of cold water; oh, then I shall live (once more) and fling back a reply to an attack.

"And this thou shalt learn, namely, that the things have happened to me. When thou shalt take a jug of beer into thy hand and it turns into froth, then delay not; for to thee of a certainty is the issue coming to pass."

Then he departed to the mountain of the Cedar, and the elder brother returned to his house. He put his hand upon his head and smeared it with dust; and when he came to his house he slew his wife and flung her to the dogs. But he continued mourning for his younger brother.

But when the days had multiplied after this, the younger brother was at the mountain of the Cedar. There was no one with him, and his time was spent in hunting the animals of the country. He returned at evening to lie down under the Cedar, on the top of whose flowers his heart lay.

But when the days had multiplied after this, he built with his hands a dwelling on the mountain of the Cedar, which was filled with all the good things which the possessor of a house desires.

And having gone out of his dwelling, he met the company of the gods, who were going forth to do their will in their land of Egypt.

The divine company spoke by one of them, who said to him: —

"Ho! Bata, Bull of the divine company! dost thou remain alone, and abandonest thou thy country on account of the wife of Anpu, thy elder brother? Behold, his wife is slain, because thou hast flung back replies to all the attacks made upon thee."

Their hearts pitied him exceedingly. And the Sun god, Horus of both horizons, said to Chnum, "Oh, make a wife for Bata, that he may not remain alone."

And Chnum made him a companion, who as she sat was more beautiful in her limbs than any woman in the whole earth; the whole godhead was in her.

The seven Hathors came to see her, and they said with one mouth that she would die a violent death. And he loved her exceedingly, and she remained in his house whilst he spent his time in hunting the animals of the country and bringing the game to her.

And he said to her, "Do not go out, lest the Sea carry thee off, and I may not know how to rescue thee from him, because I am a woman even as thou art; for my heart is on

the top of the flower of the Cedar, and if any one finds it, I shall be overcome by him." And he revealed to her his heart in all its height.

And when the days had multiplied after this, Bata went out to hunt the animals after his daily wont, and the young woman went out to take a turn under the Cedar, which was near her house.

And the Sea beheld her and dashed its waters in pursuit of her, and she betook herself to flight before it and entered into her house.

And the Sea cried to the Cedar, saying, "O that I could seize upon her!" And the Cedar carried off one of her fragrant locks, and the Sea carried it to Egypt, and deposited it in the place where the washers of the King were.

And the odor of the lock grew into the clothes of the King. And a quarrel arose among the royal washers on account of the overpowering odor in the clothes of the King. The quarrel continued among them day after day, so that they no longer knew what they were doing.

And the Chief of the washers of the King went out to the waterside, and his heart was exceedingly oppressed on account of the quarrels in which he was every day involved.

And he stopped and stayed at the spot in the midst of which lay the fragrant lock in the water. And he stooped down and picked it up, and he found the odor of it delicious, exceedingly, and he took it to the King.

And it was carried to the doctors, the magicians of the King. They said to the King, "The lock belongs to a daughter of the Sun god, Horus of both horizons; the essence of the whole godhead is in her.

"But the whole earth is in obeisance before thee; send, therefore, envoys to every place to seek her; but as for the envoy who is for the mountain of the Cedar, send out with him troops in great numbers to bring her."

His Majesty replied, "Good exceedingly is that which ye have said to us!" And the envoys were sent.

But when the days had multiplied after this, the troops that went to every place returned to give their reports to His Majesty, but those returned not who had gone to the mountain of the Cedar; Bata had slain them.

One of them returned to tell the tale to His Majesty. And His Majesty once more sent out troops, many bowmen and also

cavalry to fetch her; and there was a woman with them, into whose hand one had given all the most beautiful trinkets for a woman.

And the woman came with her into Egypt, and rejoicing was made for her throughout the whole land. And His Majesty loved her exceedingly, and she was raised to the dignity of a Princess.

And it was said to her that she should reveal the ways of her husband; and she said to His Majesty, "Cause the Cedar to be cut down, and he will be destroyed."

And troops were sent out with their swords to cut down the Cedar. They came to the Cedar, and cut down the flower upon which lay the heart of Bata. He fell dead in an instant.

But when the dawn of the next day appeared, the Cedar was cut down; and Anpu, the elder brother of Bata, entered his house. He sat down and washed his hand; and there was given to him a jug of beer, but this turned into froth. Another jug was then given him of wine, but this at once became troubled.

Thereupon he took his staff and his sandals, likewise his clothes and his instruments of labor; and he betook himself to a journey toward the mountain of the Cedar.

He came to the dwelling of his younger brother and found him lying dead upon the floor. He wept when he saw his younger brother lying in the state of death; and he went out to seek for his brother's heart under the Cedar where he used to lie in the evening.

Three years he sought without finding. But when the fourth year was come, his heart longed to return to Egypt, and he said, "I will go to-morrow." Such was his intention.

But when the dawn of the next day appeared, he continued to walk under the Cedar, occupied with his search, and he returned in the evening.

He looked after his search once more, and found a pod. He examined under it; and behold, there was the heart of his younger brother. He brought a vessel of cold water, dropped the heart into it, and sat down according to his daily wont.

But when the night was come, the heart absorbed the water. Bata trembled in all his limbs and continued looking at his elder brother, but his heart was faint.

Then Anpu took the vessel of cold water which his brother's heart was in. And when the latter had drunk it

up, his heart rose in its place, and he became as he had been before. Each embraced the other, and each one of them held conversation with his companion.

And Bata said to his elder brother, "Behold, I am about to become a great Bull with all the sacred marks, but with an unknown history.

"Do thou sit upon my back, and when the Sun god rises we shall be in the place where my wife is. (Answer whether thou wilt take me there?) For there will be given to thee all good things, yea, thou shalt be loaded with silver and gold for bringing me to the King, for I shall become a great marvel, and there will be rejoicing for me in the whole land. Then do thou return to thy village."

But when the dawn of the next day appeared, Bata had assumed the form which he had mentioned to his elder brother. And Anpu, his elder brother, sat upon his back at dawn of day.

And he arrived at the place which had been spoken of, and information was given to His Majesty, who inspected him, and rejoiced exceedingly, and celebrated a festival above all description, a mighty marvel, and rejoicings for it were made throughout the whole land.

And there was brought silver and gold for the elder brother, who stayed in his village. But to (the Bull) there were given many attendants and many offerings; and the King loved him exceedingly above all men in the whole land.

But when the days had multiplied after this, he entered the sanctuary, and stood in the very place where the Princess was. And he spoke to her, saying, "Look upon me; I am alive indeed."

And she said to him, "And who then art thou?" And he said to her: "I am Bata. Thou gavest information for the cutting down of the Cedar to the King as to where I was, that I might no longer live. But look upon me, for I am really alive. I am a Bull."

And the Princess was frightened exceedingly at the speech which her husband addressed to her. And he went out of the sanctuary.

But when the King sat down to make a holiday with her, and as she was at the table of His Majesty and he was exceedingly gracious to her, she said to him, "Come, swear to me by God that you will grant whatever I ask."

And he granted all that she asked, saying, "Let me eat the liver of the Bull, for you have no need of him."

So spake she to him, and it grieved him exceedingly that she spake it, and the heart of His Majesty was exceedingly troubled.

But when the dawn of the next day appeared, there was celebrated a great festival with offerings to the Bull.

But one of the Chief Royal Officers of His Majesty was made to go and slay the Bull. And as they were killing him and he was in the hands of the attendants, he shook his neck, and two drops of blood fell upon the two doorposts of His Majesty: one was on the one side of the great staircase of His Majesty, the other upon the other side; and they grew up into two mighty Persea trees, each of which stood alone.

And they went and told His Majesty, saying: "Two mighty Persea trees have sprung up as a great omen of good fortune to His Majesty during the night, near the great staircase of His Majesty; and there is rejoicing for them through the whole land, and offerings are made to them."

And when the days had multiplied after this, His Majesty was wearing the collar of lapis lazuli with a wreath of all kinds of flowers upon his neck. He was in his brazen chariot, and he went forth from the royal palace to see the Persea trees.

And the Princess went out on a two-horsed car behind the King. And His Majesty sat under one of the Perseas, and (the Tree) said to his wife: "Ho! thou false one! I am Bata; I am living still; I have transformed myself. Thou gavest information to the King of where I was that I might be slain. I then became a Bull, and thou didst cause me to be slain."

And when the days had multiplied after this, the Princess was in the good graces of His Majesty, and he showed her favor. And she said to him, "Come, swear to me by God, saying, 'Whatever the Princess shall ask me, I will consent to it.'"

And he consented to all that she said. And she said, "Cause the two Persea trees to be cut down, and let them be made into beautiful planks." And he consented to all that she said.

And when the days had multiplied after this, His Majesty made cunning workmen come to cut down the two Persea trees of the King; and there stood by looking on the royal spouse,

the Princess. And there flew a splinter, and it entered into the mouth of the Princess; and she perceived that she had conceived . . . all that she desired.

And when the days had multiplied after this, she brought forth a male child, and they went to the King and said to him, "There is born to thee a male child."

And the child was brought, and there were given to it a nurse and waiting woman; and rejoicings were made through the whole land. They sat down to make a holiday (and they gave him his name), and His Majesty at once loved him exceedingly and raised him to the dignity of Prince of Æthiopia.

But when the days had multiplied after this, His Majesty made him hereditary Prince of the whole land.

And when the days had multiplied after this, and he had completed many years as hereditary Prince . . . His Majesty flew up to heaven; and (the Prince) said, "Let the Princes and Nobles of His Majesty be summoned, and I shall inform them of all the events which have happened to me. . . ." His wife was brought to him, and he had a reckoning with her in presence of them, and they spoke their speech.

And his elder brother was brought to him, and he made him hereditary Prince of the whole land. And he reigned for thirty years as King of Egypt.

And when he had completed (those) thirty years of life, his elder brother arose in his place, on the day of his death.

JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

By CHARLES J. WELLS.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 30, page 342.]

Enter Joseph.

Joseph—
Madam, so please—
Phraxanor— I'll hear thee by and by.
Myrah, depart; yet stay, and first arrange
My sandal, that unseemly doth escape.
Higher still there, where the transparent silk
Tapers towards the ankle. Have a care;
Let me not have to chide this fault again.
[*Exit* Attendant.

Joseph—
Madam, I have a message from my lord.

Phraxanor —
Put that to rest. Give me that golden box,
'Tis filled with precious spikenard, queen of scents.
[*She spills it on his head.*
Joseph —
Madam, what must I say? My state is low,
Yet you do treat me as you might my lord
When he besought your hand.
Phraxanor — Must I get up,
And cast myself in thy sustaining arms,
To sink thee to a seat? — Come, sit thou here.
Now I will neighbor thee and tell thee why
I cast that ointment on thee.
Joseph — I did not
Desire it.
Phraxanor — You did ask me for it.
Joseph — Madam!
Phraxanor —
You breathed upon me as you did advance,
And sweets do love sweets for an offering.
My breath is sweet and subtle, yet I dared
Not put my lips half close enough to thine
To render back the favor; so I say
The obligation did demand as much —
Why, what amaze is now upon thy face —
Will nothing please?
Joseph — Madam, your arm — pray move.
Phraxanor —
You peevish bird — like a sick eagle I
Could fain devour, but may not.
Joseph — I beseech you,
If you respect your place, or my fair name,
Undo your prisoning arms and let me go.
Phraxanor —
Tremble to fear the woman you might love.
Joseph —
Indeed, I would far sooner honor her.
Phraxanor —
Cold, cold, still cold; I eye you like to one
That dieth in my arms: beware you chill
Me too: you do a wrong, and herein court
Much danger. I would risk the world for you;
But blow me cold with your sharp frosty breath,
And these same arms that gird you round about
May turn to bitter chains. We are most dear
In our affections; in vengeance most resolved.

Joseph —

Madam, I have a spirit beyond fear.
God knows the duty that I owe your lord
Would break my heart did I commit this sin.
But, madam, hear the reason that I have,
Why my lord's honor dearer is than life.
I do remember me, when first I came
Into this land of Egypt, fugitive,
Forlorn, and wretched, bruisèd at the heart,
An iron collar round about my neck,
Degrading mark of bitter servitude,
Stalled in the press of slaves upon the mart,
Brimful of misery unto the crown,
Forlorn, cast out, abandoned, and bereaved,
A certain man did look into my face,
As though to penetrate my very soul.
By slow degrees conviction worked on him,
And through my sufferings he read my heart,
And all his features melted at the sight.
A sacred pity stole into his eyes,
That dwelt on me in gentle tenderness.
Oh! balm of sweetness, what a holy joy
Poured like a flood into my thousand wounds
Of soul and body's sore affliction.
Whereof I languished in my pilgrimage!
With his own hands he drew my collar off,
Nor bartered with the merchant for my price.
He took me to his house, put me in trust,
Justly and wisely kept his eyes on me,
Weighing with care my actions and desert,
And by degrees received me to his breast,
O'erloaded me with benefits, and changed
A chain of iron for a chain of gold,
A wolfskin kirtle for a purple cloak,
A life of wretchedness for one of peace,
A broken heart to love and tenderness.
This man, so full of human charities,
Had many precious treasures, which he gave
To me in trust, but far above the rest
Was one in which all others were absorbed,
As in a holy consecrated shrine,
Source of his life, his honor's nourishment,
The loss of which would be a fell decree
Of shame, despair, and infamy, and death.
Madam, this honored, honorable man
Was noble Potiphar, your lord and mine.

Need I add more? —
I pray you let us talk on common things.

Phraxanor —
Neither am I not beautiful, perhaps, —
Set up to be the universal fool.
Why, here's a waste of party-colored words —
High-sounding phrases, empty eloquence.
"My lord! my lord!" It scenteth of reproach.
Sir, have a care — blood waits on insult, ha!
One way or other I will have your heart.

Joseph [*aside*] —
This wondrous creature is of faultless mold,
And grace plays o'er the movement of her limbs,
Her marvelous beauty irresistible,
A double charm, abandons languishment,
In soft repose hints at oblivion.
In motion her imperious dignity,
At secret hours, might dictate to the king.
A most unscrupulous voluptuousness
Mars Nature in her marvelous qualities;
A fascinating monster, fatal equally
In action or reaction of her love;
Fair flower of poisonous perfume born to kill.
Never the demon had an agency
Where he had nought to do in work that's done.
[*Aloud.*]
Take pity on yourself, on me, on him, —
On me, for you would hate me mortally
When once you were awakened from this dream,
To see the hideous monster you had made.
So utterly impossible this seems,
That I am prone to think it is a feint
To try my truth and prove my honesty.

Phraxanor —
Ah! 'tis a feint that burns my body up,
And stirs my spirit like a raging sea.
Think you to pay in words? — deeds — deeds!
For I can tell you that you have in hand
One who will have no debts.

Joseph — It is enough.
'Tis time this hopeless contest had an end.
I have borne this besieging patiently,
Still hoping to arouse your modesty.
Oh! do not force the loathing which lies hid
Within my gall to rush into my face.

Phraxanor —
This is the greatest blessing that you shun.
Joseph —
Or the worst sin.
Phraxanor — Oh! weigh not with such scales.
Joseph —
Oh! madam, have a care.
Phraxanor — Listen, or else
I'll set my little foot upon thy neck; —
Thou art like a beautiful and drowsy snake,
Cold, and inanimate, and coiled around
Upon a bank of rarest sun-blown flowers.
My eye shall be the renovating sun —
Joseph —
Madam, forbear; I'm sick to think of it.
Phraxanor —
You overdo this art, for Nature sure
Never did put disgust upon a lip
So near a woman's: an empoisoned cup
Might curdle all the features of thy face;
But this same blandishment upon my brow
Could never chase the color from thy cheeks.
Joseph —
Love, being forced, so sickeneth the sense,
That dull monotony is nothing to it. —
A pallid appetite is sweeter far
Than shockèd modesty and fierce distaste.
Phraxanor —
You are too dead a weight.
Joseph — Why, let me go.
Phraxanor —
My arms are faint; smile thou, they're ribs of steel.
Joseph —
The sun ne'er shinèd in a pitch-black night.
Phraxanor —
Oh! ignorant boy, it is the secret hour
The sun of love doth shine most goodly fair.
Contemptible darkness never yet did dull
The splendor of love's palpitating light.
At love's slight curtains, that are made of sighs,
Though e'er so dark, silence is seen to stand
Like to a flower closèd in the night;
Or like a lovely image drooping down
With its fair head aslant and finger raised,
And mutely on its shoulder slumbering.

Pulses do sound quick music in Love's ear,
And blended fragrance in his startled breath
Doth hang the hair with drops of magic dew.
All outward thoughts, all common circumstance,
Are buried in the dimple of his smile:
And the great city like a vision sails
From out the closing doors of the hushed mind.
His heart strikes audibly against his ribs
As a dove's wing doth freak upon a cage,
Forcing the blood athro' the crampèd veins
Faster than dolphins do o'ershoot the tide
Coursed by the yawning shark. Therefore I say
Night-blooming Cereus, and the star flower sweet,
The honeysuckle, and the eglantine,
And the ringed vinous tree that yields red wine,
Together with all intertwining flowers,
Are plants most fit to ramble o'er each other,
And form the bower of all-precious Love,
Shrouding the sun with fragrant bloom and leaves
From jealous interception of Love's gaze. —
This is Love's cabin in the light of day —
But oh! compare it not with the black night, —
Delay, thou sun, and give me instant night —
Its soft, mysterious, and secret hours;
The whitest clouds are pillows to bright stars,
Ah! therefore shroud thine eyes.

Joseph — Madam, for shame! —

Phraxanor —

Henceforth, I'll never knit with glossèd bone,
But interlace my fingers among thine,
And ravel them, and interlace again,
So that no work that's done content the eye,
That I may never weary in my work.

Joseph —

Would that my lord were come!

Phraxanor — Thy hair shall be
The silken trophy of the spirit of Love,
Where I will lap, fair chains, my wreathèd arms.

Joseph —

What's to be done? Madam, give way, I pray you.

Phraxanor —

Beware! you'll crack my lace.

Joseph — You will be hurt.

Phraxanor —

Oh! for some savage strength!

Joseph — Away! Away!

Phraxanor —

So, you are loose — I pray you kill me — do!

Joseph —

Let me pass out at door.

Phraxanor — I have a mind
You shall at once walk with those honest limbs
Into your grave.

Joseph — Are you a lady, madam?

Phraxanor —

I was so, but I am a dragon now:
My nostrils are stuffed full of splenetive fire;
My tongue is turned into a furious sting,
With which I'll strike you — Ha! be sure I will.

Joseph —

Madam, I did desire you no offense.

Phraxanor —

Death and perdition, no!

Joseph — Your love is lost on me,
And I refused your offer; which was wise.

Phraxanor —

Oh! was it so? have you so much scorn left?
Unload it in my lap — let me have all,
That I may hate with cause. Malice is proud,
Nor yields to trifles — nay, despise me more.

Joseph —

I ne'er despised the lady of my lord, —
Only her vice.

Phraxanor — My lord — my lord — canst thou
Not mouth that word distinctly from my lady?
My lord! — He surely shall be paid full home
That honors lords above a lady's love.
Thou hast no lord but me, — I am thy lord:
And thou shalt find it, too, — fool that I was
To stoop my stateliness to such a calf
Because he bore about a panther's hide.
That is not blood which fainteth in thy veins,
But only infant milk. Thou minion!
Bought up for drudgery with idle gold,
How dar'st thou look or wink thy traitorous eye,
Much less to think, when I command thy will?
Oh, impudence! to scorn a noble dame!
Were't not that royalty has kissed my hand
I'd surely strike thee.

Joseph — Madam! be temperate.
Phraxanor —
Who bade thee speak, impudent slave? beware!
I'll have thee whipped. — Oh! I am mad to think
That ever I should bring myself to scorn
For such a stubborn minion as thou art.
Ha! — thou mere shadow — wretched atomy! —
Filled full of nothing — making a brave show,
Like to a robe blown with the boastful wind —
Thou worse than ice, for that melts to the sun —
Disgrace to Egypt and her feverish air;
Thou shalt not stay in Egypt.
Joseph — I grieve at that.
Phraxanor —
I am changed. Thou shalt stay here — and since I see
There is no spirit of life in all this show,
Only a cheat unto the sanguine eye,
Thou shalt be given to the leech's hands
To study causes on thy bloodless heart
Why men should be like geese. — A pretty pass
I've brought my dauntless spirit to. These knees,
That ne'er did bend but to pluck suitors up,
And put them out of hope — Oh! I am mad —
These feet by common accident have trod
On better necks than e'er bowed to the king;
And must I tie them in a band of list
Before a slave like thee?

KING SOLOMON AND THE HOOPOES.

By Hon. ROBERT CURZON.

[Robert Curzon, son of the Baroness de la Zouche, was born in 1810, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Entering the diplomatic service, he became private secretary to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; in this capacity he obtained access to the monasteries and religious houses of the Levant, and collected many valuable manuscripts and books. "Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant" appeared in 1848. This was followed by "Armenia; a Residence at Erzeroum," published in 1854. He died in August, 1873.]

In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as

well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now, when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back in our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures! — and because you will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers, like the neck of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the king cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O king! we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade;

but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun. When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshéa, he commanded that the king of hoopoes should stand before his feet.

"Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe? — and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?"

Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honor of standing before the feet of the king; and making his obeisance and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O king, live forever! Let a day be given to thy servant, to consider with his queen and his counselors what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so."

And it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds."

And the words of the queen and the princesses, her daughters, prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well,

and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head, and all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves, as it were, in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops, her cousins, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass," and he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweler, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweler told him that they were of pure gold, and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird lime was made in every town, and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trapmakers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny.

At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden

throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him: "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly, in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now, when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.

GONE IN THE WIND.

By FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

(Translated by James Clarence Mangan.)

[FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT, German poet and Orientalist, was born at Schweinfurt, May 16, 1788, and was professor of Oriental languages at Erlangen 1826–1841, and at Berlin 1841–1848. After resigning his position at the latter place, he lived at Neusses, near Coburg, and there died January 31, 1866. He recast in German verse several of the famous books of the East, among them the "Abu Seid" of Hariri and the "Nal and Damajanti" from the Mahābhārata. His original poems include: "Geharnischte Sonnette" ("Mailed Sonnets," 1814), inspired by the national movement of 1813, and "Liebesfrühling" ("Love's Spring," 1822).

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, an Irish poet, was born in Dublin, May 1, 1803. As a boy he was a copyist and attorney's clerk, and worked at the former trade intermittently all his life. Extreme poverty, overwork, bohemian irregularity and exposure, and opium, made him a physical wreck; and he died of cholera June 20, 1849. Several partial editions of his poems have been published. The bulk of them, and his best work, are translations.]

SOLOMON! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the Blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;

Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed,
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is Pleasure? a phantom, a mask undefined;
Science? an almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;
Honor and Affluence? Firmans and Fortune have signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined;
Woe to the miners for Truth — where the Lampless have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for — what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor Humankind,
Raving of Knowledge, — and Satan so busy to blind!
Raving of Glory, — like me, — for the garlands I bind
(Garlands of song) are but gathered, and — strewn in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

CLASSIC CHINESE POEMS.

(From the Shi-King: translated by William Jennings.)

A Challenge.

[This is a parallel, from the woman's side, to George Wither's "Shall I, pining in despair."]

If, boy, thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd lift my skirts and wade the Tsin;
But if thou be of other mind,
Is there none else my love would win?
O craziest of crazy boys!

Ay, if thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd lift my skirts and wade the Wei;
But if thy thoughts are else inclined,
Is there none other gallant nigh?
O craziest of crazy boys!

The Absent Husband.

I picked and picked the mouse ears,
Nor gained one basket load;
My heart was with my husband:
I flung them on the road.

I climbed yon rugged mountain,
My ponies all broke down;
I filled my golden goblet
Long anxious thought to drown.

I climbed yon lofty ridges,
With my ponies black and bay;
I filled for me my horn cup
Long torture to allay.

I climbed yon craggy uplands,
My steeds grew weak and ill;
My footmen were exhausted;—
And here I sorrow still!

Lament of a Discarded Wife.

When east winds blow unceasingly,
  They bring but gloominess and rain.
Strive, strive to live unitedly,
  And every angry thought restrain.
Some plants we gather for their leaves,
  But leave the roots untouched beneath;
So, while unsullied was my name,
  I should have lived with you till death.

With slow, slow step I took the road,
  My inmost heart rebelling sore,
You came not far with me, indeed,
  You only saw me to the door.
Who calls the lettuce bitter fare,
  The cress is not a whit more sweet.
Ay, feast there with your new-found bride,
  Well pleased, as when fond brothers meet.

The Wei, made turbid by the king,
  Grows limpid by the islets there.
There, feasting with your new-found bride
  For me no longer now you care.
Yet leave to me my fishing dam;
  My wicker nets, remove them not.
My person spurned — some vacant hour
  May bring compassion for my lot.

Where ran the river full and deep,
  With raft or boat I paddled o'er;
And where it flowed in shallower stream,
  I dived or swam from shore to shore.
And what we had, or what we lost,
  For that I strained my every nerve;
When other folks had loss, I'd crawl
  Upon my knees, if aught 'twould serve.

And you can show me no kind care,
  Nay, treated like a foe am I!
My virtue stood but in your way,
  Like traders' goods that none will buy.
Once it was feared we could not live;
  In your reverses then I shared:

And now, when fortune smiles on you,
To very poison I'm compared.

I have laid by a goodly store, —
For winter's use it was to be; —
Feast on there with your new-found bride, —
I was for use in poverty!
Rude fits of anger you have shown,
Now left me to be sorely tried.
Ah, you forget those days gone by,
When you came nestling to my side!

Comrades in War Time.

How say we have no clothes?
One plaid for both will do.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Our spears and pikes renew, —
We'll fight as one, we two!

How say we have no clothes?
One skirt our limbs shall hide.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Halberd and lance provide, —
We'll do it, side by side!

How say we have no clothes?
My kirtle thou shalt wear.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Armor and arms prepare, —
The toils of war we'll share.

Trust thy Last Friend against the World.

A babbling current fails
To float a load of thorns away, —
Of brothers, few are left us now,
Yet we remain, myself and thou:
Believe not others' tales,
Others will lead thee far astray.

The babbling current fails
To float the firewood fagots far. —
Of brothers there are left but few,
Yet I and thou remain, we two:
Believe not others' tales,
For verily untrue they are!

THE DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN.

By CONFUCIUS.

(Translated by James Legge, in "Chinese Classics.")

Chapter I. 1. What Heaven has conferred is called the Nature; an accordance with this nature is called the path of duty; the regulation of this path is called instruction.

2. The path may not be left for an instant. If it could be left, it would not be the path. On this account, the superior man does not wait till he sees things, to be cautious, nor till he hears things, to be apprehensive.

3. There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. Therefore the superior man is watchful over himself, when he is alone.

4. While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in the state of equilibrium. When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of Harmony. This Equilibrium is the great root from which grow all the human actings in the world, and this harmony is the universal path which they all should pursue.

5. Let the states of Equilibrium and harmony exist in perfection, and a happy order will prevail throughout heaven and earth, and all things will be nourished and flourish.

Chapter II. 1. Chung-ne said, "The superior man embodies the course of the Mean; the mean man acts contrary to the course of the Mean.

2. "The superior man's embodying the course of the Mean is because he is a superior man, and so always maintains the Mean. The mean man's acting contrary to the course of the Mean is because he is a mean man, and has no caution."

Chapter III. The Master said: "Perfect is the virtue which is according to the Mean! Rare have they long been among the people, who could practice it!"

Chapter IV. 1. The Master said, "I know how it is that the path of the Mean is not walked in: The Knowing go beyond it, and the stupid do not come up to it. I know how it is that the path of the Mean is not understood: The men of

talents and virtue go beyond it, and the worthless do not come up to it.

2. "There is no body but eats and drinks. But they are few who can distinguish flavors."

Chapter V. The Master said, "Alas! How is the path of the Mean untrodden!"

Chapter VI. The Master said: "There was Shun: He indeed was greatly wise! Shun loved to question others, and to study their words, though they might be shallow. He concealed what was bad in them, and displayed what was good. He took hold of their two extremes, determined the Mean, and employed it in his government of the people. It was by this that he was Shun!"

Chapter VII. The Master said: "Men all say, 'We are wise;' but being driven forward and taken in a net, a trap, or a pitfall, they know not how to escape. Men all say, 'We are wise;' but happening to choose the course of the Mean, they are not able to keep it for a round month."

Chapter VIII. The Master said, "This was the manner of Hwuy: he made choice of the Mean, and whenever he got hold of what was good, he clasped it firmly, as if wearing it on his breast, and did not lose it."

Chapter IX. The Master said, "The empire, its States, and its families may be perfectly ruled; dignities and emoluments may be declined; naked weapons may be trampled under the feet; but the course of the Mean cannot be attained to."

Chapter X. 1. Tsze-loo asked about energy.

2. The Master said, "Do you mean the energy of the South, the energy of the North, or the energy which you should cultivate yourself?

3. "To show forbearance and gentleness in teaching others; and not to revenge unreasonable conduct: this is the energy of Southern regions, and the good man makes it his study.

4. "To lie under arms; and meet death without regret: this is the energy of Northern regions, and the forceful make it their study.

5. "Therefore, the superior man cultivates a friendly harmony, without being weak. How firm is he in his energy! He stands erect in the middle, without inclining to either side. How firm is he in his energy! When good principles prevail in the government of his country, he does not change from what he was in retirement. How firm he is in his energy! When

bad principles prevail in the country, he maintains his course to death without changing. How firm is his energy!"

Chapter XI. 1. The Master said, "To live in obscurity, and yet practice wonders, in order to be mentioned with honor in future ages; this is what I do not do.

2. "The good man tries to proceed according to the right path, but when he has gone halfway, he abandons it; I am not able *so* to stop.

3. "The superior man accords with the course of the Mean. Though he may be well unknown, unregarded by the world, he feels no regret. It is only the sage who is able for this."

Chapter XII. 1. The way which the superior man pursues, reaches wide and far, and yet is secret.

2. Common men and women, however ignorant, may intermeddle with the knowledge of it; yet in its utmost reaches, there is that which even the sage does not know. Common men and women, however much below the ordinary standard of character, can carry it into practice; yet in its utmost reaches there is that which even the sage is not able to carry into practice. Great as heaven and earth are, men still find some things in them with which to be dissatisfied. Thus it is, that were the superior man to speak of his way in all its greatness, nothing in the world would be found able to embrace it, and were he to speak of it in its minuteness, nothing in the world would be found able to split it.

3. It is said in the Book of Poetry, "The hawk flies up to heaven; the fishes leap in the deep." This expresses how this way is seen above and below.

4. The way of the superior man may be found, in its simple elements, in the intercourse of common men and women; but in its utmost reaches it shines brightly through heaven and earth.

Chapter XIII. 1. The Master said: "The path is not far from man. When men try to pursue a course, which is far from the common indications of consciousness, this course cannot be considered the PATH.

2. "In the Book of Poetry, it is said, 'In hewing an ax handle, the pattern is not far off.' We grasp one ax handle to hew the other, and yet, if we look askance from the one to the other, we may consider them as apart. Therefore, the superior man governs men, according to their nature, with what is proper to them; and as soon as they change what is wrong, he stops.

3. "When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature, and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the path. What you do not like, when done to yourself, do not do to others.

4. "In the way of the superior man there are four things, to not one of which have I as yet attained: To serve my father, as I would require my son to serve me; to this I have not attained. To serve my prince, as I would require my minister to serve me; to this I have not attained. To serve my elder brother, as I would require my younger brother to serve me; to this I have not attained. To set the example in behaving to a friend, as I would require him to behave to me; to this I have not attained. Earnest in practicing the ordinary virtues, and careful in speaking about them, if, in his practice, he has anything defective, the superior man dares not but exert himself; and if, in his words, he has any excess, he dares not allow himself such license. Thus his words have respect to his actions, and his actions have respect to his words; is it not just an entire sincerity which marks the superior man?"

Chapter XIV. 1. The superior man does what is proper to the station in which he is; he does not desire to go beyond this.

2. In a position of wealth and honor, he does what is proper to a position of wealth and honor. In a poor and low position, he does what is proper to a poor and low position. Situated among barbarous tribes, he does what is proper to a situation among barbarous tribes. In a position of sorrow and difficulty, he does what is proper to a position of sorrow and difficulty. The superior man can find himself in no situation in which he is not himself.

3. In a high situation, he does not treat with contempt his inferiors. In a low situation, he does not court the favor of his superiors. He rectifies himself, and seeks for nothing from others, so that he has no dissatisfactions. He does not murmur against heaven, nor grumble against men.

4. Thus it is that the superior man is quiet and calm, waiting for the appointments of Heaven; while the mean man walks in dangerous paths, looking for lucky occurrences.

5. The Master said: "In archery we have something like the way of the superior man. When the archer misses the center of the target, he turns round and seeks for the cause of his failure in himself."

Chapter XV. 1. The way of the superior man may be

compared to what takes place in traveling, when to go to a distance we must first traverse the space that is near, and in ascending a height, when we must begin from the lower ground.

2. It is said in the Book of Poetry: "Happy union with wife and children is like the music of lutes and harps. When there is concord among brethren, the harmony is delightful and enduring. Thus may you regulate your family, and enjoy the pleasure of your wife and children."

3. The Master said, "In such a state of things, parents have entire complacence!"

Chapter XVI. 1. The Master said, "How abundantly do spiritual beings display the powers that belong to them!

2. "We look for them, but do not see them; we listen to, but do not hear them; yet they enter into all things, and there is nothing without them.

3. "They cause all the people in the empire to fast and purify themselves, and array themselves in their richest dresses, in order to attend at their sacrifices. Then, like overflowing water, they seem to be over the heads, and on the right and left of their worshipers.

4. "It is said in the Book of Poetry, 'The approaches of the spirits, you cannot surmise; and can you treat them with indifference?'

5. "Such is the manifestness of what is minute! Such is the impossibility of repressing the outgoings of sincerity!"

Chapter XVII. 1. The Master said: "How greatly filial was Shun! His virtue was that of a sage; his dignity was the imperial throne; his riches were all within the four seas. He offered his sacrifices in his ancestral temple, and his descendants preserved the sacrifices to himself.

2. "Therefore having such great virtue, it could not but be that he should obtain the throne, that he should obtain those riches, that he should obtain his fame, that he should attain to his long life.

3. "Thus it is that Heaven, in the production of things, is surely bountiful to them, according to their qualities. Hence the tree that is flourishing, it nourishes; while that which is ready to fall, it overthrows.

4. "In the Book of Poetry, it is said, 'The admirable, amiable prince displayed conspicuously his excelling virtue, adjusting his people and adjusting his officers. Therefore, he received from Heaven the emoluments of dignity. It pro-

tected him, assisted him, decreed him the throne; sending from heaven these favors, as it were repeatedly.'

5. "We may say, therefore, that he who is greatly virtuous will be sure to receive the appointment of Heaven."

VEDIC HYMNS.

By Sir MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS.

[Sir Monier Monier-Williams: A leading Anglo-Indian lexicographer and Orientalist; born at Bombay, India, November 12, 1819; died 1889. From 1860 on he was professor of Sanskrit in Oxford. He published several Sanskrit dictionaries, a Sanskrit and a Hindustani grammar; "Indian Epic Poetry" (1863), "Indian Wisdom" (1875), "Hinduism" (1877), "Modern India and the Indians" (1878), "Buddhism," etc., 1889.]

To what deities were the prayers and hymns of the Vedas addressed? This is an interesting inquiry, for these were probably the very deities worshiped under similar names by our Aryan progenitors in their primeval home. The answer is: They worshiped those physical forces before which all nations, if guided solely by the light of nature, have in the early period of their life instinctively bowed down, and before which even the more civilized and enlightened have always been compelled to bend in awe and reverence if not in adoration.

To our Aryan forefathers God's power was exhibited in the forces of nature even more evidently than to ourselves. Lands, houses, flocks, herds, men, and animals were more frequently than in Western climates at the mercy of winds, fire, and water; and the sun's rays appeared to be endowed with a potency quite beyond the experience of any European country. We cannot be surprised, then, that these forces were regarded by our Eastern progenitors as actual manifestations, either of one deity in different moods or of separate rival deities contending for supremacy. Nor is it wonderful that these mighty agencies should have been at first poetically personified, and afterwards, when invested with forms, attributes, and individuality, worshiped as distinct gods. It was only natural, too, that a varying supremacy and varying honors should have been accorded to each deified force — to the air, the rain, the storm, the sun, or fire — according to the special atmospheric influences to which particular localities were exposed, or according to the seasons of the year when the dominance of each was to be prayed for or deprecated.

This was the religion represented in the Vedas and the primitive creed of the Indo-Aryans about twelve or thirteen centuries before Christ. The first forces deified seem to have been those manifested in the sky and air. These were at first generalized under one rather vague personification, as was natural in the earliest attempts at giving shape to religious ideas. For it may be observed that all religious systems, even the most polytheistic, have generally grown out of some undefined original belief in a divine power or powers controlling and regulating the universe. And although innumerable gods and goddesses, gifted with a thousand shapes, now crowd the Hindu Pantheon, appealing to the instincts of the unthinking millions whose capacity for religious ideas is supposed to require the aid of external symbols, it is probable that there existed for the first Aryan worshipers a similar theistic creed; even as the thoughtful Hindu of the present day looks through the maze of his mythology to the philosophical background of one eternal self-existent Being, one universal Spirit, into whose unity all visible symbols are gathered, and in whose essence all entities are comprehended.

In the Veda this unity soon diverged into various ramifications. Only a few of the hymns appear to contain the simple conception of one divine self-existent omnipresent Being, and even in these the idea of one God present in all nature is somewhat nebulous and undefined.

It is interesting to note how this idea, vaguely stated as it was in the Veda, gradually developed and became more clearly defined in the time of Manu. In the last verses of the twelfth book (123–125) we have the following: "Him some adore as transcendently present in fire; others in Manu, lord of creatures; some as more distinctly present in Indra, others in pure air, others as the most high eternal Spirit. Thus the man who perceives in his own soul, the supreme soul, present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all, and shall be absorbed at last in the highest essence."

In the Purusha-sūkta of the Rig-veda, which is one of the later hymns, — probably not much earlier than the earliest Brahmana, — the one Spirit is called Purusha. The more common name is Atman or Paratman, and in the later system Brahman, neut. (nom. Brahmă), derived from root *brih*, to expand, and denoting the universally expanding essence or universally diffused substance of the universe. It was thus

that the later creed became not so much monotheistic (by which I mean the belief in one God regarded as a personal Being external to the universe, though creating and governing it) as pantheistic: Brahman is the neuter being, "simple infinite being," — the only real eternal essence, — which, when it passes into universal *manifested* existence, is called Brahma; when it manifests itself on the earth, is called Vishnu; and when it again dissolves itself into simple being, is called Siva; all the other innumerable gods and demigods being also mere manifestations of the neuter Brahman, who alone is eternal. This, at any rate, appears to be the genuine pantheistic creed of India at the present day.

To return to the Vedic hymns — perhaps the most ancient and beautiful Vedic deification was that of Dyaus, the sky, as Dyaush-pitar, "Heavenly Father" (the Zeus or Jupiter of the Greeks and Romans). Then closely connected with Dyaus was a goddess, Aditi, "the Infinite Expanse," conceived of subsequently as the mother of all the gods. Next came a development of the same conception called Varuna, "the Investing Sky," said to answer to Ahura Mazda, the Ormazd of the ancient Persian mythology, and to the Greek Ouranos — but a more spiritual conception, leading to a worship which rose to the nature of a belief in the great Our-Father-who-art-in-Heaven. This Varuna, again, was soon thought of in connection with another vague personification called Mitra (= the Persian Mithra), god of day. After a time these impersonations of the celestial sphere were felt to be too vague to suit the growth of religious ideas in ordinary minds. Soon, therefore, the great investing firmament resolved itself into separate cosmical entities with separate powers and attributes. First, the watery atmosphere, personified under the name of Indra, ever seeking to dispense his dewy treasures (*indu*), though ever restrained by an opposing force or spirit of evil called Vritra; and, secondly, the wind, thought of either as a single personality named Vagu, or as a whole assemblage of moving powers coming from every quarter of the compass, and impersonated as Maruts or "Storm-gods." At the same time in this process of decentralization — if I may use the term — the once purely celestial Varuna became relegated to a position among seven secondary deities of the heavenly sphere called Adityas (afterwards increased to twelve, and regarded as diversified forms of the sun in the several months of the year), and sub-

sequently to a dominion over the waters when they had left the air and rested on the earth.

Of these separately deified physical forces, by far the most favorite object of adoration was the deity supposed to yield the dew and rain, longed for by Eastern cultivators of the soil with even greater cravings than by Northern agriculturists. Indra, therefore, — the Jupiter Pluvius of early Indian mythology, — is undoubtedly the principal divinity of Vedic worshipers, in so far at least as the greater number of their prayers and hymns are addressed to him.

What, however, could rain effect without the aid of heat? a force, the intensity of which must have impressed an Indian mind with awe, and led him to invest the possessor of it with divine attributes. Hence the other great god of Vedic worshipers, and in some respects the most important in his connection with sacrificial rites, is Agni (Latin Ignis), the god of fire. Even Sūrya, the sun (Greek Helios), who was probably at first adored as the original source of heat, came to be regarded as only another form of fire. He was merely a manifestation of the same divine energy removed to the heavens and consequently less accessible. Another deity, Ushas, goddess of the dawn, — the Eōs of the Greeks, — was naturally connected with the sun, and regarded as daughter of the sky. Two other deities, the Açvins, were fabled as connected with Ushas, as ever young and handsome, traveling in a golden car, and precursors of the dawn. They are sometimes called Dasras, as divine physicians, destroyers of diseases; sometimes Uāsatyas, as "never untrue." They appear to have been personifications of two luminous rays imagined to precede the break of day. These, with Yama, "the God of departed spirits," are the principal deities of the Mantra portion of the Veda.

We find, therefore, no trace in the Mantras of the Trimurti or Triad of deities (Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), afterwards so popular. Nor does the doctrine of transmigration, afterwards an essential element of the Hindu religion, appear in the Mantra portion of the Veda, though there is a clear declaration of it in the Aranyaka of the Aitareya Brahmana. Nor is caste clearly alluded to, except in the later Purusha-sūkta.

But here it may be asked, if sky, air, water, fire, and the sun were thus worshiped as manifestations of the supreme universal God of the universe, was not the earth also an object of adoration with the early Hindus? And unquestionably in the earlier

system the earth, under the name of Prithivi, "the broad one," does receive divine honors, being thought of as the mother of all beings. Moreover, various deities were regarded as the progeny resulting from the fancied union of earth with Dyaus, heaven. This imaginary marriage of heaven and earth was indeed a most natural idea, and much of the later mythology may be explained by it. But it is remarkable that as religious worship became of a more selfish character, the earth, being more evidently under man's control, and not seeming to need propitiation so urgently as the more uncertain air, fire, and water, lost importance among the gods, and was rarely addressed in prayer or hymn.

In all probability the deified forces addressed in the hymns were not represented by images or idols in the Vedic period, though doubtless the early worshipers clothed their gods with human form in their own imaginations.

I now begin my examples with a nearly literal translation of the well-known sixteenth hymn of the fourth book of the Atharva-veda, in praise of Varuna or the Investing Sky : —

HYMN TO THE INVESTING SKY.

The mighty Varuna, who rules above, looks down
Upon these worlds, his kingdom, as if close at hand.
When men imagine they do aught by stealth, he knows it.
No one can stand or walk or softly glide along
Or hide in dark recess, or lurk in secret cell,
But Varuna detects him and his movements spies.
Two persons may devise some plot, together sitting
In private and alone; but he, the king, is there —
A third — and sees it all. This boundless earth is his,
His the vast sky, whose depth no mortal e'er can fathom.
Both oceans [air and sea] find a place within his body, yet
In that small pool he lies contained. Whoe'er should flee
Far, far beyond the sky, would not escape the grasp
Of Varuna, the king. His messengers descend
Countless from his abode — forever traversing
This world and scanning with a thousand eyes its inmates.
Whate'er exists within this earth, and all within the sky,
Yea, all that is beyond, King Varuna perceives.
The winking of men's eyes are numbered all by him.
He wields the universe, as gamesters handle dice.
May thy destroying snares cast sevenfold round the wicked,
Entangle liars, but the truthful spare, O king!

I pass from the ancient Aryan deity Varuna to the more thoroughly Indian god Indra.

The following metrical lines bring together various scattered texts relating to this Hindu Jupiter Pluvius: —

TO THE RAIN GOD.

Indra, twin brother of the god of fire,
When thou wast born, thy mother Aditi
Gave thee, her lusty child, the thrilling draught
Of mountain-growing Soma — source of life
And never-dying vigor to thy frame.
Then at the Thunderer's birth, appalled with fear,
Dreading the hundred-jointed thunderbolt —
Forged by the cunning Trastivri — mountain rocked,
Earth shook, and heaven trembled. Thou wast born
Without a rival, king of gods and men —
The eye of living and terrestrial things.
Immortal Indra, unrelenting foe
Of drought and darkness, infinitely wise
Terrific crusher of thy enemies,
Heroic, irresistible in might,
Wall of defense to us thy worshipers,
We sing thy praises, and our ardent hymns
Embrace thee, as a loving wife her lord.
Thou art our guardian, advocate, and friend,
A brother, father, mother, all combined.
Most fatherly of fathers, we are thine,
And thou art ours; oh! let thy pitying soul
Turn to us in compassion, when we praise thee,
And slay us not for one sin or for many.
Deliver us to-day, to-morrow, every day.
Armed for the conflict, see! the demons come —
Ahi and Vritra and a long array
Of darksome spirits. Quick, then, quaff the draught
That stimulates thy martial energy,
And dashing onward in thy golden car,
Drawn by thy ruddy, Ribhu-fashioned steeds,
Speed to the charge, escorted by the Maruts.
Vainly the demons dare thy might; in vain
Strive to deprive us of thy watery treasures.
Earth quakes beneath the crashing of thy bolts.
Pierced, shattered, lies the foe — his cities crushed
His armies overthrown, his fortresses
Shivered to fragments; then the pent-up waters,

Released from long imprisonment, descend
In torrents to the earth, and swollen rivers,
Foaming and rolling to their ocean home,
Proclaim the triumph of the Thunderer.

Let us proceed next to the all-important Vedic deity Agni, "god of fire," especially of sacrificial fire. I propose now to paraphrase a few of the texts which relate to him: —

TO THE FIRE GOD.

Agni, thou art a sage, a priest, a king,
Protector, father of the sacrifice.
Commissioned by us men thou dost ascend
A messenger, conveying to the sky
Our hymns and offerings. Though thy origin
Be threefold, now from air and now from water,
Now from the mystic double Arani,
Thou art thyself a mighty god, a lord,
Giver of life and immortality,
One in thy essence, but to mortals three;
Displaying thine eternal triple form,
As fire on earth, as lightning in the air,
As sun in heaven. Thou art a cherished guest
In every household — father, brother, son,
Friend, benefactor, guardian, all in one.
Bright, seven-rayed god! how manifold thy shapes
Revealed to us thy votaries! now we see thee,
With body all of gold, and radiant hair,
Flaming from three terrific heads, and mouths
Whose burning jaws and teeth devour all things.
Now with a thousand glowing horns, and now
Flashing thy luster from a thousand eyes,
Thou'rt borne towards us in a golden chariot,
Impelled by winds, and drawn by ruddy steeds,
Marking thy car's destructive course with blackness.
Deliver, mighty lord, thy worshipers.
Purge us from taint of sin, and when we die,
Deal mercifully with us on the pyre,
Burning our bodies with their load of guilt,
But bearing our eternal part on high
To luminous abodes and realms of bliss,
Forever there to dwell with righteous men.

The next deity is Sūrya, the sun, who, with reference to the variety of his functions, has various names, — such as Savitri,

Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, Pushan, sometimes ranking as distinct deities of the celestial sphere. As already explained, he is associated in the minds of Vedic worshipers with Fire, and is frequently described as sitting in a chariot drawn by seven ruddy horses (representing the seven days of the week), preceded by the Dawn. Here is an example of a hymn addressed to this deity, translated almost literally: —

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Behold the rays of dawn, like heralds, lead on high
The sun, that men may see the great all-knowing god.
The stars slink off like thieves, in company with Night,
Before the all-seeing eye, whose beams reveal his presence,
Gleaming like brilliant flames, to nation after nation.
With speed beyond the ken of mortals, thou, O Sun,
Dost ever travel on, conspicuous to all.
Thou dost create the light, and with it dost illume
The universe entire; thou risest in the sight
Of all the race of men, and all the host of heaven.
Light-giving Varuna! thy piercing glance doth scan
In quick succession all this stirring, active world,
And penetrateth, too, the broad ethereal space,
Measuring our days and nights and spying out all creatures.
Sūrya with flaming locks, clear-sighted, god of day,
Thy seven ruddy mares bear on thy rushing car.
With these thy self-yoked steeds, seven daughters of thy chariot.
Onward thou dost advance. To thy refulgent orb
Beyond this lower gloom and upward to the light
Would we ascend, O Sun, thou god among the gods.

As an accompaniment to this hymn may here be mentioned the celebrated Gayatri. It is a short prayer to the Sun in his character of Savitri or the Vivifier, and is the most sacred of all Vedic texts. Though not always understood, it is to this very day used by every Brahman throughout India in his daily devotions. It occurs in the Rig-veda, and can be literally translated as follows: —

"Let us meditate [or, We meditate] on that excellent glory of the divine Vivifier. May he enlighten [or, stimulate] our understandings."

May we not conjecture, with Sir William Jones, that the great veneration in which this text has ever been held by the

Hindus from time immemorial, indicates that the more enlightened worshipers adored, under the type of the visible sun, that divine light which alone could illumine their intellects?

I may here also fitly offer a short paraphrase descriptive of the Vedic Ushas, the Greek Eōs, or Dawn: —

HYMN TO THE DAWN.

Hail, ruddy Ushas, golden goddess, borne
Upon thy shining car, thou comest like
A lovely maiden by her mother decked,
Disclosing coyly all thy hidden graces
To our admiring eyes; or like a wife
Unveiling to her lord, with conscious pride,
Beauties which, as he gazes lovingly,
Seem fresher, fairer, each succeeding morn.
Through years on years thou hast lived on, and yet
Thou'rt ever young. Thou art the breath and life
Of all that breathes and lives, awaking day by day
Myriads of prostrate sleepers, as from death,
Causing the birds to flutter from their nests,
And rousing men to ply with busy feet
Their daily duties and appointed tasks,
Toiling for wealth, or pleasure, or renown.

Before leaving the subject of the Vedic deities, I add a few words about Yama, the god of departed spirits. It appears tolerably certain that the doctrine of metempsychosis has no place in the Mantra portion of the Veda; nor do the authors of the hymns evince any sympathy with the desire to get rid of all action and personal existence, which became so remarkable a feature of the theology and philosophy of the Brahmans in later times. But there are many indirect references to the immortality of man's spirit and a future life, and these become more marked and decided towards the end of the Rig-veda. One of the hymns in the last Mandala is addressed to the Pitris or fathers, that is to say, the spirits of departed ancestors who have attained to a state of heavenly bliss, and are supposed to occupy three different stages of blessedness; the highest inhabiting the upper sky, the middle the intermediate air, and the lowest the regions of the atmosphere near the earth. Reverence and adoration are always to be offered them, and they are presided over by the god Yama, the ruler of all the spirits of the dead, whether good or bad. The earlier legends repre-

sent this god as a kind of first man (his twin sister being Yami), and also as the first of men that died. Hence he is described as guiding the spirits of other men who die, to the same world. In some passages, however, Death is said to be his messenger, he himself dwelling in celestial light, to which the departed are brought, and where they enjoy his society and that of the fathers. In the Veda he has nothing to do with judging or punishing the departed (as in the later mythology), but he has two terrific dogs, with four eyes, which guard the way to his abode. Here are a few thoughts about him from various hymns in the tenth Mandala of the Rig-veda : —

HYMN TO DEATH.

To Yama, mighty king, be gifts and homage paid.
He was the first of men that died, the first to brave
Death's rapid, rushing stream, the first to point the road
To heaven, and welcome others to that bright abode.
No power can rob us of the home thus won by thee.
O king, we come; the born must die, must tread the path
That thou hast trod — the path by which each race of men,
In long succession, and our fathers too, have passed.
Soul of the dead! depart; fear not to take the road —
The ancient road — by which thy ancestors have gone;
Ascend to meet the god — to meet thy happy fathers,
Who dwell in bliss with him. Fear not to pass the guards —
The four-eyed brindled dogs — that watch for the departed.
Return unto thy home, O soul! Thy sin and shame
Leave thou behind on earth; assume a shining form —
Thy ancient shape — refined and from all taint set free.

Let me now endeavor, by slightly amplified translations, to convey some idea of two of the most remarkable hymns in the Rig-veda. The first, which may be compared with some parts of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, attempts to describe the mystery of creation, thus : —

THE MYSTERY OF CREATION.

In the beginning there was neither naught nor aught;
Then there was neither sky nor atmosphere above.
What then enshrouded all this teeming Universe?
In the receptacle of what was it contained?
Was it enveloped in the gulf profound of water?
Then was there neither death nor immortality,

Then was there neither day, nor night, nor light, nor darkness,
Only the existent One breathed calmly, self-contained.
Naught else than him there was — naught else above, beyond.
Then first came darkness hid in darkness, gloom in gloom.
Next all was water, all a chaos indiscrete,
In which the One lay void, shrouded in nothingness.
Then turning inwards, he by self-developed force
Of inner fervor and intense abstraction, grew.
And now in him Desire, the primal germ of mind,
Arose, which learned men, profoundly searching, say
Is the first subtle bond, connecting Entity
With Nullity. This ray that kindled dormant life,
Where was it then? before? or was it found above?
Were there parturient powers and latent qualities,
And fecund principles beneath, and active forces
That energized aloft? Who knows? Who can declare?
How and from what has sprung this Universe? the gods
Themselves are subsequent to its development.
Who then can penetrate the secret of its rise?
Whether 'twas framed or not, made or not made, he only
Who in the highest heaven sits, the omniscient lord,
Assuredly knows all, or haply knows he not.

The next example is from the first Mandala of the Rig-veda. Like the preceding, it furnishes a good argument for those who maintain that the purer faith of the Hindus is properly monotheistic.

THE ONE GOD.

What god shall we adore with sacrifice?
Him let us praise, the golden child that rose
In the beginning, who was born the lord —
The one sole lord of all that is — who made
The earth, and formed the sky, who giveth life,
Who giveth strength, whose bidding gods revere,
Whose hiding place is immortality,
Whose shadow, death; who by his might is king
Of all the breathing, sleeping, waking world —
Who governs men and beasts, whose majesty
These snowy hills, this ocean with its rivers,
Declare; of whom these spreading regions form
The arms; by whom the firmament is strong,
Earth firmly planted, and the highest heavens
Supported, and the clouds that fill the air
Distributed and measured out; to whom
Both earth and heaven, established by his will,

Look up with trembling mind; in whom revealed
The rising sun shines forth above the world.
Where'er let loose in space, the mighty waters
Have gone, depositing a fruitful seed.
And generating fire, there *he* arose,
Who is the breath and life of all the gods,
Whose mighty glance looks round the vast expanse
Of watery vapor — source of energy,
Cause of the sacrifice — the only God
Above the gods. May he not injure us!
He the Creator of the earth — the righteous
Creator of the sky, Creator too
Of oceans bright, and far-extending waters.

Let me now give a few verses (not in regular order and not quite literally translated) from the celebrated Purusha-sūkta, one of the most recent hymns of the Rig-veda. It will serve to illustrate the gradual sliding of Hindu monotheism into pantheism, and the first foreshadowing of the institution of caste, which for so many centuries has held India in bondage : —

The embodied spirit has a thousand heads,
A thousand eyes, a thousand feet around,
On every side enveloping the earth,
Yet filling space no larger than a span.
He is himself this very universe,
He is whatever is, has been, and shall be.
He is the lord of immortality.
All creatures are one fourth of him, three fourths
Are that which is immortal in the sky.
From him called Purusha, was born Viraj,
And from Viraj was Purusha produced,
Whom gods and holy men made their oblation.
With Purusha as victim they performed
A sacrifice. When they divided him,
How did they cut him up? what was his mouth?
What were his arms? And what his thighs and feet?
The Brahman was his mouth, the kingly soldier
Was made his arms, the husbandman his thighs,
The servile Sudra issued from his feet.

I close my examples of the Mantras with slightly amplified versions of two hymns — one in praise of Time, personified as the source of all things, taken from the Atharva-veda; the other addressed to Night, from the Rig-veda.

Hymn to Time.

Time, like a brilliant steed with seven rays,
And with a thousand eyes, imperishable,
Full of fecundity, bears all things onward.
On him ascend the learned and the wise.
Time, like a seven-wheeled, seven-naved car, moves on.
His rolling wheels are all the worlds, his axle
Is immortality. He is the first of gods.
We see him like an overflowing jar;
We see him multiplied in various forms.
He draws forth and encompasses the worlds;
He is all future worlds; he is their father;
He is their son; there is no power like him.
The past and future issue out of Time,
All sacred knowledge and austerity.
From Time the earth and waters were produced;
From Time, the rising, setting, burning sun;
From Time, the wind; through Time the earth is vast
Through Time the eye perceives; mind, breath, and name
In him are comprehended. All rejoice
When Time arrives — the monarch who has conquered
This world, the highest world, the holy worlds,
Yea, all the worlds — and ever marches on.

The hymn to Night is my last example. It is taken from the tenth Mandala of the Rig-veda : —

Hymn to Night.

The goddess Night arrives in all her glory,
Looking about her with her countless eyes.
She, the immortal goddess, throws her veil
Over low valley, rising ground, and hill,
But soon with bright effulgence dissipates
The darkness she produces; soon advancing,
She calls her sister Morning to return,
And then each darksome shadow melts away.
Kind goddess, be propitious to thy servants
Who at thy coming straightway seek repose,
Like birds who nightly nestle in the trees.
Lo! men and cattle, flocks and winged creatures,
And e'en the ravenous hawks, have gone to rest.
Drive thou away from us, O Night, the wolf;
Drive thou away the thief, and bear us safely
Across thy borders. Then do thou, O Dawn,
Like one who clears away a debt, chase off

This black yet palpable obscurity,
Which came to fold us in its close embrace.
Receive, O Night, dark daughter of the Day,
My hymn of praise, which I present to thee,
Like some rich offering to a conqueror.

LEX TALIONIS.

Dasaratha declares his Bereavement a Punishment.

(From the Rāmayana: translated by Sir Monier Monier-Williams.)

One day when rains refreshed the earth, and caused my heart to swell with joy;
When, after scorching with his rays the parchèd ground, the summer sun
Had passed towards the south; when cooling breezes chased away the heat
And grateful clouds arose; when frogs and peafowl sported, and the deer
Seemed drunk with glee, and all the winged creation, dripping as if drowned,
Plumed their dank feathers on the tops of wind-rocked trees, and falling showers
Covered the mountains till they looked like watery heaps, and torrents poured
Down from their sides, filled with loose stones and red as dawn with mineral earth,
Winding like serpents in their course; — then, at that charming season, I,
Longing to breathe the air, went forth, with bow and arrow in my hand,
To seek for game, if haply by the riverside a buffalo,
An elephant, or other animal might cross at eve my path,
Coming to drink. Then in the dusk I heard the sound of gurgling water;
Quickly I took my bow, and aiming toward the sound, shot off the dart.
A cry of mortal agony came from the spot, — a human voice
Was heard, and a poor hermit's son fell pierced and bleeding in the stream.
"Ah! wherefore then," he cried, "am I, a harmless hermit's son, struck down?

Hither to this lone brook I came at eve to fill my water jar.
By whom have I been smitten? Whom have I offended? Oh! I grieve
Not for myself or my own fate, but for my parents, old and blind,
Who perish in my death. Ah! what will be the end of that loved pair,
Long guided and supported by my hand? This barbèd dart hath pierced
Both me and them." Hearing that piteous voice, I, Dasaratha,
Who meant no harm to any human creature, young or old, became
Palsied with fear; my bow and arrows dropped from my senseless hands;
And I approached the place in horror; there with dismay I saw
Stretched on the bank an innocent hermit boy, writhing in pain and smeared
With dust and blood, his knotted hair disheveled, and a broken jar
Lying beside him. I stood petrified and speechless. He on me
Fixed full his eyes; and then, as if to burn my inmost soul, he said:—
"How have I wronged thee, monarch? that thy cruel hand has smitten me,—
Me, a poor hermit's son, born in the forest: father, mother, child
Hast thou transfixed with this one arrow: they, my parents, sit at home,
Expecting my return, and long will cherish hope — a prey to thirst
And agonizing fears. Go to my father — tell him of my fate,
Lest his dread curse consume thee, as the flame devours the withered wood.
But first in pity draw thou forth the shaft that pierces to my heart
And checks the gushing lifeblood, as the bank obstructs the bounding stream!"
He ceased, and as he rolled his eyes in agony, and quivering writhed
Upon the ground, I slowly drew the arrow from the poor boy's side.
Distracted at the grievous crime, wrought by my hand unwittingly,
Sadly I thought within myself how I might best repair the wrong,
Then took the way he had directed me towards the hermitage.
There I beheld his parents, old and blind; like two clipped, wingless birds
Sitting forlorn, without their guide, awaiting his arrival anxiously,
And, to beguile their weariness, conversing of him tenderly.
Quickly they caught the sound of footsteps, and I heard the old man say
With chiding voice, "Why hast thou lingered, child? Quick, give us both to drink
A little water. Long forgetful of us, in the cooling stream

Hast thou disported; come in, for thy mother yearneth for her son.
If she or I in aught have caused thee pain, or spoken hasty words,
Think on thy hermit's duty of forgiveness; bear them not in mind.
Thou art the refuge of us refugeless — the eyes of thy blind sire.
Why art thou silent? Speak! Bound up in thee are both thy parents' lives."
He ceased, and I stood paralyzed — till by an effort resolutely
Collecting all my powers of utterance, with faltering voice I said:—
"Pious and noble hermit, I am not thy son; I am the king.
Wandering with bow and arrow by a stream, seeking for game, I pierced
Unknowingly thy child. The rest I need not tell. Be gracious to me."
Hearing my pitiless words, announcing his bereavement, he remained
Senseless awhile; then drawing a deep sigh, his face all bathed in tears,
He spake as I approached him suppliantly, and slowly said: —
"Hadst thou not come thyself to tell thy awful tale, its load of guilt
Had crushed thy head into ten thousand fragments. This ill-fated deed
Was wrought by thee unwittingly, O king, else hadst thou not been spared,
And all the race of Rāghavas had perished. Lead us to the place;
And, bloody though he be, and lifeless, we must look upon our son
For the last time, and clasp him in our arms." Then weeping bitterly,
The pair, led by my hand, came to the spot, and fell upon their son.
Thrilled by the touch, the father cried: "My son, hast thou no greeting for me?
No word of recognition? Why liest thou here upon the ground?
Art thou offended? Or am I no longer loved by thee, my son?
See here thy mother. Thou wert ever dutiful towards us both.
Why wilt thou not embrace me? Speak one tender word. Whom shall I hear
Reading again the sacred Sāstra in the early morning hours?
Who now will bring me roots and fruits to feed me like a cherished guest?
How, weak and blind, can I support thy aged mother, pining for her son?
Stay! Go not yet to Death's abode — stay with thy mother yet one day:
To-morrow we will both go with thee on the dreary way. Forlorn
And sad, deserted by our child, without protector in the wood,
Soon shall we both depart toward the mansion of the King of Death."

Thus bitterly lamenting, he performed the funeral rites; then turning
Towards me, thus addressed me, standing reverently near: "I had
But this one child, and thou hast made me childless. Now strike down
The father; I shall feel no pain in death. But thy requital be
That sorrow for a child shall also bring thee one day to the grave."

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

(From the Mahābhārata: translated by Protap Chandra Roy.)

THERE was a king among the Madras who was virtuous and highly pious. And he was the foremost of givers, and was able, and was beloved by both the citizens and the rural population. And the name of that Lord of Earth was Açwapati. And that forgiving monarch of truthful speech and subdued senses was without offspring. And when he got old, he was stricken with grief at this. And that best of kings, daily offering ten thousand oblations to the Fire, recited hymns in honor of Sāvitri, the wife of Brahmā, and ate temperately at the sixth hour. And at the end of eighteen years, Sāvitri appeared unto him and said: —

"Through the favor granted by the Self-create, there shall speedily be born unto thee a daughter of great energy. It behooveth thee to make no reply. Well pleased, I tell thee this at the command of the Great Father!"

And Sāvitri vanishing away, the monarch entered his own city. And when some time had elapsed, that king observant of vows begat offspring on his eldest queen engaged in the practice of virtue.

And when the time came, his wife brought forth a daughter furnished with lotuslike eyes. And as she had been bestowed with delight by the goddess Sāvitri by virtue of the oblations offered in honor of that goddess, both her father and the Brāhmanas named her Sāvitri.

And the king's daughter grew up like unto Sri [the goddess of beauty] herself in embodied form. And in due time that damsel attained her puberty.

And beholding that maiden of slender waist and ample hips, and resembling a golden image, people thought: "Lo, we have received a goddess!"

And, overpowered by her energy, none could wed that girl of eyes like lotus leaves, and possessed of a burning splendor.

And it came to pass that once on the occasion of a holy day, having fasted and bathed her head, she presented herself before the family deity, and caused the Brāhmanas to offer oblations with due rites before the sacrificial fire. And taking the flowers that had been offered to the god, that lady, beautiful as Sri herself, went to her high-souled sire. And having reverenced the feet of her father, that lady of exceeding grace, with joined hands, stood at the side of the king. And seeing his own daughter, resembling a celestial damsel and arrived at puberty, unsought by people, the king became sad.

And the king said: —

"Daughter, the time for bestowing thee is come! Yet none asketh thee. Do thou, therefore, thyself seek for a husband equal to thee in qualities. That person who may be desired by thee shall be notified to me by thee. Do thou choose for thy husband as thou listest. Do thou, O auspicious one, listen to the words I myself have heard from the twice-born ones: The father that doth not bestow his daughter cometh by disgrace. And the son who doth not protect his mother when her husband is dead also suffereth disgrace. Hearing these words, do thou engage thyself in search of a husband. Do thou act in such a way that we may not be censured by the gods!"

Having said these words to his daughter and his old counselors, he instructed the attendants to follow her, saying, "Go!"

Thereafter, bashfully bowing even down unto her father's feet, the meek maid went out without hesitation, in compliance with the words of her sire. And ascending a golden car, she went to the delightful asylums of the royal sages, accompanied by her father's royal counselors. There, worshiping the feet of the aged ones, she gradually began to roam over all the woods. Thus the king's daughter, distributing wealth in all sacred regions, ranged the various places belonging to the foremost of the twice-born ones.

Now on one occasion, when Açwapati, the Lord of the Madras, was seated with Nārada, the celestial sage, in the midst of his court enjoyed in conversation, Sāvitri returned to her father's abode, after visiting various asylums and regions.

And beholding her father sitting with Nārada, she worshiped both by bending down her head.

And Nārada then said : —

"Whither had this thy daughter gone? And, O king, whence also doth she come? Why also dost thou not bestow her on a husband, seeing that she hath arrived at the age of puberty?"

Açwapati answered, saying : —

"Surely it was on this very business that she hath been sent, and she returneth now from her search. Do thou, O celestial sage, listen, even unto herself, as to the husband she hath chosen for herself."

Then that blessed maid related everything in detail, as commanded by her father : —

"There was amongst the Sālwas a virtuous Kshatriya king known by the name of Dyumatsena. And it came to pass that in the course of time he became blind. And that blind king possessed of wisdom had an only son. And it so happened that an old enemy dwelling in his neighborhood, taking advantage of the king's mishap, deprived him of his kingdom. And, thereupon, the monarch, accompanied by his wife, bearing a child on her breast, went into the woods. And having retired into the forest, he adopted great vows and began to practice ascetic austerities. And his son, born in the city, began to grow in the hermitage. That youth, fit to be my husband, I have accepted in my heart for my lord!"

At these her words, Nārada said : —

"Alas! O king, Sāvitri hath committed a great wrong; since, not knowing, she hath accepted for her lord this Sātyavan of excellent qualities."

The king then asked : —

"But is Prince Sātyavan endued with energy and intelligence and forgiveness and courage?"

Nārada replied, saying : —

"In energy Sātyavan is like unto the Sun, and in wisdom like unto Vrihaspati! And he is brave like unto the Lord of the Celestials, and forgiving like unto the Earth herself!"

Açwapati then said : —

"And is Prince Sātyavan liberal in gifts and devoted to the Brāhmanas? Is he handsome and magnanimous and lovely to behold?"

Nārada said : —

"In bestowing gifts, according to his power, he is like unto Sankriti's son Rantideva. In truthfulness of speech and devo-

tion to the Brāhmanas, he is like Uçinara's son Civī. And he is magnanimous like Yayāti, and beautiful like the Moon. And, with senses under control, he is meek and brave and truthful! And, with passions in subjection, he is devoted to his friends, and free from malice, and modest and patient."

Hearing this, Açwapati said: —

"O reverend sage, thou tellest me that he is possessed of every virtue! Do thou now tell me his defects, if, indeed, he hath any!"

Nārada then said: —

"He hath one only defect, that hath overwhelmed all his virtues. That defect is incapable of being conquered even by the greatest efforts. He hath only one defect and no other. Within a year from this day, Sātyavan, endued with a short life, will cast off his body!"

Hearing these words of the sage, the king said: —

"Come, O Sāvitri, go thou and choose another for thy lord, O beautiful damsel! That one great defect existing in this youth covereth all his merits."

At these words of her father, Sāvitri said: —

"The die can fall but once; a daughter can be given away but once; and only once can a person say, 'I give away.' These three things can take place only once! Indeed, with a life short or long, possessed of virtues or bereft of them, I have for once selected my husband. Twice I shall not select. When a thing is first settled mentally, it is expressed in words, and then it is carried out into practice. Of this my mind is an example!"

Then Nārada said: —

"O best of men, the heart of thy daughter wavereth not! It is not possible by any means to make her swerve from this path of virtue! The bestowal of thy daughter is, therefore, approved by me."

The king said: —

"What thou hast said, O illustrious one, should never be disobeyed; for thy words are true! And I shall act as thou hast said, since thou art my preceptor!"

Nārada said: —

"May the bestowal of thy daughter Sāvitri be attended with peace! I shall now depart. Blessed be all of ye!"

Having said this, Nārada rose up into the sky and went to heaven. On the other hand, the king began to make prepara-

tions for his daughter's wedding. And having summoned all the old Brāhmanas and priests, he set out on an auspicious day with his daughter. And, arriving at the asylum of Dyumatsena in the sacred forest, the king approached the royal sage, and after duly reverencing him, introduced himself in a humble speech. And the monarch said to his royal guest: —

"Wherefore is this visit?"

Thus addressed, the king disclosed everything about his intention and purpose with reference to Sātyavan, saying: —

"O royal sage, this beautiful girl is my daughter, named Sāvitri. O thou versed in morality, do thou, agreeably to the customs of our order, take her from me as thy daughter-in-law!"

Hearing these words, Dyumatsena said: —

"Deprived of kingdom and taking up our abode in the woods, we are engaged in the practice of virtue as ascetics with regulated lives. Unworthy of a forest life, how will thy daughter, living in the sylvan asylum, bear this hardship?"

Açwapati said: —

"As my daughter knoweth, as well as myself, that happiness and misery come and go, without either being stationary, such words as these are not fit to be used to one like me. Thou art my equal and fit for an alliance with me, as, indeed, I am thy equal and fit for an alliance with thee. Do thou, therefore, accept my daughter for thy daughter-in-law and the wife of the good Sātyavan."

Hearing these words, Dyumatsena said: —

"Formerly I had desired an alliance with thee. But I hesitated, being subsequently deprived of my kingdom. Let this wish, therefore, that I had formerly entertained, be accomplished this very day. Thou art, indeed, a very welcome guest to me!"

Then summoning all the twice-born ones residing in the hermitages of that forest, the two kings caused the union to take place with due rites. And having bestowed his daughter with suitable robes and ornaments, Açwapati went back to his abode in great joy.

And Sātyavan, having obtained a wife possessed of every accomplishment, became highly glad, while she also rejoiced, having gained the husband after her own heart. And when her father had departed, she put off all her ornaments, and clad herself in bark and in clothes dyed in red. And by her services and virtues, her tenderness and self-denial, and by her

agreeable offices unto all, she pleased everybody. And she gratified her mother-in-law by attending to her person and by covering her with robes and ornaments. And she gratified her father-in-law by worshiping him as a god and controlling her speech. And she pleased her husband by her honeyed speeches, her skill in every kind of work, the evenness of her temper, and the indications of her love in private. And all these, living in the asylum of the pious dwellers of the forest, continued for some time to practice ascetic austerities. But the words spoken by Nārada were present night and day to the mind of the sorrowful Sāvitri.

At length the hour appointed for the death of Sātyavan arrived. And as the words spoken by Nārada were ever present to the mind of Sāvitri, she counted the days as they passed. And having ascertained that her husband would die on the fourth day following, the damsel fasted day and night, observing the *Triratra* vow. And hearing of her vow, the king became exceedingly sorry, and rising up, soothed Sāvitri and said these words: —

"This vow thou hast begun to observe, O daughter of a king, is exceedingly hard; for it is exceedingly difficult to fast three nights together!"

And hearing these words, Sāvitri said: —

"Thou needest not be sorry, O father! This vow I shall be able to observe! I have for certain undertaken this task with perseverance; and perseverance is the cause of the successful observance of vows."

And having listened to her, Dyumatsena said: —

"I can by no means say unto thee, 'Do thou break thy vow.' One like me, on the contrary, should say, 'Do thou complete thy vow!'"

And having said this, the high-minded Dyumatsena stopped.

And Sāvitri, continuing to fast, began to look lean like a wooden doll. And thinking her husband would die on the morrow, the woe-stricken one, observing a fast, spent that night in extreme anguish. And when the sun had risen about a couple of hands, thinking within herself, "To-day is that day," she finished her morning rites, and offered oblations to the flaming fire. And bowing down unto the aged Brāhmanas and her father-in-law and mother-in-law, she stood before them with joined hands, concentrating her senses. And for

the welfare of Sāvitri all the ascetics dwelling in that hermitage uttered the auspicious benediction that she should never suffer widowhood. And Sāvitri, immersed in contemplation, accepted all these words of the ascetics, mentally saying, "So be it!" And the king's daughter, reflecting on the words of Nārada, remained, expecting the hour and the moment.

Then, well pleased, her father-in-law and her mother-in-law said these words unto the princess seated in a corner: —

"Thou hast completed the vow as prescribed. The time for thy meal has now arrived; therefore do thou what is proper!"

Thereat Sāvitri said: —

"Now that I have completed the purposed vow, I will eat when the sun goes down. Even this is my heart's resolve and this is my vow!"

And when Sāvitri had spoken thus about her vow, Sātyavan, taking his ax upon his shoulder, set out for the woods. And at this Sāvitri said unto her husband: —

"It behooveth thee not to go alone. I will accompany thee. I cannot bear to be separated from thee!"

Hearing these words of her, Sātyavan said: —

"Thou hast never before repaired to the forest. And, O lady, the forest paths are hard to pass! Besides, thou hast been reduced by fast on account of thy vow. How wouldst thou, therefore, be able to walk on foot?"

Thus addressed, Sāvitri said: —

"I do not feel languor because of the fast, nor do I feel exhaustion. And I have made up my mind to go. It behooveth thee not, therefore, to prevent me!"

At this, Sātyavan said: —

"If thou desirest to go, I will gratify that desire of thine. Do thou, however, take the permission of my parents, so that I may be guilty of no fault!"

Thus addressed by her lord, Sāvitri of high vows saluted her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and addressed them, saying: —

"This my husband goeth to the forest for procuring fruits. Permitted by my revered lady mother and my father-in-law, I will accompany him. For to-day I cannot bear to be separated from him. Do ye not prevent me. Indeed, I am extremely desirous of beholding the blossoming woods!"

To which Dyumatsena answered: —

"Since Sāvitri hath been bestowed by her father as my daughter-in-law, I do not remember that she hath ever spoken any words couching a request Let my daughter-in-law, therefore, have her will in this matter. Do thou, however, O daughter-in-law, act in such a manner that Sātyavan's work may not be neglected!"

Having received the permission of both, the illustrious Sāvitri departed with her lord, in seeming smiles, although her heart was racked with grief. And that lady of large eyes went on, beholding picturesque and delightful woods inhabited by swarms of peacocks. And Sātyavan sweetly said unto Sāvitri: —

"Behold these rivers of sacred currents, and these excellent trees decked with flowers!"

But the faultless Sāvitri continued to watch her lord in all his moods, and, recollecting the words of the celestial sage, she considered her husband as already dead. And with heart cleft in twain, that damsel, replying to her lord with one half, softly followed him, expecting the hour with the other.

The powerful Sātyavan then, accompanied by his wife, plucked fruits and filled his wallet with them. And he then began to fell branches of trees. And as he was hewing them, he began to perspire. And in consequence of that exercise, his head began to ache. And, afflicted with toil, he approached his beloved wife and addressed her, saying: —

"O Sāvitri, owing to this hard exercise, my head acheth, and all my limbs and my heart also are afflicted sorely! O thou of restrained speech, I think myself unwell. I feel as if my head was being pierced with numerous darts. Therefore, O auspicious lady, I wish to sleep, for I have not the power to stand."

Hearing these words, Sāvitri, quickly advancing, approached her husband, and sat down upon the ground, placing his head upon her lap. And that helpless lady, thinking of Nārada's words, began to calculate the appointed division of the day, the hour, and the moment. The next instant she saw a person in red attire, his head decked with a diadem. And his body was of large proportions and effulgent as the sun. And he was of a darkish hue, had red eyes, carried a noose in his hand, and was dreadful to behold. And he was standing beside Sātyavan and was steadfastly gazing at him. And seeing him, Sāvitri gently placed her husband's head on the ground, and rising

suddenly, with a trembling heart, spake these words in distressful accents : —

"Seeing this thy superhuman form, I take thee to be a deity. If thou wilt, tell me, O chief of the gods, who thou art and what also thou intendest to do."

Thereat Yama, the Lord of Death, replied : —

"O Sāvitri, thou art ever devoted to thy husband, and thou art also endued with ascetic spirit. It is for this reason that I hold converse with thee. Do thou, O auspicious one, know me for Yama. This thy lord Sātyavan, the son of a king, hath his days run out. I shall therefore take him away, binding him in this noose. Know this to be my errand ! "

At these words Sāvitri said : —

"I had heard that thy emissaries come to take away mortals, O worshipful one ! Why then, O lord, hast thou come in person? "

Thus addressed by her, the illustrious lord of the Pitris, with a view to oblige her, began to unfold unto her truly all about his intentions. And Yama said : —

"This prince is endued with virtues and beauty of person, and is a sea of accomplishments. He deserveth not to be borne away by my emissaries. Therefore it is that I have come personally."

Saying this, Yama by main force pulled out of the body of Sātyavan a person of the measure of a thumb, bound in noose and completely under subjection. And when Sātyavan's life had thus been taken out, the body, deprived of breath, and shorn of luster, and destitute of motion, became unsightly to behold. And binding Sātyavan's vital essence, Yama proceeded in a southerly direction. Thereupon, with heart overwhelmed with grief, the exalted Sāvitri, ever devoted to her lord and crowned with success in respect of her vows, began to follow Yama. And at this Yama said : —

"Desist, O Sāvitri ! Go back and perform the funeral obsequies of thy lord ! Thou art freed from all thy obligations to thy lord. Thou hast come as far as it is possible to come."

Sāvitri replied : —

"Whither my husband is being carried, or whither he goeth of his own accord, I will follow him thither. This is the eternal custom. By virtue of my asceticism, of my regard for my superiors, of my affection for my lord, of my observance of vows, as well as of thy favor, my course is unimpeded. It

hath been declared by wise men endued with true knowledge that by walking only seven paces with another, one contracteth a friendship with one's companion. Keeping that friendship which I have contracted with thee in view, I shall speak to thee something. Do thou listen to it. They that have not their souls under control acquire no merit by leading the four successive modes of life; namely, celibacy with study, domesticity, retirement into the woods, and renunciation of the world. That which is called religious merit is said to consist of true knowledge. The wise, therefore, have declared religious merit to be the foremost of all things, and not the passage through the four successive modes. By practicing the duties of one of these modes (domesticity) agreeably to the directions of the wise, *we* (my husband and I) have attained to true merit; and therefore *we* do not desire the mode of celibacy with study or the mode of renunciation. It is for this again that the wise have declared religious merit to be the foremost of all things."

Hearing these words of her, Yama said: —

"Do thou desist! I have been pleased with these words of thine, couched in proper letters and accents, and based on reason. Do thou ask for a boon. Except the life of thy husband, O thou of faultless features, I will bestow on thee any boon thou mayest solicit!"

Hearing these words, Sāvitri said: —

"Deprived of his kingdom and bereft also of sight, my father-in-law leadeth a life of retirement in our sylvan asylum. Let that king through thy favor attain his eyesight, and become strong like either fire or the sun!"

Yama said: —

"O thou of faultless features, I grant thee this boon! It will even be as thou hast said! It seems that thou art fatigued with thy journey. Do thou desist, and return! Suffer not thyself to be weary any longer!"

Sāvitri said: —

"What weariness can I feel in presence of my husband? The lot that is my husband's is certainly mine also. Whither thou carriest my husband, thither also will I repair! O chief of the celestials, do thou again listen to me! Even a single interview with the pious is highly desirable; friendship with them is still more so. And intercourse with the virtuous can never be fruitless. Therefore one should live in the company of the righteous!"

Yama said : —

"These words thou hast spoken are fraught with useful instruction, delight the heart, and enhance the wisdom of even the learned. Therefore, O lady, solicit thou a second boon — except the life of Sātyavan ! "

Sāvitri said : —

"Some time before, my wise and intelligent father-in-law was deprived of his kingdom. May that monarch regain his kingdom ! And may that superior of mine never renounce his duties ! Even this is the second boon that I solicit ! "

Then Yama said : —

"The king shall soon regain his kingdom. Nor shall he ever fall off from his duties. Thus, O daughter of a king, have I fulfilled thy desire. Do thou now desist ! Return ! Do not take any further trouble ! "

Sāvitri said : —

"Thou hast restrained all creatures by thy decrees, and it is by thy decrees that thou takest them away, not according to thy will. Therefore it is, O god, O divine one, that people call thee Yama (*one that decrees*) ! Do thou listen to the words that I say. The eternal duty of the good towards all creatures is never to injure them in thought, word, or deed, but to bear them love and to give them their due. As regards this world, everything here is like this husband of mine. Men are destitute of both devotion and skill. The good, however, show mercy to even their foes when these seek their protection."

Yama said : —

"As water to the thirsty soul, so are these words uttered by thee to me ! Therefore do thou, O fair lady, if thou wilt, once again ask for any boon, except Sātyavan's life ! "

At these words Sāvitri replied : —

"That lord of earth, my father, is without sons. That he may have a hundred sons begotten of his loins, so that his line may be perpetuated, is the third boon I would ask of thee ! "

Yama said : —

"Thy sire, O auspicious lady, shall obtain a hundred illustrious sons, who will perpetuate and increase their father's race ! Now, O daughter of a king, thou hast obtained thy wish. Do thou desist ! Thou hast come far enough."

Sāvitri said : —

"Staying by the side of my husband, I am not conscious

of the length of the way I have walked. Indeed, my mind rusheth to yet a longer way off. Do thou again, as thou goest on, listen to the words I shall presently utter! Thou art the powerful son of Vivaswat. It is for this that thou art called 'Vaivaswat' by the wise. And, O lord, since thou dealest out equal law unto all created things, thou hast been designated 'the lord of justice.' One reposeth not, even in one's own self, the confidence that one doth in the righteous. Therefore every one wisheth particularly for intimacy with the righteous. It is goodness of heart alone that inspireth the confidence of all creatures. And it is for this that people rely particularly on the righteous."

And hearing these words, Yama said: —

"The words that thou utterest, O fair lady, I have not heard from any one save thee! I am highly pleased with this speech of thine. Except the life of Sātyavan, solicit thou therefore a fourth boon, and then go thy way."

Sāvitri then said: —

"Born of me and of Sātyavan's loins, begotten by both of us, let there be a century of sons possessed of strength and prowess and capable of perpetuating our race! Even that is the fourth boon I would beg of thee!"

Hearing these words of hers, Yama replied: —

"Thou shalt, O lady, obtain a century of sons, possessed of strength and prowess and causing thee great delight. O daughter of a king, let no more weariness be thine! Do thou desist! Thou hast already come too far!"

Thus addressed, Sāvitri said: —

"They that are righteous always practice eternal morality! And the communion of the pious with the pious is never fruitless! Nor is there any danger to the pious from those that are pious. And, verily, it is the righteous who by their truth make the sun move in the heavens. And it is the righteous that support the earth by their austerities. And, O king, it is the righteous upon whom both the past and the future depend! Therefore they that are righteous are never cheerless in the company of the righteous. Knowing this to be the eternal practice of the good and righteous, they that are righteous continue to do good to others without expecting any benefit in return. A good office is never thrown away on the good and virtuous. Neither interest nor dignity suffereth any injury by such an act. And since such conduct ever adheres to

the righteous, the righteous often become the protectors of all!"

Hearing these words of hers, Yama replied: —

"The more thou utterest such speeches that are pregnant with great import, full of honeyed phrases, instinct with morality, and agreeable to the mind, the more is the respect that I feel for thee! O thou that art devoted to thy lord, ask for some incomparable boon!"

Thus addressed, Sāvitri said: —

"O bestower of honors, the boon thou hast already given me is incapable of accomplishment without my husband. Therefore, among other boons I ask for this, may this Sātyavan be restored to life! Deprived of my husband, I am as one dead! Without my husband I do not wish for happiness. Without my husband I do not wish for heaven itself. Without my husband I do not wish for prosperity. Without my husband I cannot make up my mind to live. Thou thyself hast bestowed on me the boon, namely, of a century of sons; yet thou takest away my husband! I ask for this boon: may Sātyavan be restored to life, for by that thy words will be made true."

Thereupon, saying "*So be it*," Yama, the dispenser of justice, untied his noose, and with cheerful heart said these words to Sāvitri: —

"Thus, O auspicious and chaste lady, is thy husband freed by me! Thou wilt be free to take him back, released from disease. And he will attain to success! And, along with thee, he will attain a life of four hundred years. And, celebrating sacrifices with due rites, he will achieve great fame in the world. And upon thee Sātyavan will also beget a century of sons. And these Kshatriyas with their sons and grandsons will all be kings, and will always be famous in connection with thy name. And thy father also will beget a hundred sons on thy mother Mālavi. And under the name of the 'Mālavas,' thy Kshatriya brothers, resembling the celestials, will be widely known along with their sons and daughters!"

And having bestowed these boons on Sāvitri and having thus made her desist, the lord of the Pitris went to his own abode. And having obtained her lord, Sāvitri, after Yama had gone away, went back to the spot where her husband's ash-colored corpse lay. And seeing her lord on the ground, she approached him, and taking hold of him, she placed his head on her lap and herself sat down on the ground. Then Sātyavan

regained his consciousness, and, affectionately eying Sāvitri again and again, like one come home after a sojourn in a strange land, he addressed her thus : —

"Alas! I have slept long! Wherefore didst thou not wake me? And where is that same sable person that was dragging me away?"

At these words of his, Sāvitri said : —

"Thou hast, O bull among men, slept long on my lap! That restrainer of creatures, the worshipful Yama, hath gone away. Thou art refreshed, O blessed one, and sleep hath forsaken thee, O son of a king! If thou art able, rise thou up! Behold, the night is deep!"

And, having regained consciousness, Sātyavan rose up like one who had enjoyed a sweet sleep.

A HINDOO CATECHISM.

King Yudhisthira answers the Yaksha's Questions.

(From the Mahābhārata: translated by Protap Chandra Roy.)

The Yaksha — What exalteth the unpurified soul? What are those that keep company with the soul during its process of purification? Who lead the soul to its state of rest? On what is the soul established?

Yudhisthira — 1. Self-knowledge. 2. Self-restraint, and other qualities of a godlike nature. 3. Rectitude, morality, and religious observances. 4. The soul is established on truth, or pure knowledge.

The Yaksha — By what doth one become learned? By what doth he attain what is very great? How can one have a second? And, O king, how can one acquire intelligence?

Yudhisthira — It is by the study of the Srutis that a person becometh learned. It is by ascetic austerities that one acquireth what is very great. It is by intelligence that a person acquireth a second. And it is by serving the old that one becometh wise.

The Yaksha — What is of the foremost value to those that cultivate? What of the foremost value to those that sow? What of the foremost value to those that wish prosperity in

this world? And what of the foremost value to those that bring forth?

Yudhisthira — That which is of the foremost value to those that cultivate is rain. That of the foremost value to those that sow is seed. That of the foremost value to those that bring forth is offspring.

The Yaksha — What person, enjoying all the objects of the senses, endued with intelligence, regarded by the world and liked by all beings, doth not yet live, though breathing?

Yudhisthira — He that doth not offer anything to these five, namely, gods, guests, servants, Pitris, and himself, though endued with breath, is not yet alive.

The Yaksha — What is weightier than the earth itself? What is higher than the heavens? What is fleeter than the wind? And what is more numerous than the grass?

Yudhisthira — The mother is weightier than the earth. The father is higher than the heavens. The mind is fleeter than the wind. And our thoughts are more numerous than grass.

The Yaksha — What is that which doth not close its eyes while asleep? What is that which doth not move after birth? What is that which is without heart? And what is that which swells with its own impetus?

Yudhisthira — A fish doth not close its eyes while asleep. An egg doth not move after birth. A stone is without heart. And a river swelleth with its own impetus.

The Yaksha — Who is the friend of the householder? Who is the friend of the exile? Who is the friend of him that ails? And who is the friend of one about to die?

Yudhisthira — The friend of the householder is his wife. The friend of the exile in a distant land is his companion. The friend of him that ails is the physician. And the friend of him about to die is charity.

The Yaksha — What is that which sojourneth alone? What is that which is reborn after its birth? What is the remedy against cold? And what is the largest field?

Yudhisthira — The sun sojourneth alone. The moon takes birth anew. Fire is the remedy against cold. And the earth is the largest field.

The Yaksha — What is the highest refuge of virtue? What, of fame? What, of heaven? And what, of happiness?

Yudhisthira — Liberality is the highest refuge of virtue. Gift, of fame; truth, of heaven; and good behavior, of happiness.

The Yaksha — What is the soul of man? Who is that friend bestowed on man by the gods? What is man's chief support? And what also is his chief refuge?

Yudhisthira — The son is a man's soul. The wife is the friend bestowed on man by the gods. The clouds are his chief support. And gift is the chief refuge.

The Yaksha — What is the best of all laudable things? What is the most valuable of all possessions? What is the best of all gains? And what is the best of all kinds of happiness?

Yudhisthira — The best of all laudable things is skill. The best of all possessions is knowledge. The best of all gains is health. And the best of all kinds of happiness is contentment.

The Yaksha — What is the highest duty in the world? What is that virtue which always beareth fruit? What is that which, if controlled, leadeth not to regret? And who are they with whom an alliance cannot break?

Yudhisthira — The highest of duties is to refrain from injuries. The rites ordained in the three Vedas always bear fruit. The mind, if controlled, leadeth to no regret. And alliance with the good never breaketh.

The Yaksha — What is that which, if renounced, maketh one agreeable? What is that which, if renounced, leadeth to no regret? What is that which, if renounced, maketh one wealthy? And what is that which, if renounced, maketh one happy?

Yudhisthira — Pride, if renounced, maketh one agreeable. Wrath, if renounced, leadeth to no regret. Desire, if renounced, maketh one wealthy. And avarice, if renounced, maketh one happy.

The Yaksha — What has been said to be the sign of asceticism? What is true restraint? What constitutes forgiveness? And what is shame?

Yudhisthira — Staying in one's own religion is asceticism. The restraint of the mind is of all restraints the true one. Forgiveness consists in enduring enmity. And shame is withdrawing from all unworthy acts.

The Yaksha — What, O king, is said to be knowledge? What, tranquillity? What constitutes mercy? And what hath been called simplicity?

Yudhisthira — True knowledge is that of Divinity. True tranquillity is that of the heart. Mercy consists in wishing happiness to all. And simplicity is equanimity of heart.

The Yaksha — What enemy is invincible? What constitutes an incurable disease for man? What sort of man is called honest, and what dishonest?

Yudhisthira — Anger is an invincible enemy. Covetousness constitutes an incurable disease. He is honest that desires the weal of all creatures, and he is dishonest that is unmerciful.

The Yaksha — What, O king, is ignorance? And what is pride? What also is to be understood by idleness? And what hath been spoken of as grief?

Yudhisthira — True ignorance consists in not knowing one's duties. Pride is a consciousness of one's being himself an actor or a sufferer in life. Idleness consists in not discharging one's duties. And ignorance is grief.

The Yaksha — What hath steadiness been said to be? And what patience? What also is a real bath? And what is charity?

Yudhisthira — Steadiness consists in one's staying in one's own religion. True patience consists in the subjugation of the senses. A true bath consists in washing the mind clean of all impurities. And charity consists in protecting all creatures.

The Yaksha — What man should be regarded as learned, and who should be called an atheist? Who is also to be called ignorant? What is called desire, and what are the sources of desire? And what is envy?

Yudhisthira — He is to be called learned who knoweth his duties. An atheist is he who is ignorant, and he who is ignorant is an atheist. Desire is due to objects of possession. And envy is nothing else than grief of heart.

The Yaksha — What is pride, and what hypocrisy? What is the grace of the gods, and what is wickedness?

Yudhisthira — Stolid ignorance is pride; the setting up of a religious standard is hypocrisy. The grace of the gods is the fruit of our gifts; and wickedness consists in speaking ill of others.

The Yaksha — Virtue, profit, and desire are opposed to one another. How could things thus antagonistic to one another exist together?

Yudhisthira — When a wife and virtue agree with each other, then all the three thou hast mentioned may exist together.

The Yaksha — O bull of the Bhārata race, who is he that is condemned to everlasting hell?

Yudhisthira — He that summoneth a poor Brāhmana, prom-

ising to make him a gift, and then tells him that he hath nothing to give, goeth to everlasting hell. He also must go to everlasting hell who imputes falsehood to the Vedas, the Scriptures, the Brāhmanas, the gods, and the ceremonies in honor of the Pitris. He also goeth to everlasting hell who, though in possession of wealth, never giveth away nor enjoyeth himself, from avarice, saying he hath none.

The Yaksha — By what, O king, — birth, behavior, study, or learning, — doth a person become a Brāhmana? Tell us with certitude!

Yudhisthira — Listen, O Yaksha! It is neither birth nor study nor learning that is the cause of Brāhmanhood. Without doubt, it is behavior that constitutes it. One's behavior should always be well guarded, especially by a Brāhmana. He who maintains his conduct unimpaired is never impaired himself. He, however, whose conduct is lost is lost himself. Professors and pupils, — all who study the Scriptures, in fact, — if addicted to wicked habits, are to be regarded as illiterate wretches. He only is learned who performeth his religious duties. He even that hath studied the four Vedas is to be regarded as a wicked wretch, scarcely distinguishable from a Sudra, if his conduct be not correct. He only who performeth the Agni-Votra and hath his senses under control is called a Brāhmana.

The Yaksha — What doth one gain that speaketh agreeably? What doth he gain that always acteth with judgment? What doth he gain that hath many friends? And what he that is devoted to virtue?

Yudhisthira — He that speaketh agreeable words becometh agreeable to all. He that acteth with judgment obtaineth whatever he seeketh. He that hath many friends liveth happily. And he that is devoted to virtue obtaineth a happy state in the next world.

The Yaksha — Who is truly happy? What is most wonderful? What is *the* path? And what is the news?

Yudhisthira — A man who cooketh in his own house scanty vegetables on the fifth or the sixth day, but who is not in debt and who stirreth not from home, is truly happy. Day after day countless beings are going to the abode of Yama (the god of death), yet those that remain behind believe themselves to be immortal. What can be more wonderful than this? Argument leads to no certain conclusion; the Crutis are different

from one another ; there is not even one *Rishi* whose opinion can be accepted as infallible ; the truth about religion and duty is hid in caves : therefore, that alone is *the* path along which the great have trod. This world, full of ignorance, is like a pan. The sun is fire ; the days and nights are fuel. The months and the seasons constitute the wooden ladle. Time is the cook, that with such aids is cooking all creatures in that pan : this is *the* news.

The Yaksha — Thou hast, O represser of foes, truly answered all my questions ! Tell us now who is truly a man, and what man truly possesseth every kind of wealth.

Yudhisthira — The report of one's good action reacheth heaven and spreadeth over the earth. As long as that report lasteth, so long is a person called a man. And that person to whom the agreeable and the disagreeable, weal and woe, the past and the future, are the same, is said to possess every kind of wealth.

HINDOO APOLOGUES.

(From "Tales of the Punjab," edited by Flora Annie Steel.)

The Jackal and the Iguana.

One moonlight night, a miserable, half-starved jackal, skulking through the village, found a worn-out pair of shoes in the gutter. They were too tough for him to eat, so, determined to make some use of them, he strung them to his ears like earrings, and, going down to the edge of the pond, gathered all the old bones he could find together, and built a platform with them, plastering it over with mud.

On this he sat in a dignified attitude, and when any animal came to the pond to drink, he cried out in a loud voice : "Hi ! stop ! You must not taste a drop till you have done homage to me. So repeat these verses, which I have composed in honor of the occasion, —

> "Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold ;
> In his ears are jewels — some prince I must behold !"

Now, as most of the animals were very thirsty, and in a great hurry to drink, they did not care to dispute the matter, but gabbled off the words without a second thought. Even the royal tiger, treating it as a jest, repeated the jackal's rhyme, in consequence of which the latter became quite cock-a-hoop,

and really began to believe he was a personage of great importance.

By and by an iguana, or big lizard, came waddling and wheezing down to the water, looking for all the world like a baby alligator.

"Hi! you there!" sang out the jackal: "you mustn't drink until you have said, —

> "Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
> In his ears are jewels — some prince I must behold!"

"Pouf! pouf! pouf!" gasped the iguana. "Mercy on us, how dry my throat is! Mightn't I have just a wee sip of water first? and then I could do justice to your admirable lines; at present I am as hoarse as a crow!"

"By all means!" replied the jackal, with a gratified smirk. "I flatter myself the verses *are* good, especially when well recited."

So the iguana, nose down into the water, drank away, until the jackal began to think he would never leave off, and was quite taken aback when he finally came to an end of his draught, and began to move away.

"Hi! hi!" cried the jackal, recovering his presence of mind; "stop a bit and say, —

> "Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
> In his ears are jewels — some prince I must behold!"

"Dear me!" replied the iguana, politely, "I was very nearly forgetting! Let me see — I must try my voice first — do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, — that is right! Now, how does it run?"

> "Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
> In his ears are jewels — some prince I must behold!"

repeated the jackal, not observing that the lizard was carefully edging farther and farther away.

"Exactly so," returned the iguana; "I think I could say that!" Whereupon he sang out at the top of his voice, —

> "Bones make up his dais, with mud it's plastered o'er,
> Old shoes are his ear drops: a jackal, nothing more!"

And turning round, he bolted for his hole as hard as he could.

The jackal could scarcely believe his ears, and sat dumb with astonishment. Then, rage lending him wings, he flew after the lizard, who, despite his short legs and scanty breath, put his best foot foremost, and scuttled away at a great rate.

It was a near race, however, for just as he popped into his hole the jackal caught him by the tail and held on. Then it was a case of "pull butcher, pull baker," until the lizard made certain his tail must come off, and the jackal felt as if his front teeth would come out. Still not an inch did either budge, one way or the other, and there they might have remained till the present day had not the iguana called out, in his sweetest tones: "Friend, I give in! Just leave hold of my tail, will you? Then I can turn round and come out."

Whereupon the jackal let go, and the tail disappeared up the hole in a twinkling; while all the reward the jackal got for digging away until his nails were nearly worn out was hearing the iguana sing softly, —

> "Bones make up his dais, with mud it's plastered o'er,
> Old shoes are his ear drops: a jackal, nothing more!"

The Jackal and the Partridge.

A Jackal and a Partridge swore eternal friendship; but the Jackal was very exacting and jealous. "You don't do half as much for me as I do for you," he used to say, "and yet you talk a great deal of your friendship. Now my idea of a friend is one who is able to make me laugh or cry, give me a good meal, or save my life if need be. You couldn't do that!"

"Let us see," answered the Partridge; "follow me at a little distance, and if I don't make you laugh soon you may eat me!"

So she flew on till she met two travelers trudging along, one behind the other. They were both footsore and weary, and the first carried his bundle on a stick over his shoulder, while the second had his shoes in his hand.

Lightly as a feather the Partridge settled on the first traveler's stick. He, none the wiser, trudged on; but the second traveler, seeing the bird sitting so tamely just in front of his nose, said to himself, "What a chance for a supper!" and immediately flung his shoes at it, they being ready to hand. Whereupon the Partridge flew away, and the shoes knocked off the first traveler's turban.

"What a plague do you mean?" cried he, angrily turning on his companion. "Why did you throw your shoes at my head?"

"Brother!" replied the other, mildly, "do not be vexed. I didn't throw them at you, but at a Partridge that was sitting on your stick."

"On my stick! Do you take me for a fool?" shouted the injured man, in a great rage. "Don't tell me such cock-and-bull stories. First you insult me, and then you lie like a coward; but I'll teach you manners!"

Then he fell upon his fellow-traveler without more ado, and they fought until they could not see out of their eyes, till their noses were bleeding, their clothes in rags, and the Jackal had nearly died of laughing.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Partridge of her friend.

"Well," answered the Jackal, "you have certainly made me laugh, but I doubt if you could make me cry. It is easy enough to be a buffoon; it is more difficult to excite the higher emotions."

"Let us see," retorted the Partridge, somewhat piqued; "there is a huntsman with his dogs coming along the road. Just creep into that hollow tree and watch me; if you don't weep scalding tears, you must have no feeling in you!"

The Jackal did as he was bid, and watched the Partridge, who began fluttering about the bushes till the dogs caught sight of her, when she flew to the hollow tree where the Jackal was hidden. Of course the dogs smelt him at once, and set up such a yelping and scratching that the huntsman came up, and seeing what it was, dragged the Jackal out by the tail. Whereupon the dogs worried him to their hearts' content, and finally left him for dead.

By and by he opened his eyes — for he was only foxing — and saw the Partridge sitting on a branch above him.

"Did you cry?" she asked anxiously. "Did I rouse your higher emo——"

"Be quiet, will you!" snarled the Jackal; "I'm half dead with fear!"

So there the Jackal lay for some time, getting the better of his bruises, and meanwhile he became hungry.

"Now is the time for friendship!" said he to the Partridge. "Get me a good dinner, and I will acknowledge you are a true friend."

"Very well!" replied the Partridge; "only watch me, and help yourself when the time comes."

Just then a troop of women came by, carrying their husbands' dinners to the harvest field.

The Partridge gave a little plaintive cry, and began fluttering along from bush to bush as if she were wounded.

"A wounded bird!—a wounded bird!" cried the women; "we can easily catch it!"

Whereupon they set off in pursuit, but the cunning Partridge played a thousand tricks, till they became so excited over the chase that they put their bundles on the ground in order to pursue it more nimbly. The Jackal, meanwhile, seizing his opportunity, crept up, and made off with a good dinner.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the Partridge.

"Well," returned the Jackal, "I confess you have given me a very good dinner; you have also made me laugh—and cry—ahem! But, after all, the great test of friendship is beyond you—you couldn't save my life!"

"Perhaps not," acquiesced the Partridge, mournfully, "I am so small and weak. But it grows late—we should be going home; and as it is a long way round by the ford, let us go across the river. My friend the crocodile will carry us over."

Accordingly, they set off for the river, and the crocodile kindly consented to carry them across; so they sat on his broad back, and he ferried them over. But just as they were in the middle of the stream the Partridge remarked: "I believe the crocodile intends to play us a trick. How awkward if he were to drop you into the water!"

"Awkward for you, too!" replied the Jackal, turning pale.

"Not at all! not at all! I have wings, you haven't."

On this the Jackal shivered and shook with fear, and when the crocodile, in a grewsome growl, remarked that he was hungry and wanted a good meal, the wretched creature hadn't a word to say.

"Pooh!" cried the Partridge, airily, "don't try tricks on *us*—I should fly away, and as for my friend the Jackal, you couldn't hurt *him*. He is not such a fool as to take his life with him on these little excursions; he leaves it at home locked up in the cupboard."

"Is that a fact?" asked the crocodile, surprised.

"Certainly!" retorted the Partridge. "Try to eat him if you like, but you will only tire yourself to no purpose."

"Dear me! how very odd!" gasped the crocodile; and he was so taken aback that he carried the Jackal safe to shore.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the Partridge.

"My dear madam!" quoth the Jackal, "you have made me laugh, you have made me cry, you have given me a good dinner, and you have saved my life; but upon my honor I think you are too clever for a friend: so, good-by!"

And the Jackal never went near the Partridge again.

The Close Alliance.

A TALE OF WOE.

One day a farmer went with his bullocks to plow his field. He had just turned the first furrow, when a tiger walked up to him, and said: "Peace be with you, friend! How are you this fine morning?"

"The same to you, my lord, and I am pretty well, thank you!" returned the farmer, quaking with fear, but thinking it wisest to be polite.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the tiger, cheerfully, "because Providence has sent me to eat your two bullocks. You are a God-fearing man, I know, so make haste and unyoke them."

"My friend, are you sure you are not making a mistake?" asked the farmer, whose courage had returned now that he knew it was merely a question of gobbling up bullocks; "because Providence sent me to plow this field, and, in order to plow, one must have oxen. Had you not better go and make further inquiries?"

"There is no occasion for delay, and I should be sorry to keep you waiting," returned the tiger. "If you'll unyoke the bullocks, I'll be ready in a moment." With that the savage creature fell to sharpening his teeth and claws in a very significant manner.

But the farmer begged and prayed that his oxen might not be eaten, and promised that if the tiger would spare them he would give in exchange a fine, fat young milch cow, which his wife had tied up in the yard at home.

To this the tiger agreed, and, taking the oxen with him, the farmer went sadly homewards. Seeing him return so early from the fields, his wife, who was a stirring, busy woman, called out,

"What! lazybones! — back already, and *my* work just beginning!"

Then the farmer explained how he had met the tiger, and how to save the bullocks he had promised the milch cow in exchange. At this the wife began to cry, saying: "A likely story, indeed! — saving your stupid old bullocks at the expense of my beautiful cow! Where will the children get milk? and how can I cook my pottage and collops without butter?"

"All very fine, wife," retorted the farmer; "but how can we make bread without corn? and how can you have corn without bullocks to plow the fields? Pottage and collops are very nice, but it is better to do without milk and butter than without bread, so make haste and untie the cow."

"You great gaby!" wept the wife, "if you had an ounce of sense in your brain, you'd think of some plan to get out of the scrape!"

"Think yourself!" cried the husband, in a rage.

"Very well!" returned the wife; "but if I do the thinking, you must obey orders; I can't do both. Go back to the tiger, and tell him the cow wouldn't come along with you, but that your wife is bringing it."

The farmer, who was a great coward, didn't half like the idea of going back empty-handed to the tiger, but as he could think of no other plan he did as he was bid, and found the beast still sharpening his teeth and claws for very hunger; and when he heard he had to wait still longer for his dinner, he began to prowl about, and lash his tail and curl his whiskers in a most terrible manner, causing the poor farmer's knees to knock together with terror.

Now, when the farmer had left the house, his wife went to the stable and saddled the pony; then she put on her husband's best clothes, tied the turban very high, so as to make her look as tall as possible, bestrode the pony, and set off to the field where the tiger was.

She rode along, swaggering and blustering, till she came to where the lane turned into the field, and then she called out, as bold as brass, "Now, please the powers! I may find a tiger in this place; for I haven't tasted tiger's meat since yesterday, when, as luck would have it, I ate three for breakfast."

Hearing these words, and seeing the speaker ride boldly at him, the tiger became so alarmed that he turned tail and bolted into the forest, going away at such a headlong pace that he

nearly overturned his own jackal; for tigers always have a jackal of their own, who, as it were, waits at table, and clears away the bones.

"My lord! my lord!" cried the jackal, "whither away so fast?"

"Run! run!" panted the tiger; "there's the very devil of a horseman in yonder fields, who thinks nothing of eating three tigers for breakfast!"

At this the jackal sniggered in his sleeve. "My dear lord," said he, "the sun has dazzled your eyes! That was no horseman, but only the farmer's wife dressed up as a man!"

"Are you quite sure?" asked the tiger, pausing.

"Quite sure, my lord," repeated the jackal; "and if your lordship's eyes had not been dazzled by — ahem! — the sun, your lordship would have seen her pigtail hanging down behind."

"But you may be mistaken!" persisted the cowardly tiger; "it was the very devil of a horseman to look at!"

"Who's afraid?" replied the brave jackal. "Come, don't give up your dinner because of a woman!"

"But you may be bribed to betray me!" argued the tiger, who, like all cowards, was suspicious.

"Let us go together, then!" returned the gallant jackal.

"Nay! but you may take me there and then run away!" insisted the tiger, cunningly.

"In that case, let us tie our tails together, and then I can't!" The jackal, you see, was determined not to be done out of his bones.

To this the tiger agreed, and having tied their tails together in a reef knot, the pair set off arm in arm.

Now the farmer and his wife had remained in the field, laughing over the trick she had played on the tiger, when, lo and behold! what should they see but the gallant pair coming back ever so bravely, with their tails tied together.

"Run!" cried the farmer; "we are lost! we are lost!"

"Nothing of the kind, you great gaby!" answered his wife, coolly; "if you will only stop that noise and be quiet. I can't hear myself speak!"

Then she waited till the pair were within hail, when she called out politely: "How very kind of you, dear Mr. Jackal, to bring me such a nice fat tiger! I shan't be a moment finishing my share of him, and then you can have the bones."

At these words the tiger became wild with fright, and quite forgetting the jackal, and that reef knot in their tails, he bolted away full tilt, dragging the jackal behind him. Bumpety, bump, bump, over the stones! — crash, scratch, patch, through the briers!

In vain the poor jackal howled and shrieked to the tiger to stop, — the noise behind him only frightened the coward more; and away he went, helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, over hill and dale, till he was *nearly* dead with fatigue, and the jackal was *quite* dead from bumps and bruises.

Moral — Don't tie your tail to a coward's.

The Tiger, the Brâhman, and the Jackal.

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out through the bars, and rolled and bit with rage and grief when he failed.

By chance a poor Brâhman came by. "Let me out of this cage, O pious one!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, my friend," replied the Brâhman, mildly, "you would probably eat me if I did."

"Not at all!" swore the tiger, with many oaths; "on the contrary, I should be forever grateful, and serve you as a slave!"

Now when the tiger sobbed and sighed and wept and swore, the pious Brâhman's heart softened, and at last he consented to open the door of the cage. Out popped the tiger, and, seizing the poor man, cried: "What a fool you are! What is to prevent my eating you now, for after being cooped up so long I am just terribly hungry!"

In vain the Brâhman pleaded for his life; the most he could gain was a promise to abide by the decision of the first three things he chose to question as to the justice of the tiger's action.

So the Brâhman first asked a *pîpal* tree what it thought of the matter, but the *pîpal* tree replied coldly: "What have you to complain about? Don't I give shade and shelter to every one who passes by, and don't they in return tear down my branches to feed their cattle? Don't whimper — be a man!"

Then the Brâhman, sad at heart, went farther afield till he

saw a buffalo turning a well wheel; but he fared no better from it, for it answered: "You are a fool to expect gratitude! Look at me! While I gave milk they fed me on cotton seed and oil cake, but now I am dry they yoke me here, and give me refuse as fodder!"

The Brâhman, still more sad, asked the road to give him its opinion.

"My dear sir," said the road, "how foolish you are to expect anything else! Here am I useful to everybody, yet all, rich and poor, great and small, trample on me as they go past, giving me nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!"

On this the Brâhman turned back sorrowfully, and on the way he met a jackal, who called out: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brâhman? You look as miserable as a fish out of water!"

Then the Brâhman told him all that had occurred. "How very confusing!" said the jackal, when the recital was ended; "would you mind telling me over again? for everything seems so mixed up!"

The Brâhman told it all over again, but the jackal shook his head in a distracted sort of way, and still could not understand.

"It's very odd," said he, sadly, "but it all seems to go in at one ear and out at the other! I will go to the place where it all happened, and then perhaps I shall be able to give a judgment."

So they returned to the cage, by which the tiger was waiting for the Brâhman, and sharpening his teeth and claws.

"You've been away a long time!" growled the savage beast, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"*Our* dinner!" thought the wretched Brâhman, as his knees knocked together with fright; "what a remarkably delicate way of putting it!"

"Give me five minutes, my lord!" he pleaded, "in order that I may explain matters to the jackal here, who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented, and the Brâhman began the whole story over again, not missing a single detail, and spinning as long a yarn as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain! oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing his paws. "Let me see! how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by ——"

"Pooh!" interrupted the tiger, "what a fool you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal, pretending to tremble with fright; "yes! I was in the cage — no, I wasn't — dear! dear! where are my wits? Let me see — the tiger was in the Brâhman, and the cage came walking by — no, that's not it either! Well, don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you shall!" returned the tiger, in a rage at the jackal's stupidity: "I'll *make* you understand! Look here — I am the tiger ——"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the Brâhman ——"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the cage ——"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And I was in the cage — do you understand?"

"Yes — no — Please, my lord ——"

"Well?" cried the tiger, impatiently.

"Please, my lord! — how did you get in?"

"How! — why, in the usual way, of course!"

"Oh, dear me! — my head is beginning to whirl again! Please don't be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?"

At this the tiger lost patience, and, jumping into the cage, cried, "This way! Now do you understand how it was?"

"Perfectly!" grinned the jackal, as he dexterously shut the door; "and if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!"

The Barber's Clever Wife.

Once upon a time there lived a barber, who was such a poor silly creature that he couldn't even ply his trade decently, but snipped off his customers' ears instead of their hair, and cut their throats instead of shaving them. So of course he grew poorer every day, till at last he found himself with nothing left in his house but his wife and his razor, both of whom were as sharp as sharp could be.

For his wife was an exceedingly clever person, who was continually rating her husband for his stupidity; and when she saw they hadn't a farthing left, she fell as usual to scolding.

But the barber took it very calmly. "What is the use of making such a fuss, my dear?" said he; "you've told me all this before, and I quite agree with you. I never *did* work, I never *could* work, and I never *will* work. That is the fact!"

"Then you must beg!" returned his wife, "for *I* will not starve to please you! Go to the palace and beg something of the King. There is a wedding feast going on, and he is sure to give alms to the poor."

"Very well, my dear!" said the barber, submissively. He was rather afraid of his clever wife, so he did as he was bid, and going to the palace, begged of the King to give him something.

"Something?" asked the King; "what thing?"

Now the barber's wife had not mentioned anything in particular, and the barber was far too addle-pated to think of anything by himself, so he answered cautiously, "Oh, something!"

"Will a piece of land do?" said the King.

Whereupon the lazy barber, glad to be helped out of the difficulty, remarked that perhaps a piece of land would do as well as anything else.

Then the King ordered a piece of waste outside the city should be given to the barber, who went home quite satisfied.

"Well! what did you get?" asked the clever wife, who was waiting impatiently for his return. "Give it me quick, that I may go and buy bread!"

And you may imagine how she scolded when she found he had only got a piece of waste land.

"But land is land!" remonstrated the barber; "it can't run away, so we must always have something now!"

"Was there ever such a dunderhead?" raged the clever wife. "What good is ground unless we can till it? and where are we to get bullocks and plows?"

But being, as we have said, an exceedingly clever person, she set her wits to work, and soon thought of a plan whereby to make the best of a bad bargain.

She took her husband with her, and set off to the piece of waste land; then, bidding her husband imitate her, she began walking about the field, and peering anxiously into the ground. But when anybody came that way, she would sit down and pretend to be doing nothing at all.

Now it so happened that seven thieves were hiding in a thicket hard by, and they watched the barber and his wife

all day, until they became convinced something mysterious was going on. So at sunset they sent one of their number to try and find out what it was.

"Well, the fact is," said the barber's wife, after beating about the bush for some time, and with many injunctions to strict secrecy, "this field belonged to my grandfather, who buried five pots full of gold in it, and we were just trying to discover the exact spot before beginning to dig. You won't tell any one, will you?"

The thief promised he wouldn't, of course, but the moment the barber and his wife went home, he called his companions, and telling them of the hidden treasure, set them to work. All night long they dug and delved, till the field looked as if it had been plowed seven times over, and they were as tired as tired could be; but never a gold piece, nor a silver piece, nor a farthing did they find, so when dawn came they went away disgusted.

The barber's wife, when she found the field so beautifully plowed, laughed heartily at the success of her stratagem, and going to the corn dealer's shop, borrowed some rice to sow in the field. This the corn dealer willingly gave her, for he reckoned he would get it back threefold at harvest time. And so he did, for never was there such a crop! — the barber's wife paid her debts, kept enough for the house, and sold the rest for a great crock of gold pieces.

Now, when the thieves saw this, they were very angry indeed, and going to the barber's house, said, "Give us our share of the harvest, for we tilled the ground, as you very well know."

"I told you there was gold in the ground," laughed the barber's wife, "but you didn't find it. I have, and there's a crock full of it in the house, only you rascals shall never have a farthing of it!"

"Very well!" said the thieves; "look out for yourself to-night. If you won't give us our share, we'll take it!"

So that night one of the thieves hid himself in the house, intending to open the door to his comrades when the house folk were asleep; but the barber's wife saw him with the corner of her eye, and determined to lead him a dance. Therefore, when her husband, who was in a dreadful state of alarm, asked her what she had done with the gold pieces, she replied, "Put them where no one will find them — under the sweetmeats, in the crock that stands in the niche by the door."

The thief chuckled at hearing this, and after waiting till all was quiet, he crept out, and feeling about for the crock, made off with it, whispering to his comrades that he had got the prize. Fearing pursuit, they fled to a thicket, where they sat down to divide the spoil.

"She said there were sweetmeats on the top," said the thief; "I will divide them first, and then we can eat them, for it is hungry work, this waiting and watching."

So he divided what he thought were the sweetmeats as well as he could in the dark. Now in reality the crock was full of all sorts of horrible things that the barber's wife had put there on purpose, and so when the thieves crammed its contents into their mouths, you may imagine what faces they made and how they vowed revenge.

But when they returned next day to threaten and repeat their claim to a share of the crop, the barber's wife only laughed at them.

"Have a care!" they cried; "twice you have fooled us — once by making us dig all night, and next by feeding us on filth and breaking our caste. It will be our turn to-night!"

Then another thief hid himself in the house, but the barber's wife saw him with half an eye, and when her husband asked, "What have you done with the gold, my dear? I hope you haven't put it under the pillow?" she answered, "Don't be alarmed; it is out of the house. I have hung it in the branches of the *nîm* tree outside. No one will think of looking for it there!"

The hidden thief chuckled, and when the house folk were asleep he slipped out and told his companions.

"Sure enough, there it is!" cried the captain of the band, peering up into the branches. "One of you go up and fetch it down." Now what he saw was really a hornets' nest, full of great big brown and yellow hornets.

So one of the thieves climbed up the tree; but when he came close to the nest, and was just reaching up to take hold of it, a hornet flew out and stung him on the thigh. He immediately clapped his hand to the spot.

"Oh, you thief!" cried out the rest from below, "you're pocketing the gold pieces, are you? Oh! shabby! shabby!" — For you see it was very dark, and when the poor man clapped his hand to the place where he had been stung, they thought he was putting his hand in his pocket.

"I assure you I'm not doing anything of the kind!" retorted the thief; "but there is something that bites in this tree!"

Just at that moment another hornet stung him on the breast, and he clapped his hand there.

"Fie! fie, for shame! We saw you do it that time!" cried the rest. "Just you stop that at once, or we will make you!"

So they sent up another thief, but he fared no better, for by this time the hornets were thoroughly roused, and they stung the poor man all over, so that he kept clapping his hands here, there, and everywhere.

"Shame! Shabby! Ssh-sh!" bawled the rest; and then one after another they climbed into the tree, determined to share the booty, and one after another began clapping their hands about their bodies, till it came to the captain's turn. Then he, intent on having the prize, seized hold of the hornets' nest, and as the branch on which they were all standing broke at the selfsame moment, they all came tumbling down with the hornets' nest on top of them. And then, in spite of bumps and bruises, you can imagine what a stampede there was!

After this the barber's wife had some peace, for every one of the seven thieves was in hospital. In fact, they were laid up for so long a time that she began to think that they were never coming back again, and ceased to be on the lookout. But she was wrong, for one night, when she had left the window open, she was awakened by whisperings outside, and at once recognized the thieves' voices. She gave herself up for lost; but, determined not to yield without a struggle, she seized her husband's razor, crept to the side of the window, and stood quite still. By and by the first thief began to creep through cautiously. She just waited till the tip of his nose was visible, and then, flash! — she sliced it off with the razor as clean as a whistle.

"Confound it!" yelled the thief, drawing back mighty quick; "I've cut my nose on something!"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh!" whispered the others, "you'll wake some one. Go on!"

"Not I!" said the thief; "I'm bleeding like a pig!"

"Pooh! — knocked your nose against the shutter, I suppose," returned the second thief. "I'll go!"

But, swish! — off went the tip of his nose too.

"Dear me!" said he, ruefully, "there certainly is something sharp inside!"

"A bit of bamboo in the lattice, most likely," remarked the third thief. "I'll go!"

And, flick! — off went his nose too.

"It is most extraordinary!" he exclaimed, hurriedly retiring; "I feel exactly as if some one had cut the tip of my nose off!"

"Rubbish!" said the fourth thief. "What cowards you all are! Let *me* go!"

But he fared no better, nor the fifth thief, nor the sixth.

"My friends!" said the captain, when it came to his turn, "you are all disabled. One man must remain unhurt to protect the wounded. Let us return another night." — He was a cautious man, you see, and valued his nose.

So they crept away sulkily, and the barber's wife lit a lamp, and gathering up all the nose tips, put them away safely in a little box.

Now before the robbers' noses were healed over, the hot weather set in, and the barber and his wife, finding it warm sleeping in the house, put their beds outside; for they made sure the thieves would not return. But they did, and seizing such a good opportunity for revenge, they lifted up the wife's bed, and carried her off fast asleep. She woke to find herself borne along on the heads of four of the thieves, whilst the other three ran beside her. She gave herself up for lost, and though she thought, and thought, and thought, she could find no way of escape; till, as luck would have it, the robbers paused to take breath under a banyan tree. Quick as lightning, she seized hold of a branch that was within reach, and swung herself into the tree, leaving her quilt on the bed just as if she were still in it.

"Let us rest a bit here," said the thieves who were carrying the bed; "there is plenty of time, and we are tired. She is dreadfully heavy!"

The barber's wife could hardly help laughing, but she had to keep very still, for it was a bright moonlight night; and the robbers, after setting down their burden, began to squabble as to who should take first watch. At last they determined that it should be the captain, for the others had really barely recovered from the shock of having their noses sliced off; so they lay down to sleep, while the captain walked up and down,

watching the bed, and the barber's wife sat perched up in the tree like a great bird.

Suddenly an idea came into her head, and drawing her white veil becomingly over her face, she began to sing softly. The robber captain looked up, and saw the veiled figure of a woman in the tree. Of course he was a little surprised, but being a good-looking young fellow, and rather vain of his appearance, he jumped at once to the conclusion that it was a fairy who had fallen in love with his handsome face. For fairies do such things sometimes, especially on moonlight nights. So he twirled his mustaches, and strutted about, waiting for her to speak. But when she went on singing, and took no notice of him, he stopped and called out: "Come down, my beauty! I won't hurt you!"

But still she went on singing; so he climbed up into the tree, determined to attract her attention. When he came quite close, she turned away her head and sighed.

"What is the matter, my beauty?" he asked tenderly. "Of course you are a fairy, and have fallen in love with me, but there is nothing to sigh at in that, surely?"

"Ah — ah — ah!" said the barber's wife, with another sigh, "I believe you're fickle! Men with long-pointed noses always are!"

But the robber captain swore he was the most constant of men; yet still the fairy sighed and sighed, until he almost wished his nose had been shortened too.

"You are telling stories, I am sure!" said the pretended fairy. "Just let me touch your tongue with the tip of mine, and then I shall be able to taste if there are fibs about!"

So the robber captain put out his tongue, and snip! — the barber's wife bit the tip off clean!

What with the fright and the pain, he tumbled off the branch, and fell bump on the ground, where he sat with his legs very wide apart, looking as if he had come from the skies.

"What is the matter?" cried his comrades, awakened by the noise of his fall.

"*Bul-ul-a-bul-ul-ul!*" answered he, pointing up into the tree; for of course he could not speak plainly without the tip of his tongue.

"What — is — the — matter?" they bawled in his ear, as if that would do any good.

"*Bul-ul-a-bul-ul-ul!*" said he, still pointing upwards.

"The man is bewitched!" cried one; "there must be a ghost in the tree!"

Just then the barber's wife began flapping her veil and howling; whereupon, without waiting to look, the thieves in a terrible fright set off at a run, dragging their leader with them; and the barber's wife, coming down from the tree, put her bed on her head, and walked quietly home.

After this, the thieves came to the conclusion that it was no use trying to gain their point by force, so they went to law to claim their share. But the barber's wife pleaded her own cause so well, bringing out the nose and tongue tips as witnesses, that the King made the barber his Wazîr, saying, "He will never do a foolish thing as long as his wife is alive!"

The King who was Fried.

Once upon a time, a very long time ago indeed, there lived a King who had made a vow never to eat bread or break his fast until he had given away a hundredweight of gold in charity.

So every day, before King Karan — for that was his name — had his breakfast, the palace servants would come out with baskets and baskets of gold pieces to scatter amongst the crowds of poor folk, who, you may be sure, never forgot to be there to receive the alms. How they used to hustle and bustle and struggle and scramble! Then, when the last golden piece had been fought for, King Karan would sit down to his breakfast, and enjoy it as a man who has kept his word should do.

Now, when people saw the King lavishing his gold in this fashion, they naturally thought that sooner or later the royal treasuries must give out, the gold come to an end, and the King — who was evidently a man of his word — die of starvation. But, though months and years passed by, every day, just a quarter of an hour before breakfast time, the servants came out of the palace with baskets and baskets of gold; and as the crowds dispersed they could see the King sitting down to his breakfast in the royal banqueting hall, as jolly and fat and hungry as could be.

Now, of course, there was some secret in all this, and this secret I shall now tell you. King Karan had made a compact with a holy and very hungry old *faqîr*, who lived at the top of the hill; and the compact was this: On condition of King Karan

allowing himself to be fried and eaten for breakfast every day, the *faqîr* gave him a hundredweight of pure gold.

Of course, had the *faqîr* been an ordinary sort of person, the compact would not have lasted long, for once King Karan had been fried and eaten, there would have been an end of the matter. But the *faqîr* was a very remarkable *faqîr* indeed; and when he had eaten the King, and picked the bones quite clean, he just put them together, said a charm or two, and, hey presto! there was King Karan as fat and jolly as ever, ready for the next morning's breakfast. In fact, the *faqîr* made *no bones at all* over the affair, which, it must be confessed, was very convenient both for the breakfast and the breakfast eater. Nevertheless, it was, of course, not pleasant to be popped alive every morning into a great frying pan of boiling oil; and for my part, I think King Karan earned his hundredweight of gold handsomely. But after a time he got accustomed to the process, and would go up quite cheerfully to the holy and hungry one's house, where the biggest frying pan was spitting and sputtering over the sacred fire. Then he would just pass the time of day to the *faqîr*, to make sure he was punctual, and step gracefully into his hot oil bath. My goodness! how he sizzled and fizzled! When he was crisp and brown, the *faqîr* ate him, picked the bones, set them together, sang a charm, and finished the business by bringing out his dirty old ragged coat, which he shook and shook, while the bright golden pieces came tumbling out of the pockets on to the floor.

So that was the way King Karan got his gold, and if you think it very extraordinary, so do I!

Now, in the great Mânsarobar Lake, where, as of course you know, all the wild swans live when they leave us, and feed upon seed pearls, there was a great famine. Pearls were so scarce that one pair of swans determined to go out into the world and seek for food. So they flew into King Bikramâjît's garden, at Ujjayin. Now, when the gardener saw the beautiful birds, he was delighted, and, hoping to induce them to stay, he threw them grain to eat. But they would not touch it, nor any other food he offered them; so he went to his master, and told him there were a pair of swans in the garden who refused to eat anything.

Then King Bikramâjît went out, and asked them in birds' language (for, as every one knows, Bikramâjît understood both beasts and birds) why it was that they ate nothing.

"We don't eat grain!" said they, "nor fruit, nor anything but fresh, unpierced pearls."

Whereupon King Bikramâjît, being very kind-hearted, sent for a basket of pearls; and every day, when he came into the garden, he fed the swans with his own hand.

But one day, when he was feeding them as usual, one of the pearls happened to be pierced. The dainty swans found it out at once, and coming to the conclusion that King Bikramâjît's supply of pearls was running short, they made up their minds to go farther afield. So, despite his entreaties, they spread their broad white wings, and flew up into the blue sky, their outstretched necks pointing straight towards home on the great Mânsarobar Lake. Yet they were not ungrateful, for as they flew they sang the praises of Bikramâjît.

Now, King Karan was watching his servants bring out the baskets of gold, when the wild swans came flying over his head; and when he heard them singing, "Glory to Bikramâjît! glory to Bikramâjît!" he said to himself: "Who is this whom even the birds praise? I let myself be fried and eaten every day, in order that I may be able to give away a hundredweight of gold in charity, yet no swan sings *my* song!"

So, being jealous, he sent for a bird catcher, who snared the poor swans with lime, and put them in a cage.

Then Karan hung the cage in the palace, and ordered his servants to bring every kind of birds' food; but the proud swans only curved their white necks in scorn, saying, "Glory to Bikramâjît! — he gave us pearls to eat!"

Then King Karan, determined not to be outdone, sent for pearls; but still the scornful swans would not touch anything.

"Why will ye not eat?" quoth King Karan, wrathfully; "am I not as generous as Bikramâjît?"

Then the swan's wife answered, and said, "Kings do not imprison the innocent. Kings do not war against women. If Bikramâjît were here, he would at any rate let me go!"

So Karan, not to be outdone in generosity, let the swan's wife go, and she spread her broad white wings and flew southwards to Bikramâjît, and told him how her husband lay a prisoner at the court of King Karan.

Of course Bikramâjît, who was, as every one knows, the most generous of kings, determined to release the poor captive; and bidding the swan fly back and rejoin her mate, he put on

the garb of a servant, and taking the name of Bikrû, journeyed northwards till he came to King Karan's kingdom. Then he took service with the King, and helped every day to carry out the baskets of golden pieces. He soon saw there was some secret in King Karan's endless wealth, and never rested until he had found it out. So, one day, hidden close by, he saw King Karan enter the *faqîr's* house and pop into the boiling oil. He saw him frizzle and sizzle, he saw him come out crisp and brown, he saw the hungry and holy *faqîr* pick the bones, and, finally, he saw King Karan, fat and jolly as ever, go down the mountain side with his hundredweight of gold!

Then Bikrû knew what to do! So the very next day he rose very early, and taking a carving knife, he slashed himself all over. Next he took some pepper and salt, spices, pounded pomegranate seeds, and pea flour; these he mixed together into a beautiful curry stuff, and rubbed himself all over with it — right into the cuts in spite of the smarting. When he thought he was quite ready for cooking, he just went up the hill to the *faqîr's* house, and popped into the frying pan. The *faqîr* was still asleep, but he soon awoke with the sizzling and the fizzling, and said to himself, "Dear me! how uncommonly nice the King smells this morning!"

Indeed, so appetizing was the smell, that he could hardly wait until the King was crisp and brown, but then — oh, my goodness! how he gobbled him up!

You see, he had been eating plain fried so long that a deviled king was quite a change. He picked the bones ever so clean, and it is my belief would have eaten them too, if he had not been afraid of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Then, when it was all over, he put the King together again, and said, with tears in his eyes, "What a breakfast that was, to be sure! Tell me how you managed to taste so nice, and I'll give you anything you ask."

Whereupon Bikrû told him the way it was done, and promised to devil himself every morning, if he might have the old coat in return. "For," said he, "it is not pleasant to be fried! and I don't see why I should in addition have the trouble of carrying a hundredweight of gold to the palace every day. Now, if *I* keep the coat, I can shake it down there."

To this the *faqîr* agreed, and off went Bikrû with the coat.

Meanwhile King Karan came toiling up the hill, and was surprised, when he entered the *faqîr's* house, to find the fire out, the frying pan put away, and the *faqîr* himself as holy as ever, but not in the least hungry.

"Why, what is the matter?" faltered the King.

"Who are you?" asked the *faqîr*, who, to begin with, was somewhat short-sighted, and in addition felt drowsy after his heavy meal.

"Who! Why, I'm King Karan, come to be fried! Don't you want your breakfast?"

"I've had my breakfast!" sighed the *faqîr*, regretfully. "You tasted very nice when you were deviled, I can assure you!"

"I never was deviled in my life!" shouted the King; "you must have eaten somebody else!"

"That's just what I was saying to myself!" returned the *faqîr*, sleepily; "I thought — it couldn't — be only — the spices — that ——" Snore, snore, snore!

"Look here!" cried King Karan, in a rage, shaking the *faqîr*, "you must eat me too!"

"Couldn't!" nodded the holy but satisfied *faqîr*, "really — not another morsel — no, thanks!"

"Then give me my gold!" shrieked King Karan; "you're bound to do that, for I'm ready to fulfil my part of the contract!"

"Sorry I can't oblige, but the devil — I mean the other person — went off with the coat!" nodded the *faqîr*.

Hearing this, King Karan returned home in despair and ordered the royal treasurer to send him gold; so that day he ate his breakfast in peace.

And the next day also, by ransacking all the private treasuries, a hundredweight of gold was forthcoming; so King Karan ate his breakfast as usual, though his heart was gloomy.

But the third day, the royal treasurer arrived with empty hands, and, casting himself on the ground, exclaimed, "May it please your majesty! there is not any more gold in your majesty's domains!"

Then King Karan went solemnly to bed, without any breakfast, and the crowd, after waiting for hours expecting to see the palace doors open and the servants come out with the baskets of gold, melted away, saying it was a great shame to deceive poor folk in that way!

By dinner time poor King Karan was visibly thinner; but he was a man of his word, and though the wily Bikrû came and tried to persuade him to eat, by saying he could not possibly be blamed, he shook his head, and turned his face to the wall.

Then Bikrû, or Bikramâjît, took the *faqîr's* old coat, and, shaking it before the King, said, "Take the money, my friend; and what is more, if you will set the wild swans you have in that cage at liberty, I will give you the coat into the bargain!"

So King Karan set the wild swans at liberty; and as the pair of them flew away to the great Mânsarobar Lake, they sang as they went, "Glory to Bikramâjît! the generous Bikramâjît!"

Then King Karan hung his head, and said to himself, "The swans' song is true! — Bikramâjît is more generous than I; for if I was fried for the sake of a hundredweight of gold and my breakfast, he was deviled in order to set a bird at liberty!"

OGRES OF HINDOO DEMONOLOGY.

By J. T. BUNCE.

Those famous Hindu demons, the Rakshas, are the originals of all the ogres and giants of our nursery tales. Now the Rakshas were very terrible creatures indeed, and in the minds of many people in India are so still, for they are believed in even now. Their natural form, so the stories say, is that of huge, unshapely giants, like clouds, with hair and beard of the color of the red lightning; but they can take any form they please, to deceive those whom they wish to devour — for their great delight, like that of the ogres, is to kill all they meet, and to eat the flesh of those whom they kill. Often they appear as hunters, of monstrous size, with tusks instead of teeth, and with horns on their heads, and all kinds of grotesque and frightful weapons and ornaments. They are very strong, and make themselves stronger by various arts of magic; and they are strongest of all at nightfall, when they are supposed to roam about the jungles, to enter the tombs, and even to make their way into the cities, and carry off their victims.

But the Rakshas are not alone like ogres in their cruelty, but also in their fondness for money, and for precious stones, which they get together in great quantities and conceal in their palaces;

for some of them are kings of their species, and have thousands upon thousands of inferior Rakshas under their command. But while they are so numerous and so powerful, the Rakshas, like all the ogres and giants in Fairyland, are also very stupid, and are easily outwitted by clever people. There are many Hindu stories which are told to show this. I will tell you one of them.

Two little Princesses were badly treated at home, and so they ran away into a great forest, where they found a palace belonging to a Rakshas, who had gone out. So they went into the house and feasted, and swept the rooms, and made everything neat and tidy. Just as they had done this, the Rakshas and his wife came home, and the two Princesses ran up to the top of the house, and hid themselves on the flat roof. When the Rakshas got indoors he said to his wife: "Somebody has been making everything clean and tidy. Wife, did you do this?" "No," she said; "I don't know who can have done it." "Some one has been sweeping the courtyard," said the Rakshas; "wife, did you sweep the courtyard?" "No," she answered; "I did not do it." Then the Rakshas walked round and round several times, with his nose up in the air, saying: "Some one is here now; I smell flesh and blood. Where can they be?" "Stuff and nonsense!" cried the Rakshas' wife. "*You* smell flesh and blood, indeed! Why, you have just been killing and eating a hundred thousand people. I should wonder if you *didn't* still smell flesh and blood!"

They went on disputing, till at last the Rakshas gave it up. "Never mind," he said; "I don't know how it is — I am very thirsty: let's come and drink some water." So they went to the well, and began letting down jars into it, and drawing them up, and drinking the water. Then the elder of the two Princesses, who was very bold and wise, said to her sister, "I will do something that will be very good for us both." So she ran quickly downstairs, and crept close behind the Rakshas and his wife, as they stood on tiptoe more than half over the side of the well, and catching hold of one of the Rakshas' heels, and one of his wife's, she gave each a little push, and down they both tumbled into the well, and were drowned — the Rakshas and the Rakshas' wife. The Princess then went back to her sister, and said, "I have killed the Rakshas!" "What, both?" cried her sister. "Yes, both," she said. "Won't they come back?" said her sister. "No, never," answered she.

Another story will show you how stupid a Rakshas is, and how easily he can be outwitted.

Once upon a time a Blind Man and a Deaf Man made an agreement. The Blind Man was to hear for the Deaf Man; and the Deaf Man was to see for the Blind Man; and so they were to go about on their travels together. One day they went to a nautch — that is, a singing and dancing exhibition. The Deaf Man said, "The dancing is very good; but the music is not worth listening to." "I do not agree with you," the Blind Man said; "I think the music is very good; but the dancing is not worth looking at." So they went away for a walk in the jungle. On the way they found a donkey, belonging to a dhobee, or washerman, and a big chattee, or iron pot, which the washerman used to boil clothes in. "Brother," said the Deaf Man, "here is a donkey and a chattee; let us take them with us, they may be useful." So they took them, and went on. Presently they came to an ants' nest. "Here," said the Deaf Man, "are a number of very fine black ants; let us take some of them to show our friends." "Yes," said the Blind Man, "they will do as presents to our friends." So the Deaf Man took out a silver box from his pocket, and put several of the black ants into it. After a time a terrible storm came on. "Oh dear!" cried the Deaf Man, "how dreadful this lightning is! let us get to some place of shelter." "I don't see that it's dreadful at all," said the Blind Man, "but the thunder is terrible; let us get under shelter."

So they went up to a building that looked like a temple, and went in, and took the donkey and the big pot and the black ants with them. But it was not a temple, it was the house of a powerful Rakshas, and the Rakshas came home as soon as they had got inside and had fastened the door. Finding that he couldn't get in, he began to make a great noise, louder than the thunder, and he beat upon the door with his great fists. Now the Deaf Man looked through a chink, and saw him, and was very frightened, for the Rakshas was dreadful to look at. But the Blind Man, as he couldn't see, was very brave; and he went to the door and called out, "Who are you? and what do you mean by coming here and battering at the door in this way, and at this time of night?" "I'm a Rakshas," he answered, in a rage; "and this is my house, and if you don't let me in I will kill you." Then the Blind Man called out in reply: "Oh! you're a Rakshas, are you? Well, if you're Rakshas, I'm

Bakshas, and Bakshas is as good as Rakshas." "What nonsense is this?" cried the monster; "there is no such creature as a Bakshas." "Go away," replied the Blind Man; "if you make any further disturbance I'll punish you; for know that I *am* Bakshas, and Bakshas is Rakshas' father." "Heavens and earth!" cried the Rakshas, "I never heard such an extraordinary thing in my life. But if you are my father, let me see your face," — for he began to get puzzled and frightened, as the person inside was so very positive.

Now the Blind Man and the Deaf Man didn't quite know what to do; but at last they opened the door just a little, and poked the donkey's nose out. "Bless me," thought the Rakshas, "what a terribly ugly face my father Bakshas has got." Then he called out again: "Oh! father Bakshas, you have a very big fierce face, but people have sometimes very big heads and very little bodies; let me see you, body and head, before I go away." Then the Blind Man and the Deaf Man rolled the great iron pot across the floor with a thundering noise; and the Rakshas, who watched the chink of the door very carefully, said to himself, "He has got a great body as well, so I had better go away." But he was still doubtful; so he said, "Before I go away let me hear you scream," for all the tribe of the Rakshas scream dreadfully. Then the Blind Man and the Deaf Man took two of the black ants out of the box, and put one into each of the donkey's ears, and the ants bit the donkey, and the donkey began to bray and to bellow as loud as he could; and then the Rakshas ran away quite frightened.

In the morning the Blind Man and the Deaf Man found that the floor of the house was covered with heaps of gold, and silver, and precious stones; and they made four great bundles of the treasure, and took one each, and put the other two on the donkey, and off they went. But the Rakshas was waiting some distance off to see what his father Bakshas was like by daylight; and he was very angry when he saw only a Deaf Man, and a Blind Man, and a big iron pot, and a donkey, all loaded with *his* gold and silver. So he ran off and fetched six of his friends to help him, and each of the six had hair a yard long, and tusks like an elephant. When the Blind Man and the Deaf Man saw them coming they went and hid the treasure in the bushes, and then they got up into a lofty betel palm and waited — the Deaf Man, because he could see, getting up first, to be furthest out of harm's way. Now the seven Rakshas

were not able to reach them, and so they said, "Let us get on each other's shoulders and pull them down." So one Rakshas stooped down, and the second got on his shoulders, and the third on his, and the fourth on his, and the fifth on his, and the sixth on his, and the seventh — the one who had invited the others — was just climbing up, when the Deaf Man got frightened and caught hold of the Blind Man's arm, and as he was sitting quite at ease, not knowing that they were so close, the Blind Man was upset, and tumbled down on the neck of the seventh Rakshas. The Blind Man thought he had fallen into the branches of another tree, and stretching out his hands for something to take hold of, he seized the Rakshas' two great ears and pinched them very hard. This frightened the Rakshas, who lost his balance and fell down to the ground, upsetting the other six of his friends, the Blind Man all the while pinching harder than ever, and the Deaf Man crying out from the top of the tree — "You're all right, brother, hold on tight, I'm coming down to help you" — though he really didn't mean to do anything of the kind.

Well, the noise, and the pinching, and all the confusion, so frightened the six Rakshas that they thought they had had enough of helping their friend, and so they ran away; and the seventh Rakshas, thinking that because they ran there must be great danger, shook off the Blind Man and ran away too. And then the Deaf Man came down from the tree and embraced the Blind Man, and said, "I could not have done better myself." Then the Deaf Man divided the treasure; one great heap for himself, and one little heap for the Blind Man. But the Blind Man felt his heap and then felt the other, and then, being angry at the cheat, he gave the Deaf Man a box on the ear, so tremendous that it made the Deaf Man hear. And the Deaf Man, also being angry, gave the other such a blow in the face that it made the Blind Man see. So they became good friends directly, and divided the treasure into equal shares, and went home laughing at the stupid Rakshas.

PILPAY'S FABLES.

[PILPAY: The reputed author of a widely circulated collection of fables, known as the "Fables of Pilpay," which originated from an old Indian collection in Sanskrit, entitled "Panchatantra." It was first translated into Pahlavi about A.D. 550, and subsequently through the Arabic was transmitted to all the peoples of Europe. Versions are found even in the Malay, Mongol, and Afghan languages.]

How we ought to make Choice of Friends, and what Advantage may be reaped from their Conversation.

Fable I.

THE RAVEN, THE RAT, AND THE PIGEONS.

Near adjoining to Odorna there was once a most delightful place, which was extremely full of wildfowl, and was therefore much frequented by the sportsmen and fowlers. A Raven one day accidentally espied in this place, at the foot of a tree, on the top of which she had built her nest, a certain Fowler with a net in his hand. The poor Raven was afraid at first, imagining it was herself that the Fowler aimed at; but her fears ceased when she observed the motions of the person, who, after he had spread his net upon the ground, and scattered some corn about it to allure the birds, went and hid himself behind a hedge, where he was no sooner lain down, but a flock of Pigeons threw themselves upon the corn, without hearkening to their chieftain, who would fain have hindered them, telling them that they were not so rashly to abandon themselves to their passions. This prudent leader, who was an old Pigeon called Montivaga, perceiving them so obstinate, had many times a desire to separate himself from them; but fate, that imperiously controls all living creatures, constrained him to follow the fortune of the rest, so that he alighted upon the ground with his companions. It was not long after this before they all saw themselves under the net, and just ready to fall into the Fowler's hands.

"Well," said Montivaga on this, mournfully to them, "what think you now; will you believe me another time, if it be possible that you may get away from this destruction? I see," continued he, perceiving how they fluttered to get loose, "that

every one of you minds his own safety only, never regarding what becomes of his companions; and, let me tell you, that this is not only an ungrateful but a foolish way of acting; we ought to make it our business to help one another, and it may be so charitable an action may save us all. let us all together strive to break the net." On this they all obeyed Montivaga, and so well bestirred themselves, that they tore the net up from the ground, and carried it up with them into the air. The Fowler, on this, vexed to lose so fair a prey, followed the Pigeons, in hopes that the weight of the net would tire them.

In the mean time the Raven, observing all this, said to herself, "This is a very pleasant adventure, I am resolved to see the issue of it;" and accordingly she took wing and followed them. Montivaga observing that the Fowler was resolved to pursue them, "This man," said he to his companions, "will never give over pursuing us till he has lost sight of us; therefore, to prevent our destruction, let us bend our flight to some thick wood or some ruined castle, to the end that, when we are protected by some forest or thick wall, despair may force him to retire." This expedient had the desired success; for, having secured themselves among the boughs of a thick forest, where the Fowler lost sight of them, he returned home, full sorely afflicted for the loss of his game and his net to boot.

As for the Raven, she followed them still, out of curiosity to know how they got out of the net, that she might make use of the same secret upon the like occasion.

The Pigeons, thus quit of the Fowler, were overjoyed: however, they were still troubled with the entanglements of the net, which they could not get rid of: but Montivaga, who was fertile in inventions, soon found a way for that.

"We must address ourselves," said he, "to some intimate friend, who, setting aside all treacherous and by-ends, will go faithfully to work for our deliverance. I know a Rat," continued he, "that lives not far from hence, a faithful friend of mine, whose name is Zirac; he, I know, will gnaw the net, and set us at liberty." The Pigeons, who desired nothing more, all entreated to fly to this friend; and soon after they arrived at the Rat's hole, who came forth upon the fluttering of their wings; and, astonished and surprised to see Montivaga so entangled in the net, "O! my dear friend," said he, "how came you in this condition?"

To whom Montivaga replied, "I desire you, my most faith-

ful friend, first of all to disengage my companions." But Zirac, more troubled to see his friend bound than for all the rest, would needs pay his respects to him first; but Montivaga cried out, "I conjure you once more, by our sacred friendship, to set my companions at liberty before me; for that besides being their chieftain I ought to take care for them in the first place, I am afraid the pains thou wilt take to unbind me will slacken thy good offices to the rest; whereas the friendship thou hast for me will excite thee to hasten their deliverance, that thou mayest be sooner in a condition to give me my freedom." The Rat, admiring the solidity of these arguments, applauded Montivaga's generosity, and fell to unloosening the strangers; which was soon done, and then he performed the same kind office for his friend.

Montivaga, thus at liberty, together with his companions, took his leave of Zirac, returning him a thousand thanks for his kindness. And when they were gone, the Rat returned to his hole.

The Raven, having observed all this, had a great desire to be acquainted with Zirac. To which end he went to his hole, and called him by his name. Zirac, frighted to hear a strange voice, asked who he was. To which the Raven answered, "It is a Raven who has some business of importance to impart to thee."

"What business," replied the Rat, "can you and I have together? We are enemies." Then the Raven told him, he desired to list himself in the number of a Rat's acquaintance whom he knew to be so sincere a friend.

"I beseech you," answered Zirac, "find out some other creature, whose friendship agrees better with your disposition. You lose your time in endeavoring to persuade me to such an incompatible reconciliation."

"Never stand upon incompatibilities," said the Raven, "but do a generous action, by affording an innocent person your friendship and acquaintance, when he desires it at your hands."

"You may talk to me of generosity till your lungs ache," replied Zirac, "I know your tricks too well: in a word, we are creatures of so different species that we can never be either friends or acquaintance. The example which I remember of the Partridge, that overhastily granted her friendship to a Falcon, is a sufficient warning to make me wiser."

Fable II.

THE PARTRIDGE AND THE FALCON.

"A Partridge," said Zirac, keeping close in his hole, but very obligingly pursuing his discourse, "was promenading at the foot of a hill, and tuning her throat, in her coarse way, so delightfully, that a Falcon flying that way, and hearing her voice, came towards her, and very civilly was going to ask her acquaintance. 'Nobody,' said he to himself, 'can live without a friend; and it is the saying of the wise that they who want friends labor under perpetual sickness.' With these thoughts he would fain have accosted the Partridge; but she, perceiving him, escaped into a hole, all over in a cold sweat for fear.

"The Falcon followed her, and presenting himself at the entrance of the hole, 'My dear Partridge,' said he, 'I own that I never had hitherto any great kindness for you, because I did not know your merit; but since my good fortune now has made me acquainted with your merry note, be pleased to give me leave to speak with you, that I may offer you my friendship, and that I may beg of you to grant me yours.'

" 'Tyrant,' answered the Partridge, 'let me alone, and labor not in vain to reconcile fire and water.'

" 'Most amiable Partridge,' replied the Falcon, 'banish these idle fears, and be convinced that I love you, and desire that we may enter into a familiarity together: had I any other design, I would not trouble myself to court you with such soft language out of your hole. Believe me, I have such good pounces, that I would have seized a dozen other Partridges in the time that I have been courting your affection. I am sure you will have reasons enough to be glad of my friendship; first, because no other Falcon shall do you any harm while you are under my protection; secondly, because that being in my nest, you will be honored by the world; and, lastly, I will procure you a male to keep you company, and give you all the delights of love and a young progeny.'

"It is impossible for me to think that you can have so much kindness for me,' replied the Partridge: 'but, indeed, should this be true, I ought not to accept your proposal; for you being the prince of birds, and of the greatest strength, and I a poor weak Partridge, whenever I shall do anything that displeases you, you will not fail to tear me to pieces.'

"'No, no,' said the Falcon, 'set your heart at rest for that; the faults that friends commit are easily pardoned.' Much other discourse of this kind passed between them, and many doubts were started and answered satisfactorily, so that at length the Falcon testified such an extraordinary friendship for the Partridge, that she could no longer refuse to come out of her hole. And no sooner was she come forth, than the Falcon tenderly embraced her, and carried her to his nest, where for two or three days he made it his whole business to divert her. The Partridge, overjoyed to see herself so caressed, gave her tongue more liberty than she had done before, and talked much of the cruelty and savage temper of the birds of prey. This began to offend the Falcon; though for the present he dissembled it. One day, however, he unfortunately fell ill, which hindered him from going abroad in search of prey, so that he grew hungry; and wanting victuals, he soon became melancholy, morose, and churlish. His being out of humor quickly alarmed the Partridge, who kept herself, very prudently, close in a corner, with a very modest countenance. But the Falcon, soon after, no longer able to endure the importunities of his stomach, resolved to pick a quarrel with the poor Partridge. To which purpose, 'It is not proper,' said he, 'that you should lie lurking there in the shade, while all the world is exposed to the heat of the sun.'

"The Partridge, trembling every joint of her, replied, 'King of birds, it is now night, and all the world is in the shade as well as I, nor do I know what sun you mean.' 'Insolent baggage,' replied the Falcon, 'then you will make me either a liar or mad:' and so saying, he fell upon her, and tore her to pieces.

"Do not believe," pursued the Rat, "that upon the faith of your promises, I will lay myself at your mercy."

"Recollect yourself," answered the Raven, "and consider that it is not worth my while to fool my stomach with such a diminutive body as thine; it is therefore with no such intent I am talking with thee, but I know thy friendship may be beneficial to me; scruple not, therefore, to grant me this favor."

"The sages of old," replied the Rat, "admonish us to take care of being deluded by the fair words of our enemies, as was a certain unfortunate Man, whose story, if you please, I will relate to you."

Fable III.

THE MAN AND THE ADDER.

A Man mounted upon a Camel once rode into a thicket, and went to rest himself in that part of it from whence a caravan was just departed, and where the people having left a fire, some sparks of it, being driven by the wind, had set a bush, wherein lay an Adder, all in a flame. The fire environed the Adder in such a manner that he knew not how to escape, and was just giving himself over to destruction, when he perceived the Man already mentioned, and with a thousand mournful conjurations begged of him to save his life. The Man, on this, being naturally compassionate, said to himself, "It is true these creatures are enemies to mankind; however, good actions are of great value, even of the very greatest when done to our enemies; and whoever sows the seed of good works, shall reap the fruit of blessings." After he had made this reflection, he took a sack, and tying it to the end of his lance, reached it over the flame to the Adder, who flung himself into it; and when he was safe in, the traveler pulled back the bag, and gave the Adder leave to come forth, telling him he might go about his business; but hoped he would have the gratitude to make him a promise, never to do any more harm to men, since a man had done him so great a piece of service.

To this the ungrateful creature answered, "You much mistake both yourself and me: think not that I intend to be gone so calmly; no, my design is first to leave thee a parting blessing, and throw my venom upon thee and thy Camel."

"Monster of ingratitude!" replied the Traveler, "desist a moment at least, and tell me whether it be lawful to recompense good with evil."

"No," replied the Adder, "it certainly is not; but in acting in that manner I shall do no more than what yourselves do every day; that is to say, retaliate good deeds with wicked actions, and requite benefits with ingratitude."

"You cannot prove this slanderous and wicked aspersion," replied the Traveler: "nay, I will venture to say that if you can show me any one other creature in the world that is of your opinion, I will consent to whatever punishment you think fit to inflict on me for the faults of my fellow-creatures."

"I agree to this willingly," answered the Adder; and at

the same time spying a Cow, "Let us propound our question," said he, "to this creature before us, and we shall see what answer she will make." The Man consented; and so both of them accosting the Cow, the Adder put the question to her, how a good turn was to be requited. "By its contrary," replied the Cow, "if you mean according to the custom of men; and this I know by sad experience. I belong," said she, "to a man, to whom I have long been several ways extremely beneficial: I have been used to bring him a calf every year, and to supply his house with milk, butter, and cheese; but now I am grown old, and no longer in a condition to serve him as formerly I did, he has put me in this pasture to fat me, with a design to sell me to a butcher, who is to cut my throat, and he and his friends are to eat my flesh: and is not this requiting good with evil?"

On this, the Adder, taking upon him to speak, said to the Man, "What say you now? are not your own customs a sufficient warrant for me to treat you as I intend to do?"

The Traveler, not a little confounded at this ill-timed story, was cunning enough, however, to answer, "This is a particular case only, and give me leave to say, one witness is not sufficient to convict me; therefore pray let me have another."

"With all my heart," replied the Adder; "let us address ourselves to this Tree that stands here before us." The Tree, having heard the subject of their dispute, gave his opinion in the following words: "Among men, benefits are never requited but with ungrateful actions. I protect travelers from the heat of the sun, and yield them fruit to eat, and a delightful liquor to drink; nevertheless, forgetting the delight and benefit of my shade, they barbarously cut down my branches to make sticks, and handles for hatchets, and saw my body to make planks and rafters. Is not this requiting good with evil?"

The Adder, on this, looking upon the Traveler, asked if he was satisfied. But he was in such a confusion that he knew not what to answer. However, in hopes to free himself from the danger that threatened him, he said to the Adder, "I desire only one favor more; let us be judged by the next beast we meet; give me but that satisfaction, it is all I crave: you know life is sweet; suffer me therefore to beg for the means of continuing it." While they were thus parleying together, a Fox passing by was stopped by the Adder, who conjured him to put an end to their controversy.

The Fox, upon this, desiring to know the subject of their dispute, said the Traveler, "I have done this Adder a signal piece of service, and he would fain persuade me that, for my reward, he ought to do me a mischief." "If he means to act by you as you men do by others, he speaks nothing but what is true," replied the Fox; "but, that I may be better able to judge between you, let me understand what service it is that you have done him."

The Traveler was very glad of this opportunity of speaking for himself, and recounted the whole affair to him: he told him after what manner he had rescued him out of the flames with that little sack, which he showed him.

"How!" said the Fox, laughing outright, "would you pretend to make me believe that so large an Adder as this could get into such a little sack? It is impossible!" Both the Man and the Adder, on this, assured him of the truth of that part of the story; but the Fox positively refused to believe it. At length said he, "Words will never convince me of this monstrous improbability; but if the Adder will go into it again, to convince me of the truth of what you say, I shall then be able to judge of the rest of this affair."

"That I will do most willingly," replied the Adder; and, at the same time, put himself into the sack.

Then said the Fox to the Traveler, "Now you are the master of your enemy's life: and, I believe, you need not be long in resolving what treatment such a monster of ingratitude deserves of you." With that the Traveler tied up the mouth of the sack, and, with a great stone, never left off beating it till he had pounded the Adder to death; and, by that means, put an end to his fears and the dispute at once.

"This Fable," pursued the Rat, "informs us that there is no trusting to the fair words of an enemy, for fear of falling into the like misfortunes."

"You say very true," replied the Raven, "in all this; but what I have to answer to it is that we ought to understand how to distinguish friends from enemies: and, when you have learned that art, you will know I am no terrible or treacherous foe, but a sincere and hearty friend: for I protest to thee, in the most solemn manner, that what I have seen thee do for thy friend the Pigeon and his companions has taken such root in me that I cannot live without an acquaintance with thee;

and I swear I will not depart from hence till thou hast granted me thy friendship."

Zirac perceiving, at length, that the Raven really dealt frankly and cordially with him, replied, "I am happy to find that you are sincere in all this; pardon my fears, and now hear me acknowledge that I think it is an honor for me to wear the title of thy friend; and, if I have so long withstood thy importunities, it was only to try thee, and to show thee that I want neither wit nor policy, that thou mayst know hereafter how far I may be able to serve thee." And so saying, he came forward; but even now he did not venture fairly out, but stopped at the entrance of his hole.

"Why dost thou not come boldly forth?" demanded the Raven. "Is it because thou art not yet assured of my affection?"

"That is not the reason," answered the Rat; "but I am afraid of thy companions upon the trees."

"Set thy heart at rest for that," replied the Raven; "they shall respect thee as their friend: for it is a custom among us that, when one of us enters into a league of friendship with a creature of another species, we all esteem and love that creature." The Rat, upon the faith of these words, came out to the Raven, who caressed him with extraordinary demonstrations of friendship, swearing to him an inviolable amity, and requesting him to go and live with him near the habitation of a certain neighboring Tortoise, of whom he gave a very noble character.

"Command me henceforward in all things," replied Zirac, "for I have so great an inclination for you, that from henceforward I will forever follow you as your shadow: and, to tell you the truth, this is not the proper place of my residence; I was only compelled some time since to take sanctuary in this hole, by reason of an accident, of which I would give you the relation, if I thought it might not be offensive to you."

"My dear friend," replied the Raven, "can you have any such fears? or rather are you not convinced that I share in all your concerns? But the Tortoise," added he, "whose friendship is a very considerable acquisition, which you cannot fail of, will be no less glad to hear the recital of your adventures: come, therefore, away with me to her," continued he; and, at the same time, he took the rat in his bill, and carried him to the Tortoise's dwelling, to whom he related what he had seen

Zirac do. She congratulated the Raven for having acquired so perfect a friend, and caressed the Rat at a very high rate; who, for his part, was too much a courtier not to testify how sensible he was of all her civilities. After many compliments on all sides, they went all three to walk by the banks of a purling rivulet; and, having made choice of a place somewhat distant from the highway, the Raven desired Zirac there to relate his adventures, which he did in the following manner.

Fable IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF ZIRAC.

"I was born," said Zirac, "and lived many years in the city of India called Marout, where I made choice of a place to reside in that seemed to be the habitation of silence itself, that I might live without disturbance. Here I enjoyed long the greatest earthly felicity, and tasted the sweets of a quiet life, in company of some other Rats, honest creatures, of my own humor. There was also in our neighborhood, I must inform you, a certain Dervise, who every day remained idly in his habitation while his companion went a begging. He constantly, however, ate a part of what the other brought home, and kept the remainder for his supper. But, when he sat down to his second meal, he never found his dish in the same condition that he left it: for while he was in his garden I always filled my belly, and constantly called my companions to partake with me, who were no less mindful of their duty to nature than myself. The Dervise, on this, constantly finding his pittance diminished, flew out at length into a great rage, and looked into his books for some receipt or some engine to apprehend us: but all that availed him nothing, I was still more cunning than he. One unfortunate day, however, one of his friends, who had been a long journey, entered into his cell to visit him; and, after they had dined, they fell into a discourse concerning travel. This Dervise, our good purveyor, among other things asked his friend what he had seen that was most rare and curious in his travels. To whom the Traveler began to recount what he had observed most worthy remark; but, as he was studying to give him a description of the most delightful places through which he had passed, the Dervise still interrupted him from time to time, with the noise

which he made, by clapping his hands one against the other, and stamping with his foot against the ground, to fright us away: for, indeed, we made frequent sallies upon his provision, never regarding his presence nor his company. At length the Traveler, taking it in dudgeon that the Dervise gave so little ear to him, told him, in downright terms, that he did ill to detain him there, to trouble him with telling stories he did not attend to, and make a fool of him.

"'Heaven forbid!' replied the Dervise, altogether surprised, 'that I should make a fool of a person of your merit: I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but there is in this place a nest of rats that will eat me up to the very ears before they have done; and there is one above the rest so bold, that he even has the impudence to come and bite me by the toes as I lie asleep, and I know not how to catch the felonious devil.' The Traveler, on this, was satisfied with the Dervise's excuses; and replied, 'Certainly there is some mystery in this: this accident brings to my mind a remarkable story, which I will relate to you, provided you will hearken to me with a little better attention.'"

Fable V.

A HUSBAND AND HIS WIFE.

"One day," continued the Traveler, "as I was on my journey, the bad weather constrained me to stop at a town where I had several acquaintances of different ranks; and, being unable to proceed on my journey for the continuance of the rain, I went to lodge with one of my friends, who received me very civilly. After supper he put me to bed in a chamber that was parted from his own by a very thin wainscot only; so that, in despite of my ears, I heard all his private conversation with his Wife.

"'To-morrow,' said he, 'I intend to invite the principal burghers of the town to divert my friend who has done me the honor to come and see me.'

"'You have not sufficient wherewithal to support your family,' answered his Wife, 'and yet you talk of being at great expenses: rather think of sparing that little you have for the good of your children, and let feasting alone.'

"'This is a man of great religion and piety,' replied the Husband; 'and I ought to testify my joy on seeing him, and

to give my other friends an opportunity of hearing his pious conversation ; nor be you in care for the small expense that will attend this. The providence of God is very great ; and we ought not to take too much care for to-morrow, lest what befell the Wolf befall us.' "

Fable VI.

THE HUNTER AND THE WOLF.

"One day," continued the Husband, "a great Hunter, returning from the chase of a deer, which he had killed, unexpectedly espied a wild boar coming out of a wood, and making directly towards him. 'Very good,' cried the Hunter, 'this beast comes very opportunely ; he will not a little augment my provision.' With that he bent his bow, and let fly his arrow with so good an aim that he wounded the boar to death. Such, however, are the unforeseen events that attend too covetous a care for the necessaries of life, that this fair beginning was but a prelude to a very fatal catastrophe. For the beast, feeling himself wounded, ran with so much fury at the Hunter, that he ripped up his belly with his tusks in such a manner that they both fell dead upon the place.

"At the very moment when this happened, there passed by a Wolf, half-famished, who, seeing so much victuals lying upon the ground, was in an ecstasy of joy. 'However,' said he to himself, 'I must not be prodigal of all this good food ; but it behooves me to husband my good fortune, to make my provision hold out the longer.' Being very hungry, however, he very prudently resolved to fill his belly first, and make his store for the future afterwards. Not willing, however, to waste any part of his treasure, he was for eating his meat, and, if possible, having it too ; he therefore resolved to fill his belly with what was least delicate, and accordingly began with the string of the bow, which was made of gut ; but he had no sooner snapped the string, but the bow, which was highly bent, gave him such a terrible thump upon the breast that he fell stone-dead upon the other bodies.

"'This Fable,' said the Husband, pursuing his discourse 'instructs us that we ought not to be too greedily covetous.'

"'Nay,' said the Wife, 'if this be the effect of saving, even invite whom you please to-morrow.'

"The company was accordingly invited; but the next day, as the Wife was getting the dinner ready, and making a sort of sauce with honey, she saw a rat fall into the honey pot, which turned her stomach, and stopped the making of that part of the entertainment. Unwilling, therefore, to make use of the honey, she carried it to the market, and when she parted with it, took pitch in exchange. I was then, by accident, by her, and asked her why she made such a disadvantageous exchange for her honey.

"'Because,' said she, in my ear, 'it is not worth so much to me as the pitch.' Then I presently perceived there was some mystery in the affair, which was beyond my comprehension. It is the same with this rat: he would never be so bold, had he not some reason for it which we are ignorant of. The rats," continued he, "in this part of the world, are a cunning, covetous, and proud generation; they heap money as much as the misers of our own species; and when one of them is possessed of a considerable sum, he becomes a prince among them, and has his set of comrades, who would die to serve him, as they live by him; for he disburses money for their purchases of food, etc., of one another, and they live his slaves in perfect idleness. And for my part, I am apt to believe that this is the case with this impudent rat; that he has a number of slaves of his own species at command, to defend and uphold him in his audacious tricks, and that there is money hidden in his hole."

The Dervise no sooner heard the Traveler talk of money, than he took a hatchet, and so bestirred himself, that having cleft the wall, he soon discovered my treasure, to the value of a thousand deniers in gold, which I had heaped together with great labor and toil. These had long been my whole pleasure; I told them every day; I took delight to handle them, and tumble upon them, placing all my happiness in that exercise. But to return to the story. When the gold tumbled out, 'Very good,' said the Traveler; 'had I not reason to attribute the insolence of these rats to some unknown cause?'

"I leave you to judge in what a desperate condition I was, when I saw my habitation ransacked after this manner. I resolved on this to change my lodging; but all my companions left me; so that I had a thorough experience of the truth of the proverb, 'No money, no friend.' Friends, nowadays, love us no longer than our friendship turns to their advantage. I

have heard among men, that one day a wealthy and a witty man was asked how many friends he had. 'As for friends alamode,' said he, 'I have as many as I have crowns; but as for real friends, I must stay till I come to be in want, and then I shall know.'

"While I was pondering, however, upon the accident that had befallen me, I saw a rat pass along, who had been heretofore used to profess himself so much devoted to my service, that you would have thought he could not have lived a moment out of my company. I called to him, and asked him why he shunned me like the rest.

"'Thinkest thou,' said the ungrateful and impudent villain, 'that we are such fools as to serve thee for nothing? When thou wast rich, we were thy servants; but now thou art poor, believe me, we will not be the companions of thy poverty.'

"'Alas! thou oughtest not to despise the poor,' said I, 'because they are the beloved of Providence.'

"'It is very true,' answered he; 'but not such poor as thou art. For Providence takes care of those among men who have, for the sake of religion, forsaken the world; not those whom the world has forsaken.' Miserably angry was I with myself for my former generosities to such a wretch; but I could not tell what to answer to such a cutting expression. I stayed, however, notwithstanding my misfortunes, with the Dervise, to see how he would dispose of the money he had taken from me; and I observed that he gave one half to his friend, and that each of them laid their shares under their pillows. On seeing this, an immediate thought came into my mind to go and regain this money. To this purpose I stole softly to the Dervise's bedside, and was just going to carry back my treasure; but unfortunately his friend, who, unperceived by me, observed all my actions, threw his bed staff at me with so good a will that he had almost broke my foot, which obliged me to recover my hole with all the speed I could, though not without some difficulty. About an hour after, I crept out again, believing by this time the Traveler might be asleep also. But he was too diligent a sentinel, and too much afraid of losing his good fortune. However, I plucked up a good heart, went forward, and was already got to the Dervise's bed's head, when my rashness had like to have cost me my life. For the Traveler gave me a second blow upon the head, that stunned me in such a manner that I could hardly find my hole again. At the same instant he also threw

his bed staff at me a third time; but missing me, I recovered my sanctuary; where I was no sooner set down in safety, than I protested that I would never more pursue the recovery of a thing which had cost me so much pains and jeopardy. In pursuance of this resolution, I left the Dervise's habitation, and retired to that place where you saw me with the Pigeon."

The Tortoise was extremely well pleased with the recital of the Rat's adventures; and at the same time embracing him, "You have done well," said she, "to quit the world, and the intrigues of it, since they afford us no perfect satisfaction. All those who are turmoiled with avarice and ambition do but labor for their own ruin, like a certain Cat which I once knew, whose adventures you will not be displeased to hear."

Fable VII.

THE RAVENOUS CAT.

"A certain Person whom I have often seen," continued the Tortoise, "bred up a Cat very frugally in his own house. He gave her enough to suffice nature, though nothing superfluous: and she might, if she pleased, have lived very happily with him; but she was very ravenous, and, not content with her ordinary food, hunted about in every corner for more. One day, passing by a dove house, she saw some young pigeons that were hardly fledged; and presently her teeth watered for a taste of those delicate viands. With this resolution, up she boldly mounted into the dove house, never minding whether the master were there or no, and was presently with great joy preparing to satisfy her voluptuous desires. But the master of the place no sooner saw the epicure of a Cat enter, than he shut up the doors, and stopped up all the holes at which it was possible for her to get out again, and so bestirred himself that he caught the felonious baggage, and hanged her up at the corner of the pigeon house. Soon after this, the owner of the Cat passing that way, and seeing his Cat hanged, 'Unfortunate greedy-gut,' said he, 'hadst thou been contented with thy meaner food, thou hadst not been now in this condition! Thus,' continued he, moralizing on the spectacle, 'insatiable gluttons are the procurers of their own untimely ends. Alas! the felicities of this world are uncertain, and of no continuance. Wise men, I well remember, say there is no reliance

upon these six things, nor anything of fidelity to be expected from them : —

"'1. From a cloud ; for it disperses in an instant.

"'2. From feigned friendship; for it passes away like a flash of lightning.

"'3. From a woman's love; for it changes upon every frivolous fancy.

"'4. From beauty ; for the least injury of time, misfortune, or disease destroys it.

"'5. From false prayers ; for they are but smoke.

"'6. And from the enjoyments of the world ; for they all vanish in a moment.'"

"Men of judgment," replied the Rat, "are all of this opinion : they never labor after these vain things ; there is nothing but the acquisition of a real friend can tempt us to the expectation of a lasting happiness."

The Raven then spoke in his turn : "There is no earthly pleasure or advantage," said he, "like a true friend ; which I shall endeavor to prove, by the recital of the following story."

Fable VIII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A certain Person, of a truly noble and generous disposition, once heard, as he lay in bed, somebody knocking at his door at an unseasonable hour. Somewhat surprised at it, he, without stirring out of his place, first asked who was there. But when by the answer he understood that it was one of his best friends, he immediately rose, put on his clothes, and ordering his servant to light a candle, went and opened the door.

So soon as he saw him, "Dear Friend," said he, "I at all times rejoice to see you, but doubly now, because I promise myself, from this extraordinary visit, that I can be of some service to you. I cannot imagine your coming so late to be for any other reason, but either to borrow money, or to desire me to be your second, and I am very happy in that I can assure you that I am provided to serve you in either of these requests. If you want money, my purse is full, and it is open to all your occasions. If you are to meet with your enemy, my arm and sword are at your service." "There is nothing I have less

occasion for," answered his Friend, "than these things which you proffer me. I only came to understand the condition of your health, fearing the truth of an unlucky and disastrous dream."

While the Raven was reciting this Fable, our set of friends beheld at a distance a little wild Goat making towards them with an incredible swiftness.

They all took it for granted, by her speed, that she was pursued by some hunter; and they immediately without ceremony separated, every one to take care of himself. The Tortoise slipped into the water, the Rat crept into a hole which he accidentally found there, and the Raven hid himself among the boughs of a very high tree. In the mean time the Goat stopped all of a sudden, and stood to rest itself by the side of the fountain; when the Raven, who looked about every way, perceiving nobody, called to the Tortoise, who immediately peeped up above the water; and seeing the Goat afraid to drink, "Drink boldly," said the Tortoise, "for the water is very clear:" which the Goat having done, "Pray tell me," cried the Tortoise, "what is the reason you seem to be in such a fright?" "Reason enough," replied the Goat, "for I have just made my escape from the hands of a Hunter, who pursued me with an eager chase."

"Come," said the Tortoise, "I am glad you are safe, and I have an offer to make you: if you can like our company, stay here, and be one of our friends; you will find, I assure you, our hearts honest and our conversation beneficial. Wise men," continued she, "say that the number of friends lessens trouble: and that if a man had a thousand friends, he ought to reckon them no more than as one; but, on the other side, if a man has but one enemy, he ought to reckon that one for a thousand, so dangerous and so desperate a thing is an avowed enemy." After this discourse, the Raven and the Rat entered into company with the Goat, and showed her a thousand civilities; with which she was so taken that she promised to stay there as long as she lived.

These four friends, after this, lived in perfect harmony a long while, and spent their time very pleasantly together. But one day, as the Tortoise, the Rat, and the Raven had met, as they used to do, by the side of the fountain, the Goat was missing; this very much troubled the other friends, as they knew not what accident might have befallen her. They soon

came to a resolution, however, to seek for and assist her; and presently the Raven mounted up into the air, to see what discoveries he could make, and looking round about him, at length, to his great sorrow, saw at a distance the poor Goat entangled in a Hunter's net. He immediately dropped down, on this, to acquaint the Rat and Tortoise with what he had seen; and you may be well assured these ill tidings extremely afflicted all the three friends.

"We have professed a strict friendship together, and long lived happily in it," said the Tortoise; "and it will be shameful now to break through it, and leave our innocent and good-natured friend to destruction: no, we must find some way," continued she, "to deliver the poor Goat out of captivity."

On this, said the Raven to the Rat, "Remember now, O excellent Zirac! thy own talents, and exert them for the public good: there is none but you can set our friend at liberty; and the business must be quickly done, for fear the Huntsman lay his clutches upon her."

"Doubt not but I will gladly do my endeavor," replied the Rat; "therefore let us go immediately, lest we lose time." The Raven, on this, took up Zirac in his bill, and carried him to the place; where being arrived, he fell without delay to gnawing the meshes that held the Goat's foot, and had almost set him at liberty by the time the Tortoise arrived. So soon as the Goat perceived this slow-moving friend, she sent forth a loud cry: "O!" said she, "why have you ventured yourself to come hither?"

"Alas," replied the Tortoise, "I could no longer endure your absence."

"Dear Friend," said the Goat, "your coming to this place troubles me more than the loss of my own liberty; for if the Hunter should happen to come at this instant, what will you do to make your escape? For my part I am almost unbound, and my swift heels will prevent me from falling into his hands; the Raven will find his safety in his wings; the Rat will run into any hole; only you, that are so slow of foot, will become the Hunter's prey."

No sooner had the Goat spoken the words than the Hunter appeared; but the Goat being loosened ran away; the Raven mounted into the sky; the Rat slipped into a hole; and, as the Goat had said, only the slow-paced Tortoise remained without help.

When the Hunter arrived, he was not a little surprised to find his net broken. This was no small vexation to him, and made him look narrowly about, to see if he could discover who had done him the injury; and, unfortunately, in searching, he spied the Tortoise. "O!" said he, "very well, I am very glad to see you here; I find I shall not go home empty-handed, however, at last: here's a plump Tortoise, and that's worth something, I'm sure." With that he took the Tortoise up, put it in his sack, threw the sack over his shoulder, and so was trudging home.

When he was gone, the three friends came from their several places, and met together, when, missing the Tortoise, they easily judged what was become of her. Then sending forth a thousand sighs, they made most doleful lamentations, and shed a torrent of tears. At length the Raven, interrupting this sad harmony, "Dear friends," said he, "our moans and sorrows do the Tortoise no good; we ought, instead of this, if it be possible, to think of a way to save her life. The sages of former ages have informed us that there are four sorts of persons that are never known but upon the proper occasions: men of courage in fight; men of honesty in business; a wife in her husband's misfortunes; and a true friend in extreme necessity. We find, alas! our dear friend the Tortoise is in a sad condition; and therefore we must, if possible, succor her."

"It is well advised," replied the Rat, "and now I think on't, an expedient is come into my head. Let the Goat go and show herself in the Hunter's eye, who will then be sure to lay down his sack to run after her."

"Very well advised," replied the Goat, "I will pretend to be lame, and run limping at a little distance before him, which will encourage him to follow me, and so draw him a good way from his sack, which will give the Rat time to set our friend at liberty." This stratagem had so good a face that it was soon approved by them all; and immediately the Goat ran halting before the Hunter, and seemed to be so feeble and faint that he thought he had her safe in his clutches; and so laying down his sack, ran after the Goat with all his might. That cunning creature suffered him ever and anon almost to come up to her, and then led him another green-goose chase, till in short she had fairly dragged him out of sight; which the Rat perceiving, came and gnawed the string that tied the sack, and let out the Tortoise, who went and hid herself in a thick bush.

At length the Hunter, tired with running in vain after his prey, left off the chase, and returned to his sack. "Here," said he, "I have something safe however: thou art not quite so swift of foot as this plaguy Goat; and if thou wert, art too fast here to find the way to make thy legs of any use to thee." So saying, he went to the bag, but there missing the Tortoise, he was in amaze, and thought himself in a region of hobgoblins and spirits. He could not but stand and bless himself, that a Goat should free herself out of his nets, and by and by run hopping before him, and make a fool of him; and that in the mean while a Tortoise, a poor feeble creature, should break the string of a sack, and make its escape. All these considerations struck him with such a panic fear, that he ran home as if a thousand robin goodfellows or rawhead and bloody bones had been at his heels. After which the four friends met together again, congratulated each other on their escapes, made new protestations of friendship, and swore never to separate till death parted them.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

RETOLD BY PHÆDRUS.

[ÆSOP is the imaginary author of a collection of fables, some of them dating back to archaic Egyptian times; the dates, personal history, and description, etc., set down to him are all fictitious, and some of them very late mediæval inventions. Phædrus was a Macedonian slave who lived in Rome during the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, and rewrote the Æsopian fables in verse, adding some new ones, besides other stories with a moral not cast in fable form.]

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

DRIVEN by thirst, a Wolf and a Lamb had come to the same stream; the Wolf stood above, and the Lamb at a distance below. Then the spoiler, prompted by a ravenous maw, alleged a pretext for a quarrel. "Why," said he, "have you made the water muddy for me while I am drinking?" The Fleece bearer, trembling, answered: "Prithee, Wolf, how can I do what you complain of? The water is flowing downwards from you to where I am drinking." The other, disconcerted by the force of truth, exclaimed, "Six months ago, you slandered me." "Indeed," answered the Lamb, "I was not born

then." "By Hercules," said the Wolf, "then 'twas your father slandered me;" and so, snatching him up, he tore him to pieces, killing him unjustly.

The Frogs asking for a King.

The Frogs, roaming at large in their marshy fens, with loud clamor demanded of Jupiter a king, who, by his authority, might check their dissolute manners. The Father of the Gods smiled, and gave them a little Log, which, on being thrown among them, startled the timorous race by the noise and sudden commotion in the bog. When it had lain for some time immersed in the mud, one of them by chance silently lifted his head above the water, and, having taken a peep at the king, called up all the rest. Having got the better of their fears, vying with each other, they swim towards him, and the insolent mob leap upon the Log. After defiling it with every kind of insult, they sent to Jupiter, requesting another king, because the one that had been given them was useless. Upon this, he sent them a Water Snake, who with his sharp teeth began to gobble them up one after another. Helpless they strive in vain to escape death; terror deprives them of voice. By stealth, therefore, they send through Mercury a request to Jupiter, to succor them in their distress. Then said the God in reply, "Since you would not be content with your good fortune, continue to endure your bad fortune."

Fable for Parvenus.

A Jackdaw, swelling with empty pride, picked up some feathers which had fallen from a Peacock, and decked himself out therewith; upon which, despising his own kind, he mingled with a beauteous flock of Peacocks. They tore his feathers from off the impudent bird, and put him to flight with their beaks. The Jackdaw, thus roughly handled, in grief hastened to return to his own kind; repulsed by whom, he had to submit to sad disgrace. Then said one of those whom he had formerly despised, "If you had been content with our station, and had been ready to put up with what nature had given, you would neither have experienced the former affront, nor would your ill fortune have had to feel the additional pang of this repulse."

Shadow and Substance.

As a Dog, crossing a bridge, was carrying a piece of meat, he saw his own shadow in the watery mirror; and, thinking that it was another booty carried by another dog, attempted to snatch it away; but his greediness was disappointed, he both dropped the food which he was holding in his mouth, and was after all unable to reach that at which he grasped.

The Alliance.

A Cow, a She-Goat, and a Sheep, patient under injuries, were partners in the forests with a Lion. When they had captured a Stag of vast bulk, thus spoke the Lion, after it had been divided into shares, "Because my name is Lion, I take the first; the second you will yield to me because I am courageous; then, because I am the strongest, the third will fall to my lot; if any one touches the fourth, woe betide him."

Never Help a Scoundrel out of a Scrape.

A bone that he had swallowed stuck in the jaws of a Wolf. Thereupon, overcome by extreme pain, he began to tempt all and sundry by great rewards to extract the cause of misery. At length, on his taking an oath, a Crane was prevailed on, and, trusting the length of her neck to his throat, she wrought, with danger to herself, a cure for the Wolf. When she demanded the promised reward for this service, "You are ungrateful," replied the Wolf, "to have taken your head in safety out of my mouth, and then to ask for a reward."

Your Turn may Come.

A Sparrow upbraided a Hare that had been pounced upon by an Eagle, and was sending forth piercing cries. "Where now," said he, "is that fleetness for which you are so remarkable? Why were your feet thus tardy?" While he was speaking, a Hawk seizes him unawares, and kills him, shrieking aloud with vain complaints. The Hare, almost dead, as a consolation in his agony, exclaimed, "You, who so lately, free from care, were ridiculing my misfortunes, have now to deplore your own fate with as woful cause."

A Bad Name is a Bad Investment.

A Wolf indicted a Fox upon a charge of theft; the latter denied it. The Ape sat as judge between them; and when each of them had pleaded his cause, is said to have pronounced this sentence: "You, Wolf, appear not to have lost what you ask the Fox to give back; you, Fox, to have stolen from the Wolf what you deny taking."

Brag only to Strangers.

A Lion having resolved to hunt in company with an Ass, concealed him in a thicket, and at the same time enjoined him to frighten the wild beasts with his voice, to which they were unused, while he himself was to catch them as they fled. Upon this, Longears, with all his might, suddenly raised a cry, and terrified the beasts with this new cause of astonishment. While in their alarm, they are flying to the well-known outlets, they are overpowered by the dread onset of the Lion; who, after he was wearied with slaughter, called forth the Ass from his retreat, and bade him cease his clamor. On this the other in his insolence inquired, "What think you of the assistance given by my voice?" "Excellent!" said the Lion, "so much so that if I had not been acquainted with your spirit and your race, I should have fled in alarm like the rest."

The Showiest Qualities not the Most Useful.

A Stag, when he had drunk at a stream, stood still, and gazed upon his likeness in the water. While there, in admiration, he was praising his branching horns, and finding fault with the extreme thinness of his legs, suddenly roused by the cries of the huntsmen, he took to flight over the plain, and with nimble course escaped the dogs. Then a wood received the beast; in which, being entangled and caught by his horns, the dogs began to tear him to pieces with savage bites. While dying, he is said to have uttered these words: "Oh, how unhappy am I, who now too late find out how useful to me were the things I despised; and what sorrow the things I used to praise have caused me."

Flatterers Have Axes to Grind.

As a Raven, perched in a lofty tree, was about to eat a piece of cheese, stolen from a window, a Fox espied him, and thereupon began thus to speak: "O Raven, what a glossiness there is upon those feathers of yours! What grace you carry in your shape and air! If you had a voice, no bird whatever would be superior to you." On this, the other, attempting to show off his voice, let fall the cheese from his mouth, which the crafty Fox instantly snatched up.

All Governments alike to the Poor.

A timorous Old Man was feeding an Ass in a meadow. Frightened by a sudden alarm of the enemy, he tried to persuade the Ass to fly, lest they should be taken prisoners. But he leisurely replied: "Pray, do you suppose that the conqueror will place double panniers upon me?" The Old Man said, "No." "Then what matters it to me, so long as I have to carry my panniers, whom I serve?"

Avoid Straw Security.

A Stag asked a Sheep for a measure of wheat, a Wolf being his surety. The other, however, suspecting fraud, replied, "The Wolf has always been in the habit of plundering and absconding; you, of rushing out of sight with rapid flight: where am I to look for you both when the day comes?"

The Entering Wedge.

A She-Dog, ready to whelp, having entreated another that she might give birth to her offspring in her kennel, easily obtained the favor. Afterwards, on the other asking for her place back again, she renewed her entreaties, earnestly begging for a short time, until she might be enabled to lead forth her whelps when they had gained sufficient strength. This time being also expired, the other began more urgently to press for her abode. "If," said the tenant, "you are a match for me and my litter in a fight, I will leave."

Kicking the Dying Lion.

As a Lion, worn out with years, and deserted by his strength, lay drawing his last breath, a Wild Boar came up

to him, with flashing tusks, and with a blow revenged an old affront. Next, with hostile horns, a Bull pierced the body of his foe. An Ass, on seeing the wild beast maltreated with impunity, tore up his forehead with his heels. On this, expiring, he said: "I have borne, with indignation, the insults of the brave; but in being inevitably forced to bear with you, disgrace to nature! I seem to die a double death."

Don't Spare One Curse for Fear of Another.

A Weasel, on being caught by a Man, wishing to escape impending death, "Pray," said she, "do spare me, for 'tis I who keep your house clear of troublesome mice." The Man made answer: "If you did so for my sake, it would be a reason for thanking you, and I should have granted you the pardon you entreat. But as you eat up all they would, and them too, don't think of placing your pretended services to my account;" and so saying, he put the wicked creature to death.

Suspect Sudden Conversions.

A Thief one night threw a crust of bread to a Dog, to try whether he could be gained by the proffered victuals. "Hark you," said the Dog, "do you think to stop my tongue so that I may not bark for my master's property? You are greatly mistaken. For this sudden liberality bids me be on the watch, that you may not profit by my neglect."

The Frog and the Ox.

Once on a time, a Frog espied an Ox in a meadow, and moved with envy at his vast bulk, puffed out her wrinkled skin, and then asked her young ones whether she was bigger than the Ox. They said, "No." Again, with still greater efforts, she distended her skin, and in like manner inquired which was the bigger: they said, "The Ox." At last, while, full of indignation, she tried, with all her might, to puff herself out, she burst her body on the spot.

The Fox and the Stork.

A Fox is said to have given a Stork the first invitation to a banquet, and to have placed before her some thin broth in a flat dish, of which the hungry Stork could in no way get a taste.

Having invited the Fox in return, she set before him a narrow-mouthed jar, full of minced meat: and, thrusting her beak into it, satisfied herself, while she tormented her guest with hunger; who, after having in vain licked the neck of the jar, as we have heard, thus addressed the foreign bird: "Every one is bound to bear patiently the results of his own example."

Revenge always Finds a Way.

An Eagle one day carried off the whelps of a Fox, and placed them in her nest before her young ones, for them to tear in pieces as food. The mother, following her, began to entreat that she would not cause such sorrow to her miserable suppliant. The other despised her, as being safe in the very situation of the spot. The Fox snatched from an altar a burning torch, and surrounded the whole tree with flames, intending to mingle anguish to her foe with the loss of her offspring. The Eagle, that she might rescue her young ones from the peril of death, in a suppliant manner restored to the Fox her whelps in safety.

"Who shall Guard the Guardians?"

Some Pigeons, having often escaped from a Kite, and by their swiftness of wing avoided death, the spoiler had recourse to stratagem, and by a crafty device of this nature deceived the harmless race. "Why do you prefer to live a life of anxiety, rather than conclude a treaty, and make me your king, who can insure your safety from every injury?" They, putting confidence in him, intrusted themselves to the Kite, who, on obtaining the sovereignty, began to devour them one by one, and to exercise authority with his cruel talons. Then said one of those that were left, "Deservedly are we smitten."

The Man and the Two Women.

A Woman, not devoid of grace, held enthralled a certain Man of middle age, concealing her years by the arts of the toilet; a lovely Young creature, too, had captivated the heart of the same person. Both, as they were desirous to appear of the same age with him, began, each in her turn, to pluck out the hair of the Man. While he imagined that he was made trim by the care of the women, he suddenly found himself

bald; for the Young Woman had entirely pulled out the white hairs, the Old Woman the black ones.

[This is a dubious piece of morality. The obvious moral would seem to be, Don't court two women at once; but if one may take them as successive, it would be, Keep to your own sort: wide divergences mean unhappiness and injury.]

Don't Buy Off Blackmailers.

A Man, torn by the bite of a savage Dog, threw a piece of bread, dipped in his blood, to the offender: a thing that he had heard was a remedy for the wound. Then said Æsop, "Don't do this before many dogs, lest they devour us alive, when they know that such is the reward of guilt."

The Fly and the Mule.

A Fly sat on the pole of a chariot, and rebuking the Mule: "How slow you are," said she; "will you not go faster? Take care that I don't prick your neck with my sting." The Mule made answer: "I am not moved by your words, but I fear him who, sitting on the next seat, guides my yoke with his pliant whip, and governs my mouth with the foam-covered reins. Therefore, cease your frivolous impertinence, for I well know when to go at a gentle pace, and when to run."

Servile Riches versus Free Poverty.

A Wolf, quite starved with hunger, chanced to meet a well-fed Dog, and as they stopped to salute each other: "Pray," said the Wolf, "how is it that you are so sleek? or on what food have you made so much flesh? I, who am far stronger, am perishing with hunger." The Dog frankly replied, "You may enjoy the same condition, if you can render the like service to your master." "What is it?" said the other. "To be the guardian of his threshold, and to protect the house from thieves at night." "I am quite ready for that," said the Wolf; "at present I have to endure snow and showers, dragging on a wretched existence in the woods. How much more pleasant for me to be living under a roof, and, at my ease, to be stuffed with plenty of victuals." "Come along, then, with me," said

the Dog. As they were going along, the Wolf observed the neck of the Dog, where it was worn with the chain. "Whence comes this, my friend?" "Oh, it is nothing." "Do tell me, though." "Because I appear to be fierce, they fasten me up in the daytime, that I may be quiet when it is light, and watch when night comes; unchained at midnight, I wander wherever I please. Bread is brought me without my asking; from his own table my master gives me bones; the servants throw me bits, and whatever dainties each person leaves; thus, without trouble on my part, is my belly filled." "Well, if you have a mind to go anywhere, are you at liberty?" "Certainly not," replied the Dog. "Then, Dog, enjoy what you boast of. I would not be a king, to lose my liberty."

"Handsome is as Handsome Does."

A certain Man had a very ugly Daughter, and also a Son, remarkable for his handsome features. These, diverting themselves as children do, chanced to look into a mirror, as it lay upon their mother's chair. He praises his own good looks; she is vexed and cannot endure the raillery of her boasting brother, construing everything (and how could she do otherwise?) as a reproach against herself. Accordingly, off she runs to her Father, to be avenged on him in her turn; and with great rancor makes a charge against the Son, how that he, though a male, has been meddling with a thing that belongs to the women. Embracing them both, kissing them, and dividing his tender affection between the two, he said, "I wish you both to use the mirror every day: you, that you may not spoil your beauty by vicious conduct; you, that you may make amends by your virtues for your looks."

The Cock and the Pearl.

A young Cock, while seeking for food on a dunghill, found a Pearl, and exclaimed: "What a fine thing are you to be lying in so unseemly a place. If any one sensible of your value had espied you here, you would long ago have returned to your former brilliancy. And it is I who have found you, I to whom food is far preferable! I can be of no use to you or you to me."

Real Parenthood.

A Dog said to a Lamb bleating among some She-Goats, "Simpleton, you are mistaken; your mother is not here;" and pointed out some Sheep at a distance, in a flock by themselves. "I am not looking for her," said the Lamb, "who, when she thinks fit, conceives, then carries her unknown burden for a certain number of months, and at last empties out the fallen bundle; but for her who, presenting her udder, nourishes me, and deprives her young ones of milk that I may not go without." "Still," said the Dog, "she ought to be preferred who brought you forth." "Not at all: how was she to know whether I should be born black or white? [*i.e.* for first sacrifice or not]. However, suppose she did know, seeing I was born a male, truly she conferred a great obligation on me in giving me birth, that I might expect the butcher every hour. Why should she, who had no power in engendering me, be preferred to her who took pity on me as I lay, and of her own accord showed me a welcome affection? It is kindliness makes parents, not the ordinary course of Nature."

Don't Quarrel with Fate.

A Peacock came to Juno, complaining sadly that she had not given to him the song of the Nightingale; that it was the admiration of every ear, while he himself was laughed at the very instant he raised his voice. The Goddess, to console him, replied, "But you surpass the nightingale in beauty, you surpass him in size; the brilliancy of the emerald shines upon your neck; and you unfold a tail begemmed with painted plumage." "Wherefore give me," he retorted, "a beauty that is dumb, if I am surpassed in voice?" "By the will of the Fates," said she, "have your respective qualities been assigned; beauty to you, strength to the Eagle, melody to the Nightingale, to the Raven presages, unpropitious omens to the Crow: all of these are contented with their own endowments."

The Fox and the Grapes.

Urged by hunger, a Fox, leaping with all her might, tried to reach a cluster of Grapes upon a lofty vine. When she found she could not reach them, she left them, saying, "They are not ripe yet; I don't like to eat them while sour."

Biting off the Nose to spite the Face.

While a Wild Boar was wallowing, he muddied the shallow water, at which a Horse had been in the habit of quenching his thirst. Upon this, a disagreement arose. The Horse, enraged with the beast, sought the aid of man, and, raising him on his back, returned against the foe. After the Horseman, hurling his javelins, had slain the Boar, he is said to have spoken thus: "I am glad that I gave assistance at your entreaties, for I have captured a prey, and have learned how useful you are;" and so compelled him, unwilling as he was, to submit to the rein. Then said the Horse, sorrowing, "Fool that I am! while seeking to revenge a trifling matter, I have met with slavery."

Strong Spirits can Disdain Slanderers.

A Viper came into a smith's workshop; and while on the search whether there was anything fit to eat, fastened her teeth upon a File. The latter, however, disdainfully exclaimed, "Why, fool, do you try to wound me with your teeth, who am in the habit of gnawing asunder every kind of iron?"

Suspect a Scamp's Good Offices.

A Fox having fallen into a well, and being closed in by the sides, which were too high for her, a Goat parched with thirst came to the same spot, and asked whether the water was good and in plenty. The other, devising a stratagem, replied, "Come down, my friend: such is the goodness of the water that my pleasure in drinking cannot be satisfied." Longbeard descended; then the Fox, mounting on his high horns, escaped from the well, and left the Goat to stick fast in the inclosed mud.

Of the Vices of Men.

Jupiter has loaded us with a couple of Wallets: the one, filled with our own vices, he has placed at our backs; the other, heavy with those of others, he has hung before.

From this circumstance we are not able to see our own faults; but as soon as others make a slip, we are ready to censure.

The She-Goats and their Beards.

The She-Goats having obtained of Jupiter the favor of a beard, the He-Goats, full of concern, began to be indignant that the females rivaled them in their dignity. "Suffer them," said the God, "to enjoy their empty honors, and to use the badge that belongs to your rank, so long as they are not sharers in your courage."

The Man and the Snake.

A Man took up a Snake, stiffened with frost, and warmed her in his bosom, being compassionate to his own undoing; for when she had recovered, she instantly killed the Man. On another one asking her the reason of this crime, she made answer, "That people may learn not to assist the wicked."

The Mountain in Labor.

A Mountain was in labor, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the districts the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth a Mouse.

The Bald Man and the Fly.

A Fly bit the bare pate of a Bald Man, who, endeavoring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the Fly, jeeringly: "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?" The Man made answer: "I am easily reconciled to myself, because I know that there was no intention of doing harm. But you, worthless insect, and one of a contemptible race, who take a delight in drinking human blood, I could wish to destroy you, even at a heavier penalty."

Avoid Ill-gotten Wealth.

A Man having sacrificed a young boar to the god Hercules, to whom he owed performance of a vow made for the preservation of his health, ordered the remains of the barley to be set for the Ass. But he refused to touch it, and said, "I would most willingly accept your food, if he who had been fed upon it had not had his throat cut."

FIN McCOUL.

A Legend of Knockmany.

By WILLIAM CARLETON.

[William Carleton, a leading writer of Irish peasant stories and sketches and novels of Irish life in general, was born in County Tyrone in 1798. A poor boy, scantily educated in a hedge school, he passed two years (16–18) in a relative's academy, went to Dublin, and in 1830 and 1832 published two series of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," which were very successful. In 1839 he produced a novel, "Fardorougha, the Miser"; and in 1841 three volumes of tales mostly pathetic — but one story in a more buoyant vein, "The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan," was very popular. In 1845 he issued "Valentine M'Clutchy," a "repeal" novel; 1846, "Rody the Rover"; 1847, "The Black Prophet"; 1849, "The Tithe Proctor"; 1855, "Willy Reilly," 3 vols.; 1860 "The Evil Eye." He long received a pension of £200 a year for his great literary merits. He died January, 1869.]

What Irish man, woman, or child has not heard of our renowned Hibernian Hercules, the great and glorious Fin M'Coul? Not one, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, nor from that back again to Cape Clear. And by the way, speaking of the Giant's Causeway, brings me at once to the beginning of my story. Well, it so happened that Fin and his gigantic relatives were all working at the Causeway, in order to make a bridge, or what was still better, a good stout pad road, across to Scotland; when Fin, who was very fond of his wife Oonagh, took it into his head that he would go home and see how the poor woman got on in his absence. To be sure, Fin was a true Irishman, and so the sorrow thing in life brought him back, only to see that she was snug and comfortable, and, above all things, that she got her rest well at night; for he knew that the poor woman, when he was with her, used to be subject to nightly qualms and configurations, that kept him very anxious, decent man, striving to keep her up to the good spirits and health that she had when they were first married. So, accordingly, he pulled up a fir tree; and after lopping off the roots and branches, made a walking stick of it, and set out on his way to Oonagh.

Oonagh, or rather Fin, lived at this time on the very tip top of Knockmany Hill, which faces a cousin of its own called Cullamore, that rises up, half hill, half mountain, on the opposite side — east-east by south, as the sailors say, when they wish to puzzle a landsman.

Now, the truth is, for it must come out, that honest Fin's affection for his wife, though cordial enough in itself, was by no manner of means the real cause of his journey home. There was at that time another giant, named Cucullin, — some say he was Irish, and some say he was Scotch, — but whether Scotch or Irish, sorrow doubt of it but he was a *targer*. No other giant of the day could stand before him; and such was his strength that, when well vexed, he could give a stamp that shook the country about him. The fame and name of him went far and near; and nothing in the shape of a man, it was said, had any chance with him in a fight. Whether the story is true or not, I cannot say, but the report went that by one blow of his fists he flattened a thunderbolt, and kept it in his pocket in the shape of a pancake, to show to all his enemies when they were about to fight him. Undoubtedly he had given every giant in Ireland a considerable beating, barring Fin M'Coul himself; and he swore, by the solemn contents of Moll Kelly's Primer, that he would never rest, night or day, winter or summer, till he would serve Fin with the same sauce, if he could catch him.

Fin, however, who no doubt was the cock of the walk on his own dunghill, had a strong disinclination to meet a giant who could make a young earthquake, or flatten a thunderbolt when he was angry; so he accordingly kept dodging about from place to place, not much to his credit as a Trojan, to be sure, whenever he happened to get the hard word that Cucullin was on the scent of him. This, then, was the marrow of the whole movement, although he put it on his anxiety to see Oonagh; and I am not saying but there was some truth in that too. However, the short and long of it was, with reverence be it spoken, that he heard Cucullin was coming to the Causeway to have a trial of strength with him; and he was naturally enough seized, in consequence, with a very warm and sudden fit of affection for his wife, poor woman, who was delicate in her health, and leading, besides, a very lonely, uncomfortable life of it (he assured them) in his absence. He accordingly pulled up the fir tree, as I said before, and having *snedded* it into a walking stick, set out on his affectionate travels to see his darling Oonagh on the top of Knockmany, by the way.

In truth, to state the suspicions of the country at that time, the people wondered very much why it was that Fin selected such a windy spot for his dwelling house, and they even went so far as to tell him as much.

"What can you mane, Mr. M'Coul," said they, "by pitching your tent upon the top of Knockmany, where you never are without a breeze, day or night, winter or summer, and where you're often forced to take your nightcap [the cloud that hangs about the peak of a mountain] without either going to bed or turning up your little finger; ay, an' where, besides this, there's the sorrow's own want of water?"

"Why," said Fin, "ever since I was the height of a round tower, I was known to be fond of having a good prospect of my own; and where the dickens, neighbors, could I find a better spot for a good prospect than the top of Knockmany? As for water, I am sinking a pump [there is upon the top of this hill an opening that bears a very strong resemblance to the crater of an extinct volcano], and, plase goodness, as soon as the Causeway's made, I intend to finish it."

Now, this was more of Fin's philosophy; for the real state of the case was, that he pitched upon the top of Knockmany in order that he might be able to see Cucullin coming towards the house, and of course that he himself might go to look after his distant transactions in other parts of the country, rather than — but no matter — we do not wish to be too hard on Fin. All we have to say is, that if he wanted a spot from which to keep a sharp lookout, — and between ourselves, he did want it grievously, — barring Slieve Croob, or Slieve Donard, or its own cousin Cullamore, he could not find a neater or more convenient situation for it in the sweet and sagacious province of Ulster.

"God save all here!" said Fin, good-humoredly, on putting his honest face into his own door.

"Musha, Fin, avick, an' you're welcome home to your own Oonagh, you darlin' bully." Here followed a smack that is said to have made the waters of the lake at the bottom of the hill curl, as it were, with kindness and sympathy.

"Faith," said Fin, "beautiful; an' how are you, Oonagh — and how did you sport your figure during my absence, my bilberry?"

"Never a merrier — as bouncing a grass widow as ever there was in sweet 'Tyrone among the bushes.'"

Fin gave a short, good-humored cough, and laughed most heartily, to show her how much he was delighted that she made herself happy in his absence.

"An' what brought you home so soon, Fin?" said she.

"Why, avourneen," said Fin, putting in his answer in the proper way, "never the thing but the purest of love and affection for yourself. Sure you know that's truth, anyhow, Oonagh."

Fin spent two or three happy days with Oonagh, and felt himself very comfortable, considering the dread he had of Cucullin. This, however, grew upon him so much that his wife could not but perceive something lay on his mind which he kept altogether to himself. Let a woman alone, in the mean time, for ferreting or wheedling a secret out of her good man, when she wishes. Fin was a proof of this.

"It's this Cucullin," said he, "that's troubling me. When the fellow gets angry, and begins to stamp, he'll shake you a whole townland; and it's well known that he can stop a thunderbolt, for he always carries one about him in the shape of a pancake, to show to any one that might misdoubt it."

As he spoke, he clapped his thumb in his mouth, which he always did when he wanted to prophesy, or to know anything that happened in his absence; and the wife, who knew what he did it for, said very sweetly, "Fin, darling, I hope you don't bite your thumb at me, dear?"

"No," said Fin; "but I bite my thumb, acushla," said he.

"Yes, jewel; but take care and don't draw blood," said she. "Ah, Fin! don't, my bully — don't."

"He's coming," said Fin; "I see him below Dungannon."

"Thank goodness, dear! an' who is it, avick? Glory be to God!"

"That baste, Cucullin," replied Fin; "and how to manage I don't know. If I run away, I am disgraced; and I know that sooner or later I must meet him, for my thumb tells me so."

"When will he be here?" said she.

"To-morrow, about two o'clock," replied Fin, with a groan.

"Well, my bully, don't be cast down," said Oonagh; "depend on me, and maybe I'll bring you better out of this scrape than ever you could bring yourself, by your rule o' thumb."

This quieted Fin's heart very much, for he knew that Oonagh was hand and glove with the fairies; and indeed, to tell the truth, she was supposed to be a fairy herself. If she was, however, she must have been a kind-hearted one, for by all accounts she never did anything but good in the neighborhood.

Now it so happened that Oonagh had a sister named Granua, living opposite them, on the very top of Cullamore,

which I have mentioned already, and this Granua was quite as powerful as herself. The beautiful valley that lies between them is not more than about three or four miles broad, so that of a summer's evening, Granua and Oonagh were able to hold many an agreeable conversation across it, from the one hilltop to the other. Upon this occasion Oonagh resolved to consult her sister as to what was best to be done in the difficulty that surrounded them.

"Granua," said she, "are you at home?"

"No," said the other; "I'm picking bilberries in Althadhawan" (*Anglicé*, the Devil's Glen).

"Well," said Oonagh, "get up to the top of Cullamore, look about you, and then tell us what you see."

"Very well," replied Granua; after a few minutes, "I am there now."

"What do you see?" asked the other.

"Goodness be about us!" exclaimed Granua, "I see the biggest giant that ever was known coming up from Dungannon."

"Ay," said Oonagh, "there's our difficulty. That giant is the great Cucullin; and he's now comin' up to leather Fin. What's to be done?"

"I'll call to him," she replied, "to come up to Cullamore and refresh himself, and maybe that will give you and Fin time to think of some plan to get yourselves out of the scrape. But," she proceeded, "I'm short of butter, having in the house only half a dozen firkins, and as I'm to have a few giants and giantesses to spend the evenin' with me, I'd feel thankful, Oonagh, if you'd throw me up fifteen or sixteen tubs, or the largest miscaun you have got, and you'll oblige me very much."

"I'll do that with a heart and a half," replied Oonagh; "and, indeed, Granua, I feel myself under great obligations to you for your kindness in keeping him off of us till we see what can be done; for what would become of us all if anything happened Fin, poor man."

She accordingly got the largest miscaun of butter she had — which might be about the weight of a couple a dozen millstones, so that you may easily judge of its size — and calling up to her sister, "Granua," said she, "are you ready? I'm going to throw you up a miscaun, so be prepared to catch it."

"I will," said the other; "a good throw now, and take care it does not fall short."

Oonagh threw it; but, in consequence of her anxiety about

Fin and Cucullin, she forgot to say the charm that was to send it up, so that, instead of reaching Cullamore, as she expected, it fell about halfway between the two hills, at the edge of the Broad Bog near Augher.

"My curse upon you!" she exclaimed; "you've disgraced me. I now change you into a gray stone. Lie there as a testimony of what has happened; and may evil betide the first living man that will ever attempt to remove or injure you!"

And, sure enough, there it lies to this day, with the mark of the four fingers and thumb imprinted in it, exactly as it came out of her hand.

"Never mind," said Granua, "I must only do the best I can with Cucullin. If all fail, I'll give him a cast of heather broth to keep the wind out of his stomach, or a panada of oak bark to draw it in a bit; but, above all things, think of some plan to get Fin out of the scrape he's in, otherwise he's a lost man. You know you used to be sharp and ready witted; and my own opinion, Oonagh, is that it will go hard with you or you'll outdo Cucullin yet."

She then made a high smoke on the top of the hill, after which she put her finger in her mouth and gave three whistles, and by that Cucullin knew he was invited to Cullamore — for this was the way that the Irish long ago gave a sign to all strangers and travelers, to let them know they were welcome to come and take share of whatever was going.

In the mean time, Fin was very melancholy, and did not know what to do or how to act at all. Cucullin was an ugly customer, no doubt, to meet with; and, moreover, the idea of the confounded "cake" aforesaid flattened the very heart within him. What chance could he have, strong and brave though he was, with a man who could, when put in a passion, walk the country into earthquakes and knock thunderbolts into pancakes? The thing was impossible; and Fin knew not on what hand to turn him. Right and left — backward or forward — where to go he could form no guess whatsoever.

"Oonagh," said he, "can you do nothing for me? Where's all your invention? Am I to be skivered like a rabbit before your eyes, and to have my name disgraced forever in the sight of all my tribe, and me the best man among them? How am I to fight this man mountain — this huge cross between an earthquake and a thunderbolt? — with a pancake in his pocket that was once ——"

"Be easy, Fin," replied Oonagh; "troth, I'm ashamed of you. Keep your toe in your pump, will you? Talking of pancakes, maybe we'll give him as good as any he brings with him — thunderbolt or otherwise. If I don't treat him to as smart feeding as he's got this many a day, never trust Oonagh again. Leave him to me, and do just as I bid you."

This relieved Fin very much; for, after all, he had great confidence in his wife, knowing, as he did, that she had got him out of many a quandary before. The present, however, was the greatest of all; but still he began to get courage, and was able to eat his victuals as usual. Oonagh then drew the nine woolen threads of different colors, which she always did to find out the best way of succeeding in anything of importance she went about. She then platted them into three plats with three colors in each, putting one on her right arm, one round her heart, and the third round her right ankle, for then she knew that nothing could fail with her that she undertook.

Having everything now prepared, she sent round to the neighbors and borrowed one and twenty iron griddles, which she took and kneaded into the hearts of one and twenty cakes of bread, and these she baked on the fire in the usual way, setting them aside in the cupboard according as they were done. She then put down a large pot of new milk, which she made into curds and whey, and gave Fin due instructions how to use the curds when Cucullin should come. Having done all this, she sat down quite contented, waiting for his arrival on the next day about two o'clock, that being the hour at which he was expected — for Fin knew as much by the sucking of his thumb. Now, this was a curious property that Fin's thumb had; but, notwithstanding all the wisdom and logic he used to suck out of it, it could never have stood to him here were it not for the wit of his wife. In this very thing, moreover, he was very much resembled by his great foe, Cucullin; for it was well known that the huge strength he possessed all lay in the middle finger of his right hand, and that if he happened by any mischance to lose it, he was no more, notwithstanding his bulk, than a common man.

At length, the next day, he was seen coming across the valley, and Oonagh knew that it was time to commence operations. She immediately made the cradle, and desired Fin to lie down in it, and cover himself up with the clothes.

"You must pass for your own child," said she; "so just lie

there snug, and say nothing, but be guided by me." This, to be sure, was wormwood to Fin, — I mean going into the cradle in such a cowardly manner, — but he knew Oonagh well; and finding that he had nothing else for it, with a very rueful face he gathered himself into it, and lay snug, as she had desired him.

About two o'clock, as he had been expected, Cucullin came in. "God save all here!" said he; "is this where the great Fin M'Coul lives?"

"Indeed it is, honest man," replied Oonagh; "God save you kindly — won't you be sitting?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said he, sitting down; "you're Mrs. M'Coul, I suppose?"

"I am," said she; "and I have no reason, I hope, to be ashamed of my husband."

"No," said the other, "he has the name of being the strongest and bravest man in Ireland; but for all that, there's a man not far from you that's very desirous of taking a shake with him. Is he at home?"

"Why, then, no," she replied; "and if ever a man left his house in a fury, he did. It appears that some one told him of a big basthoon of a giant called Cucullin being down at the Causeway to look for him, and so he set out there to try if he could catch him. Troth, I hope, for the poor giant's sake, he won't meet with him, for if he does, Fin will make paste of him at once."

"Well," said the other, "I am Cucullin, and I have been seeking him these twelve months, but he always kept clear of me; and I will never rest, night or day, till I lay my hands on him."

At this Oonagh set up a loud laugh of great contempt, by the way, and looked at him as if he was only a mere handful of a man.

"Did you ever see Fin?" said she, changing her manner all at once.

"How could I?" said he; "he always took care to keep his distance."

"I thought so," she replied; "I judged as much; and if you take my advice, you poor-looking creature, you'll pray night and day that you may never see him, for I tell you it will be a black day for you when you do. But, in the mean time, you perceive that the wind's on the door, and as Fin himself is from home, maybe you'd be civil enough to turn the house, for it's always what Fin does when he's here."

This was a startler even to Cucullin ; but he got up, however, and after pulling the middle finger of his right hand until it cracked three times, he went outside, and getting his arms about the house, completely turned it as she had wished When Fin saw this, he felt a certain description of moisture, which shall be nameless, oozing out through every pore of his skin ; but Oonagh, depending upon her woman's wit, felt not a whit daunted.

"Arrah, then," said she, "as you are so civil, maybe you'd do another obliging turn for us, as Fin's not here to do it himself. You see, after this long stretch of dry weather we've had, we feel very badly off for want of water. Now, Fin says there's a fine spring well somewhere under the rocks behind the hill here below, and it was his intention to pull them asunder ; but having heard of you, he left the place in such a fury that he never thought of it. Now, if you try to find it, troth I'd feel it a kindness."

She then brought Cucullin down to see the place, which was then all one solid rock ; and, after looking at it for some time, he cracked his right middle finger nine times, and, stooping down, tore a cleft about four hundred feet deep, and a quarter of a mile in length, which has since been christened by the name of Lumford's Glen. This feat nearly threw Oonagh herself off her guard ; but what won't a woman's sagacity and presence of mind accomplish ?

"You'll now come in," said she, "and eat a bit of such humble fare as we can give you. Fin, even although he and you are enemies, would scorn not to treat you kindly in his own house ; and, indeed, if I didn't do it even in his absence, he would not be pleased with me."

She accordingly brought him in, and placing half a dozen of the cakes we spoke of before him, together with a can or two of butter, a side of boiled bacon, and a stack of cabbage, she desired him to help himself — for this, be it known, was long before the invention of potatoes. Cucullin, who by the way was a glutton as well as a hero, put one of the cakes in his mouth to take a huge whack out of it, when both Fin and Oonagh were stunned with a noise that resembled something between a growl and a yell. "Blood and fury!" he shouted ; "how is this ? Here are two of my teeth out ! What kind of bread is this you gave me ?"

"What's the matter ?" said Oonagh, coolly.

"Matter!" shouted the other again; "why, here are the two best teeth in my head gone."

"Why," said she, "that's Fin's bread — the only bread he ever eats when at home; but, indeed, I forgot to tell you that nobody can eat it but himself, and that child in the cradle there. I thought, however, that, as you were reported to be rather a stout little fellow of your size, you might be able to manage it, and I did not wish to affront a man that thinks himself able to fight Fin. Here's another cake — maybe it's not so hard as that."

Cucullin at the moment was not only hungry, but ravenous, so he accordingly made a fresh set at the second cake, and immediately another yell was heard twice as loud as the first. "Thunder and giblets!" he roared, "take your bread out of this, or I will not have a tooth in my head; there's another pair of them gone!"

"Well, honest man," replied Oonagh, "if you're not able to eat the bread, say so quietly, and don't be wakening the child in the cradle there. There, now, he's awake upon me."

Fin now gave a skirl that startled the giant, as coming from such a youngster as he was represented to be. "Mother," said he, "I'm hungry — get me something to eat." Oonagh went over, and putting into his hand a cake *that had no griddle in it*, Fin, whose appetite in the mean time was sharpened by what he saw going forward, soon made it disappear. Cucullin was thunderstruck, and secretly thanked his stars that he had the good fortune to miss meeting Fin, for, as he said to himself, I'd have no chance with a man who could eat such bread as that, which even his son that's but in his cradle can munch before my eyes.

"I'd like to take a glimpse at the lad in the cradle," said he to Oonagh; "for I can tell you that the infant who can manage that nutriment is no joke to look at, or to feed of a scarce summer."

"With all the veins of my heart," replied Oonagh; "get up, acushla, and show this decent little man something that won't be unworthy of your father, Fin M'Coul."

Fin, who was dressed for the occasion as much like a boy as possible, got up, and bringing Cucullin out, "Are you strong?" said he.

"Thunder and 'ounds!" exclaimed the other, "what a voice in so small a chap!"

"Are you strong?" said Fin again; "are you able to

squeeze water out of that white stone?" he asked, putting one into Cucullin's hand. The latter squeezed and squeezed the stone, but to no purpose; he might pull the rocks of Lumford's Glen asunder, and flatten a thunderbolt, but to squeeze water out of a white stone was beyond his strength. Fin eyed him with great contempt, as he kept straining and squeezing and squeezing and straining, till he got black in the face with the efforts.

"Ah, you're a poor creature!" said Fin. "You a giant! Give me the stone here, and when I'll show what Fin's little son can do, you may then judge of what my daddy himself is."

Fin then took the stone, and slyly exchanging it for the curds, he squeezed the latter until the whey, as clear as water, oozed out in a little shower from his hand.

"I'll now go in," said he, "to my cradle; for I scorn to lose my time with any one that's not able to eat my daddy's bread, or squeeze water out of a stone. Bedad, you had better be off out of this before he comes back; for if he catches you, it's in flummery he'd have you in two minutes."

Cucullin, seeing what he had seen, was of the same opinion himself; his knees knocked together with the terror of Fin's return, and he accordingly hastened in to bid Oonagh farewell, and to assure her, that from that day out, he never wished to hear of, much less to see, her husband. "I admit fairly that I'm not a match for him," said he, "strong as I am; tell him I will avoid him as I would the plague, and that I will make myself scarce in this part of the country while I live."

Fin, in the mean time, had gone into the cradle, where he lay very quietly, his heart at his mouth with delight that Cucullin was about to take his departure, without discovering the tricks that had been played off on him.

"It's well for you," said Oonagh, "that he doesn't happen to be here, for it's nothing but hawk's meat he'd make of you."

"I know that," says Cucullin; "divil a thing else he'd make of me; but before I go, will you let me feel what kind of teeth they are that can eat griddle bread like *that?*"— and he pointed to it as he spoke.

"With all pleasure in life," said she; "only as they're far back in his head, you must put your finger a good way in."

Cucullin was surprised to find such a powerful set of grinders in one so young; but he was still much more so on finding, when he took his hand from Fin's mouth, that he had left the very finger upon which his whole strength depended,

behind him. He gave one loud groan, and fell down at once with terror and weakness. This was all Fin wanted, who now knew that his most powerful and bitterest enemy was completely at his mercy. He instantly started out of the cradle, and in a few minutes the great Cucullin, that was for such a length of time the terror of him and all his followers, lay a corpse before him. Thus did Fin, through the wit and invention of Oonagh, his wife, succeed in overcoming his enemy by stratagem, which he never could have done by force: and thus also is it proved that the women, if they bring us *into* many an unpleasant scrape, can sometimes succeed in getting us *out* of others that are as bad.

TALES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

By EIRIKR MAGNUSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS.

[William Morris, English poet and art reformer, was born March 24, 1834; educated at Oxford, and was one of the Preraphaelites. His best-known poem is "The Earthly Paradise"; he has also written "The Defense of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," "Sigurd the Volsung," "The Fall of the Niblungs," and smaller ones. In prose he wrote "The House of the Wolfings," "The Glittering Plain," etc. He founded a manufactory of household decorations to reform public taste, and a printing house for artistic typography. He was also a fervent Socialist. He died October 3, 1896.]

I. The Dragon's Hoard.

OF THE BIRTH AND WAXING OF SIGURD FAFNIR'S-BANE.

Now Sigurd's foster-father was hight Regin, the son of Hreidmar; he taught him all manner of arts, the chess play, and the lore of runes, and the talking of many tongues, even as the wont was with kings' sons in those days. But on a day when they were together Regin asked Sigurd, if he knew how much wealth his father had owned, and who had the ward thereof; Sigurd answered, and said that the kings kept the ward thereof.

Said Regin, "Dost thou trust them all utterly?"

Sigurd said, "It is seemly that they keep it till I may do somewhat therewith, for better they wot how to guard it than I do."

Another time came Regin to talk to Sigurd, and said, —

"A marvelous thing truly that thou must needs be a horse boy to the kings, and go about like a running knave."

"Nay," said Sigurd, "it is not so, for in all things I have my will, and whatso thing I desire is granted me with good will."

"Well, then," said Regin, "ask for a horse of them."

"Yea," quoth Sigurd, "and that shall I have, whenso I have need thereof."

Thereafter Sigurd went to the king, and the king said, —

"What wilt thou have of us?"

Then said Sigurd, "I would even a horse of thee for my disport."

Then said the king, "Choose for thyself a horse, and whatso thing else thou desirest among my matters."

So the next day went Sigurd to the wood, and met on the way an old man, long-bearded, that he knew not, who asked him whither away.

Sigurd said, "I am minded to choose me a horse; come thou, and counsel me thereon."

"Well, then," said he, "go we and drive them to the river which is called Busil-tarn."

They did so, and drave the horses down into the deeps of the river, and all swam back to land but one horse; and that horse Sigurd chose for himself; gray he was of hue, and young of years, great of growth, and fair to look on, nor had any man yet crossed his back.

Then spake the graybeard, "From Sleipnir's kin is this horse come, and he must be nourished heedfully, for it will be the best of all horses;" and therewithal he vanished away.

So Sigurd called the horse Grani, the best of all the horses of the world; nor was the man he met other than Odin himself.

Now yet again spake Regin to Sigurd, and said, —

"Not enough is thy wealth, and I grieve right sore that thou must needs run here and there like a churl's son; but I can tell thee where there is much wealth for the winning, and great name and honor to be won in the getting of it."

Sigurd asked where that might be, and who had watch and ward over it.

Regin answered, "Fafnir is his name, and but a little way hence he lies, on the waste of Gnita-heath; and when thou

comest there thou mayest well say that thou hast never seen more gold heaped together in one place, and that none might desire more treasure, though he were the most ancient and famed of all kings."

"Young am I," says Sigurd, "yet know I the fashion of this worm, and how that none durst go against him, so huge and evil is he."

Regin said, "Nay, it is not so, the fashion and the growth of him is even as of other lingworms [dragons], and an overgreat tale men make of it; and even so would thy forefathers have deemed; but thou, though thou be of the kin of the Volsungs, shalt scarce have the heart and mind of those, who are told of as the first in all deeds of fame."

Sigurd said, "Yea, belike I have little of their hardihood and prowess, but thou hast naught to do, to lay a coward's name upon me, when I am scarce out of my childish years. Why dost thou egg me on hereto so busily?"

Regin said, "Therein lies a tale which I must needs tell thee."

"Let me hear the same," said Sigurd.

REGIN'S TALE OF HIS BROTHERS, AND OF THE GOLD CALLED ANDVARI'S HOARD.

"Thus the tale begins," said Regin. "Hreidmar was my father's name, a mighty man and a wealthy; and his first son was named Fafnir, his second Otter, and I was the third, and the least of them all both for prowess and good conditions; but I was cunning to work in iron, and silver, and gold, whereof I could make matters that availed somewhat. Other skill my brother Otter followed, and had another nature withal, for he was a great fisher, and above other men herein; in that he had the likeness of an otter by day, and dwelt ever in the river, and bare fish to bank in his mouth, and his prey would he ever bring to our father, and that availed him much; for the most part he kept him in his otter gear, and then he would come home, and eat alone, and slumbering, for on the dry land he might see naught. But Fafnir was by far the greatest and grimmest, and would have all things about called his.

"Now," says Regin, "there was a dwarf called Andvari, who ever abode in that force [waterfall] which was called Andvari's force, in the likeness of a pike, and got meat for himself, for

many fish there were in the force; now Otter, my brother, was ever wont to enter into the force, and bring fish aland, and lay them one by one on the bank. And so it befell that Odin, Loki, and Hœnir, as they went their ways, came to Andvari's force, and Otter had taken a salmon, and ate it slumbering upon the river bank; then Loki took a stone and cast it at Otter, so that he gat his death thereby; the gods were well content with their prey, and fell to flaying off the otter's skin; and in the evening they came to Hreidmar's house, and showed him what they had taken; thereon he laid hands on them, and doomed them to such ransom, as that they should fill the otter skin with gold, and cover it over without with red gold; so they sent Loki to gather gold together for them; he came to Ran [the goddess of the sea] and got her net, and went therewith to Andvari's force, and cast the net before the pike, and the pike ran into the net and was taken. Then said Loki —

"'What fish of all fishes
Swims strong in the flood,
But hath learnt little wit to beware?
Thine head must thou buy
From abiding in hell,
And find me the wan waters flame.'

He answered —

"'Andvari folk call me,
Call Oinn my father,
Over many a force have I fared;
For a Norn of ill-luck,
This life on me lay
Through wet days ever to wade.'

"So Loki beheld the gold of Andvari, and when he had given up the gold, he had but one ring left, and that also Loki took from him; then the dwarf went into a hollow of the rocks, and cried out, that that gold ring, yea, and all the gold withal, should be the bane of every man who should own it thereafter.

"Now the gods rode with the treasure to Hreidmar, and fulfilled the otter skin, and set it on its feet, and they must cover it over utterly with gold; but when this was done then Hreidmar came forth, and beheld yet one of the muzzle hairs, and bade them cover that withal; then Odin drew the ring, Andvari's heirloom, from his hand, and covered up the hair therewith, then sang Loki, —

"'Gold enow, gold enow,
A great weregild, thou hast,
That my head in good hap I may hold;
But thou and thy son
Are naught fated to thrive,
The bane shall it be of you both.'

"Thereafter," says Regin, "Fafnir slew his father and murdered him, nor got I aught of the treasure, and so evil he grew, that he fell to lying abroad, and begrudged any share in the wealth to any man, and so became the worst of all worms [serpents], and ever now lies brooding upon that treasure; but for me, I went to the king and became his master smith; and thus is the tale told of how I lost the heritage of my father, and the weregild for my brother."

So spake Regin; but since that time gold is called Ottergild, and for no other cause than this.

But Sigurd answered, "Much hast thou lost, and exceeding evil have thy kinsmen been! but now, make a sword by thy craft, such a sword as that none can be made like unto it; so that I may do great deeds therewith, if my heart avail thereto, and thou wouldst have me slay this mighty dragon."

Regin says, "Trust me well herein; and with that same sword shalt thou slay Fafnir."

OF THE WELDING TOGETHER OF THE SHARDS OF THE SWORD GRAM.

So Regin makes a sword, and gives it into Sigurd's hands. He took the sword, and said, —

"Behold thy smithying, Regin!" and therewith smote it into the anvil, and the sword brake; so he cast down the brand, and bade him forge a better.

Then Regin forged another sword, and brought it to Sigurd, who looked thereon.

Then said Regin, "Belike thou art well content therewith, hard master though thou be in smithying."

So Sigurd proved the sword, and brake it even as the first; then he said to Regin, —

"Ah, art thou, mayhappen, a traitor and a liar like to those former kin of thine?"

Therewith he went to his mother, and she welcomed him in seemly wise, and they talked and drank together.

Then spake Sigurd, "Have I heard aright, that King Sigmund gave thee the good sword Gram in two pieces?"

"True enough," she said.

So Sigurd said, "Deliver them into my hands, for I would have them."

She said he looked like to win great fame, and gave him the sword. Therewith went Sigurd to Regin, and bade him make a good sword thereof as he best might; Regin grew wroth thereat, but went into the smithy with the pieces of the sword, thinking well meanwhile that Sigurd pushed his head far enow into the matter of smithying. So he made a sword, and as he bore it forth from the forge, it seemed to the smiths as though fire burned along the edges thereof. Now he bade Sigurd take the sword, and said he knew not how to make a sword if this one failed. Then Sigurd smote it into the anvil, and cleft it down to the stock thereof, and neither burst the sword nor brake it. Then he praised the sword much, and thereafter went to the river with a lock of wool, and threw it up against the stream, and it fell asunder when it met the sword. Then was Sigurd glad, and went home.

But Regin said, "Now whereas I have made the sword for thee, belike thou wilt hold to thy troth given, and wilt go meet Fafnir?"

"Surely will I hold thereto," said Sigurd; "yet first must I avenge my father."

OF THE SLAYING OF THE WORM FAFNIR.

Now Sigurd and Regin ride up the heath along that same way wherein Fafnir was wont to creep when he fared to the water; and folk say that thirty fathoms was the height of that cliff along which he lay when he drank of the water below. Then Sigurd spake, —

"How sayedst thou, Regin, that this drake [dragon] was no greater than other lingworms; methinks the track of him is marvelous great?"

Then said Regin, "Make thee a hole, and sit down therein, and whenas the worm comes to the water, smite him into the heart, and so do him to death, and win for thee great fame thereby."

But Sigurd said, "What will betide me if I be before the blood of the worm?"

Says Regin, "Of what avail to counsel thee if thou art still afeard of everything? Little art thou like thy kin in stoutness of heart."

Then Sigurd rides right over the heath; but Regin gets him gone, sore afeard.

But Sigurd fell to digging him a pit, and whiles he was at that work, there came to him an old man with a long beard, and asked what he wrought there, and he told him.

Then answered the old man and said, "Thou doest after sorry counsel: rather dig thee many pits, and let the blood run therein; but sit thee down in one thereof, and so thrust the worm's heart through."

And therewithal he vanished away; but Sigurd made the pits even as it was shown to him.

Now crept the worm down to his place of watering, and the earth shook all about him, and he snorted forth venom on all the way before him as he went; but Sigurd neither trembled nor was adrad at the roaring of him. So whenas the worm crept over the pits, Sigurd thrust his sword under his left shoulder, so that it sank in up to the hilts; then up leapt Sigurd from the pit and drew the sword back again unto him, and therewith was his arm all bloody, up to the very shoulder.

Now when that mighty worm was ware that he had his death wound, then he lashed out head and tail, so that all things soever that were before him were broken to pieces.

So whenas Fafnir had his death wound, he asked, "Who art thou? and who is thy father? and what thy kin, that thou wert so hardy as to bear weapons against me?"

Sigurd answered, "Unknown to men is my kin. [Sigurd refusing to tell his name is to be referred to the superstition that a dying man could throw a curse on his enemy.] I am called a noble beast: neither father have I nor mother, and all alone have I fared hither."

Said Fafnir, "Whereas thou hast neither father nor mother, of what wonder wert thou born then? But now, though thou tellest me not thy name on this my death day, yet thou knowest verily that thou liest unto me."

He answered, "Sigurd am I called, and my father was Sigmund."

Says Fafnir, "Who egged thee on to this deed, and why wouldst thou be driven to it? Hadst thou never heard how

that all folk were adrad of me, and of the awe of my countenance? But an eager father thou hadst, O bright-eyed swain!"

Sigurd answered, "A hardy heart urged me on hereto; and a strong hand and this sharp sword, which well thou knowest now, stood me in stead in the doing of the deed; *Seldom hath hardy eld a faint-heart youth.*"

Fafnir said, "Well, I wot that hadst thou waxed amid thy kin, thou mightest have good skill to slay folk in thine anger; but more of a marvel is it, that thou, a bondsman taken in war, shouldst have the heart to set on me, *for few among bondsmen have heart for the fight.*"

Said Sigurd, "Wilt thou then cast it in my teeth that I am far away from my kin? Albeit I was a bondsman, yet was I never shackled. God wot thou hast found me free enow."

Fafnir answered, "In angry wise dost thou take my speech; but hearken, for that same gold which I have owned shall be thy bane too."

Quoth Sigurd, "Fain would we keep all our wealth till that day of days; yet shall each man die once for all."

Said Fafnir, "Few things wilt thou do after my counsel; but take heed that thou shalt be drowned if thou farest unwarily over the sea; so bide thou rather on the dry land, for the coming of the calm tide."

And yet again he said, "Regin, my brother, has brought about my end, and it gladdens my heart that thine too he bringeth about; for thus will things be according to his will."

And once again he spake, "A countenance of terror I bore up before all folk, after that I brooded over the heritage of my brother, and on every side did I spout out poison, so that none durst come anigh me, and of no weapon was I adrad, nor ever had I so many men before me, as that I deemed myself not stronger than all; for all men were sore afeard of me."

Sigurd answered and said, "Few may have victory by means of that same countenance of terror, for whoso comes amongst many shall one day find that no one man is by so far the mightiest of all."

Then says Fafnir, "Such counsel I give thee, that thou take thy horse and ride away at thy speediest, for ofttimes it falls out so, that he who gets a death wound avenges himself none the less."

Sigurd answered, "Such as thy redes are I will nowise do after them; nay, I will ride now to thy lair and take to me that great treasure of thy kin."

"Ride there then," said Fafnir, "and thou shalt find gold enow to suffice thee for all thy life days; yet shall that gold be thy bane, and the bane of every one soever who owns it."

Then up stood Sigurd, and said, "Home would I ride and lose all that wealth, if I deemed that by the losing thereof I should never die; but every brave and true man will fain have his hand on wealth till that last day: but thou, Fafnir, wallow in the death pain till Death and Hell have thee."

And therewithal Fafnir died.

OF THE SLAYING OF REGIN, SON OF HREIDMAR.

Thereafter came Regin to Sigurd, and said, "Hail, lord and master, a noble victory hast thou won in the slaying of Fafnir, whereas none durst heretofore abide in the path of him; and now shall this deed of fame be of renown while the world stands fast."

Then stood Regin staring on the earth a long while, and presently thereafter spake from heavy mood, "Mine own brother hast thou slain, and scarce may I be called sackless of the deed."

Then Sigurd took his sword Gram and dried it on the earth, and spake to Regin, —

"Afar thou faredst when I wrought this deed and tried this sharp sword with the hand and the might of me; with all the might and main of a dragon must I strive, while thou wert laid alow in the heather bush, wotting not if it were earth or heaven."

Said Regin, "Long might this worm have lain in his lair, if the sharp sword I forged with my hand had not been good at need to thee; had that not been, neither thou nor any man would have prevailed against him as at this time."

Sigurd answers, "Whenas men meet foes in fight, better is stout heart than sharp sword."

Then said Regin, exceeding heavily, "Thou hast slain my brother, and scarce may I be sackless of the deed."

Therewith Sigurd cut out the heart of the worm with the sword called Ridil; but Regin drank of Fafnir's blood, and spake: "Grant me a boon, and do a thing little for thee to do. Bear the heart to the fire, and roast it, and give me thereof to eat."

Then Sigurd went his ways and roasted it on a rod; and when the blood bubbled out he laid his finger thereon to essay it, if it were fully done; and then he set his finger in his mouth, and lo, when the heart blood of the worm touched his tongue, straightway he knew the voice of all fowls, and heard withal how the woodpeckers chattered in the brake beside him, —

"There sittest thou, Sigurd, roasting Fafnir's heart for another, that thou shouldest eat thine own self, and then thou shouldest become the wisest of all men."

And another spake, "There lies Regin, minded to beguile the man who trusts in him."

But yet again said the third, "Let him smite the head from off him then, and be only lord of all that gold."

And once more the fourth spake and said, "Ah, the wiser were he if he followed after that good counsel, and rode thereafter to Fafnir's lair, and took to him that mighty treasure that lieth there, and then rode over Hindfell, whereas sleeps Brynhild; for there would he get great wisdom. Ah, wise he were, if he did after your redes, and bethought him of his own weal; *for where wolf's ears are, wolf's teeth are near.*"

Then cried the fifth, "Yea, yea, not so wise is he as I deem him, if he spareth him, whose brother he hath slain already."

At last spake the sixth, "Handy and good rede to slay him, and be lord of the treasure!"

Then said Sigurd, "The time is unborn wherein Regin shall be my bane; nay, rather one road shall both these brothers fare."

And therewith he drew his sword Gram and struck off Regin's head.

Then Sigurd ate some deal of Fafnir's heart, and the remnant he kept. Then he leapt on his horse and rode along the trail of the worm Fafnir, and so right unto his abiding place; and he found it open, and beheld all the doors and the gear of them that they were wrought of iron: yea, and all the beams of the house; and it was dug down deep into the earth: there found Sigurd gold exceeding plenteous, and the sword Rotti; and thence he took the Helm of Awe, and the Gold Byrny, and many things fair and good. So much gold he found there, that he thought verily that scarce might two horses, or three belike, bear it thence. So he took all the gold and laid it in two great chests, and set them on the horse Grani, and took the reins of him, but nowise will he stir, neither will he abide smiting.

Then Sigurd knows the mind of the horse, and leaps on the back of him, and smites and spurs into him, and off the horse goes even as if he were unladen.

II. The Slaughter of the Giukings.

ATLI BIDS THE GIUKINGS TO HIM.

Now tells the tale that on a night King Atli woke from sleep and spake to Gudrun. "Medreamed," said he, "that thou didst thrust me through with a sword."

Then Gudrun areded the dream, and said that it betokened fire, whenas folk dreamed of iron. "It befalls of thy pride belike, in that thou deemest thyself the first of men."

Atli said, "Moreover I dreamed that here waxed two sorb-tree saplings, and fain I was that they should have no scathe of me; then these were riven up by the roots and reddened with blood, and borne to the bench, and I was bidden eat thereof.

"Yea, yet again I dreamed that two hawks flew from my hand hungry and unfed, and fared to hell, and meseemed their hearts were mingled with honey, and that I ate thereof.

"And then again I dreamed that two fair whelps lay before me yelling aloud, and that the flesh of them I ate, though my will went not with the eating."

Gudrun says, "Nowise good are these dreams, yet shall they come to pass; surely thy sons are nigh to death, and many heavy things shall fall upon us."

"Yet again I dreamed," said he, "and methought I lay in a bath, and folk took counsel to slay me."

Now these things wear away with time, but in nowise was their life together fond.

Now falls Atli to thinking of where may be gotten that plenteous gold which Sigurd had owned, but King Gunnar and his brethren were lords thereof now.

Atli was a great king and mighty, wise, and a lord of many men; and now he falls to counsel with his folk as to the ways of them. He wotted well that Gunnar and his brethren had more wealth than any others might have; and so he falls to the rede of sending men to them, and bidding them to a great feast, and honoring them in diverse wise, and the chief of those messengers was hight Vingi.

Now the queen wots of their conspiring, and misdoubts her that this would mean some beguiling of her brethren; so she cuts runes, and took a gold ring and knit therein a wolf's hair, and gave it into the hands of the king's messengers.

Thereafter they go their ways according to the king's bidding; and or ever they came aland Vingi beheld the runes, and turned them about in such a wise as if Gudrun prayed her brethren in her runes to go meet King Atli.

Thereafter they came to the hall of King Gunnar, and had good welcome at his hands, and great fires were made for them, and in great joyance they drank of the best of drink.

Then spake Vingi, "King Atli sends me hither, and is fain that ye go to his house and home in all glory, and take of him exceeding honors, helms and shields, swords and byrnies, gold and goodly raiment, horses, hosts of war, and great and wide lands, for, saith he, he is fainest of all things to bestow his realm and lordship upon you."

Then Gunnar turned his head aside, and spoke to Hogni,—

"In what wise shall we take this bidding? Might and wealth he bids us take; but no kings know I who have so much gold as we have, whereas we have all the hoard which lay once on Gnitaheath; and great are our chambers, and full of gold and weapons for smiting and all kinds of raiment of war, and well I wot that amidst all men my horse is the best, and my sword the sharpest, and my gold the most glorious."

Hogni answers, "A marvel is it to me of his bidding, for seldom hath he done in such a wise, and ill counseled will it be to wend to him; lo now, when I saw those dear-bought things the king sends us, I wondered to behold a wolf's hair knit to a certain gold ring; belike Gudrun deems him to be minded as a wolf towards us, and will have naught of our faring."

But withal Vingi shows him the runes which he said Gudrun had sent.

Now the most of folk go to bed, but these drank on still with certain others; and Kostbera, the wife of Hogni, the fairest of women, came to them, and looked on the runes.

But the wife of Gunnar was Glaumvor, a great-hearted wife.

So these twain poured out, and the kings drank, and were exceeding drunken, and Vingi notes it, and says,—

"Naught may I hide that King Atli is heavy of foot and over old for the warding of his realm; but his sons are young and of no account; now will he give you rule over his realms while they are yet thus young, and most fain will he be that ye have the joy thereof before all others."

Now so it befell both that Gunnar was drunk, and that great dominion was held out to him, nor might he work against the fate sharpen for him; so he gave his word to go, and tells Hogni his brother thereof.

But he answered, "Thy word given must even stand now, nor will I fail to follow thee, but most loth am I to this journey."

OF THE JOURNEY OF THE GIUKINGS TO KING ATLI.

Now tells the tale of Gunnar, that in the same wise it fared with him; for when they awoke, Glaumvor his wife told him many dreams which seemed to her like to betoken guile coming; but Gunnar areded [counseled] them all in other wise.

"This was one of them," said she; "methought a bloody sword was borne into the hall here, wherewith thou wert thrust through, and at either end of that sword wolves howled."

The king answered, "Cur dogs shall bite me belike; blood-stained weapons oft betoken dogs' snappings."

She said, "Yet again I dreamed — that women came in, heavy and drooping, and chose thee for their mate; mayhappen these would be thy fateful women."

He answered. "Hard to arede is this, and none may set aside the fated measure of his days, nor is it unlike that my time is short."

So in the morning they arose, and were minded for the journey, but some letted them herein.

Then cried Gunnar to the man who is called Fjornir, —

"Arise, and give us to drink goodly wine from great tuns, because mayhappen this shall be very last of all our feasts; for belike if we die the old wolf shall come by the gold, and that bear shall nowise spare the bite of his war tusks."

Then all the folk of his household brought them on their way weeping.

The son of Hogni said, —

"Fare ye well with merry tide."

The more part of their folk were left behind; Solar and Gnœvar, the sons of Hogni, fared with them, and a certain great champion, named Orkning, who was the brother of Kostbera.

So folk followed them down to the ships, and all letted them of their journey, but attained to naught therein.

Then spake Glaumvor, and said, —

"O Vingi, most like that great ill hap will come of thy coming, and mighty and evil things shall betide in thy traveling."

He answered, "Hearken to my answer; that I lie not aught; and may the high gallows and all things of grame have me, if I lie one word!"

Then cried Kostbera, "Fare ye well with merry days."

And Hogni answered, "Be glad of heart, howsoever it may fare with us!"

And therewith they parted, each to their own fate. Then away they rowed, so hard and fast that well nigh the half of the keel slipped away from the ship, and so hard they laid on to the oars that thole and gunwale brake.

But when they came aland they made their ship fast, and then they rode awhile on their noble steeds through the murk wildwood.

And now they behold the king's army, and huge uproar, and the clatter of weapons they hear from thence; and they see there a mighty host of men, and the manifold array of them, even as they wrought there; and all the gates of the burg were full of men.

So they rode up to the burg, and the gates thereof were shut; then Hogni brake open the gates, and therewith they ride into the burg.

Then spake Vingi, "Well might ye have left this deed undone; go to now, bide ye here while I go seek your gallows tree! Softly and sweetly I bade you hither, but an evil thing abode thereunder; short while to bide ere ye are tied up to that same tree!"

Hogni answered, "None the more shall we waver for that cause; for little methinks have we shrunk aback whenas men fell to fight; and naught shall it avail thee to make us afeard, — and for an ill fate hast thou wrought."

And therewith they cast him down to earth, and smote him with their ax hammers till he died.

THE BATTLE IN THE BURG OF KING ATLI.

Then they rode unto the king's hall, and King Atli arrayed his host for battle, and the ranks were so set forth that a certain wall there was betwixt them and the brethren.

"Welcome hither," said he. "Deliver unto me that plenteous gold which is mine of right; even the wealth which Sigurd once owned, and which is now Gudrun's of right."

Gunnar answered, "Never gettest thou that wealth; and men of might must thou meet here, or ever we lay by life if thou wilt deal with us in battle: ah, belike thou settest forth this feast like a great man, and wouldst not hold thine hand from erne and wolf!"

"Long ago I had it in my mind," said Atli, "to take the lives of you, and be lord of the gold, and reward you for that deed of shame, wherein ye beguiled the best of all your affinity; but now shall I revenge him."

Hogni answered, "Little will it avail to lie long brooding over that rede, leaving the work undone."

And therewith they fell to hard fighting, at the first brunt with shot.

But therewithal came the tidings to Gudrun, and when she heard thereof she grew exceeding wroth, and cast her mantle from her, and ran out and greeted those newcomers, and kissed her brethren, and showed them all love — and the last of all greetings was that betwixt them.

Then said she, "I thought I had set forth counsels whereby ye should not come hither, but none may deal with his shapen fate."

And withal she said, "Will it avail aught to seek for peace?"

But stoutly and grimly they said nay thereto. So she sees that the game goeth sorely against her brethren, and she gathers to her great stoutness of heart, and does on her a mail coat and takes to her a sword, and fights by her brethren, and goes as far forward as the bravest of man folk; and all spoke in one wise that never saw any fairer defense than in her.

Now the men fell thick, and far before all others was the fighting of those brethren, and the battle endured a long while unto midday; Gunnar and Hogni went right through the folk

of Atli, and so tells the tale that all the mead ran red with blood; the sons of Hogni withal set on stoutly.

Then spake Atli the king, "A fair host and a great have we, and mighty champions withal, and yet have many of us fallen, and but evil am I apaid in that nineteen of my champions are slain, and but six left alive."

And therewithal was there a lull in the battle.

Then spake Atli the king, "Four brethren were we, and now am I left alone; great affinity I gat to me, and deemed my fortune well sped thereby; a wife I had, fair and wise, high of mind, and great of heart; but no joyance may I have of her wisdom, for little peace is betwixt us; but ye—ye have slain many of my kin, and beguiled me of realm and riches, and for the greatest of all woes have slain my sister withal."

Quoth Hogni: "Why babblest thou thus? thou wert the first to break the peace. Thou didst take my kinswoman and pine her to death by hunger, and didst murder her, and take her wealth; an ugly deed for a king! — meet for mocking and laughter I deem it, that thou must needs make long tale of thy woes; rather will I give thanks to the gods that thou fallest into ill."

OF THE SLAYING OF THE GIUKINGS.

Now King Atli eggs on his folk to set on fiercely, and eagerly they fight; but the Giukings fell on so hard that King Atli gave back into the hall, and within doors was the fight, and fierce beyond all fights.

That battle was the death of many a man, but such was the ending thereof that there fell all the folk of those brethren, and they twain alone stood up on their feet, and yet many more must fare to hell first before their weapons.

And now they fell on Gunnar the king, and because of the host of men that set on him was hand laid on him, and he was cast into fetters; afterwards fought Hogni, with the stoutest heart and the greatest manlihood; and he felled to earth twenty of the stoutest of the champions of King Atli, and many he thrust into the fire that burnt amidst the hall, and all were of one accord that such a man might scarce be seen; yet in the end was he borne down by many and taken.

Then said King Atli: "A marvelous thing how many men have gone their ways before him! Cut the heart from out of him, and let that be his bane!"

Hogni said, "Do according to thy will; merrily will I abide whatso thou wilt do against me; and thou shalt see that my heart is not adrad, for hard matters have I made trial of ere now, and all things that may try a man was I fain to bear, whiles yet I was unhurt; but now sorely am I hurt, and thou alone henceforth will bear mastery in our dealings together."

Then spake a counselor of King Atli, "Better rede I see thereto; take we the thrall Hjalli, and give respite to Hogni; for this thrall is made to die, since the longer he lives the less worth shall he be."

The thrall hearkened, and cried out aloft, and fled away anywhither where he might hope for shelter, crying out that a hard portion was his because of their strife and wild doings, and an ill day for him whereon he must be dragged to death from his sweet life and his swine keeping. But they caught him, and turned a knife against him, and he yelled and screamed or ever he felt the point thereof.

Then in such wise spake Hogni as a man seldom speaketh who is fallen into hard need, for he prayed for the thrall's life, and said that these shrieks he could not away with, and that it were a lesser matter to him to play out the play to the end; and therewithal the thrall gat his life as for that time; but Gunnar and Hogni are both laid in fetters.

Then spake King Atli with Gunnar the king, and bade him tell out concerning the gold, and where it was, if he would have his life.

But he answered, "Nay, first will I behold the bloody heart of Hogni, my brother."

So now they caught hold of the thrall again, and cut the heart from out of him, and bore it unto King Gunnar, but he said, —

"The faint heart of Hjalli may ye here behold, little like the proud heart of Hogni, for as much as it trembleth now, more by the half it trembled whenas it lay in the breast of him."

So now they fell on Hogni even as Atli urged them, and cut the heart from out of him, but such was the might of his manhood that he laughed while he abode that torment, and

all wondered at his worth, and in perpetual memory is it held sithence.

Then they showed it to Gunnar, and he said,—

"The mighty heart of Hogni, little like the faint heart of Hjalli, for little as it trembleth now, less it trembled whenas in his breast it lay! But now, O Atli, even as we die so shalt thou die; and lo, I alone wot where the gold is, nor shall Hogni be to tell thereof now; to and fro played the matter in my mind whiles we both lived, but now have I myself determined for myself, and the Rhine River shall rule over the gold, rather than that the Huns shall bear it on the hands of them."

Then said King Atli, "Have away the bondsman," and so they did.

But Gudrun called to her men, and came to Atli, and said, "May it fare ill with thee now and from henceforth, even as thou hast ill held to thy word with me!"

So Gunnar was cast into a worm close [snake pen], and many worms abode him there, and his hands were fast bound; but Gudrun sent him a harp, and in such wise did he set forth his craft that wisely he smote the harp, smiting it with his toes, and so excellently well he played that few deemed they had heard such playing, even when the hand had done it. And with such might and power he played that all the worms fell asleep in the end, save one adder only, great and evil of aspect, that crept unto him and thrust its sting into him until it smote his heart; and in such wise with great hardihood he ended his life days.

LEMMINKAINEN'S VOYAGE.

(From the "Kalevala." Translated by John M. Crawford. Used by permission of Robert Clarke & Co.)

[KALEVALA (signifying "abode of heroes"): The national epic of Finland, the elements of which are popular songs, legendary poems, etc. It owes its present form to Dr. Elias Lönnrott, a Finnish scholar (1802–1884), who spent many years in travel in Finland and the Finnish parts of Lapland and Russia, faithfully recording all the songs and stories that he heard from peasants, fishermen, etc. The first version (1835) contained twelve thousand verses, in thirty-two runes or cantos; the second version (1849), the present form of the poem, has

twenty-three thousand verses, in fifty runes. Professor Max Müller said that the Kalevala possessed merits not dissimilar to those of the Iliad, and would claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world.]

Rune XXIX: The Isle of Refuge.

Lemminkainen, full of joyance,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
Took provisions in abundance,
Fish and butter, bread and bacon,
Hastened to the Isle of Refuge,
Sailed away across the oceans,
Spake these measures on departing:—
"Fare thee well, mine island dwelling,
I must sail to other borders,
To an island more protective,
Till the second summer passes;
Let the serpents keep the island,
Lynxes rest within the glenwood,
Let the blue moose roam the mountains,
Let the wild geese eat the barley.
Fare thee well, my helpful mother!
When the warriors of the Northland,
From the dismal Sariola,
Come with swords, and spears, and crossbows,
Asking for my head in vengeance,
Say that I have long departed,
Left my mother's island dwelling,
When the barley had been garnered."
Then he launched his boat of copper,
Threw the vessel to the waters,
From the iron-banded rollers,
From the cylinders of oak wood,
On the masts the sails he hoisted,
Spread the magic sails of linen,
In the stern the hero settled
And prepared to sail his vessel,
One hand resting on the rudder.
Then the sailor spake as follows,
These the words of Lemminkainen:—
"Blow, ye winds, and drive me onward,
Blow ye steady, winds of heaven,
Toward the island in the ocean,
That my bark may fly in safety
To my father's place of refuge,
To the far and nameless island!"

Soon the winds arose as bidden,
Rocked the vessel o'er the billows,
O'er the blue back of the waters,
O'er the vast expanse of ocean;
Blew two months and blew unceasing,
Blew a third month toward the island,
Toward his father's Isle of Refuge.
Sat some maidens on the seaside,
On the sandy beach of ocean,
Turned about in all directions,
Looking out upon the billows;
One was waiting for her brother,
And a second for her father,
And a third one, anxious, waited
For the coming of her suitor;
There they spied young Lemminkainen,
There perceived the hero's vessel
Sailing o'er the bounding billows;
It was like a hanging cloudlet,
Hanging 'twixt the earth and heaven.
Thus the island maidens wondered,
Thus they spake to one another: —
"What this stranger on the ocean,
What is this upon the waters?
Art thou one of our sea vessels?
Wert thou builded on this island?
Sail thou straightway to the harbor,
To the island point of landing,
That thy tribe may be discovered."
Onward did the waves propel it,
Rocked his vessel o'er the billows,
Drove it to the magic island,
Safely landed Lemminkainen
On the sandy shore and harbor.
Spake he thus when he had landed,
These the words that Ahti uttered: —
"Is there room upon this island,
Is there space within this harbor,
Where my bark may lie at anchor,
Where the sun may dry my vessel?"
This the answer of the virgins,
Dwellers on the Isle of Refuge: —
"There is room within this harbor,
On this island, space abundant,
Where thy bark may lie at anchor,

Where the sun may dry thy vessel;
Lying ready are the rollers,
Cylinders adorned with copper;
If thou hadst a hundred vessels,
Shouldst thou come with boats a thousand,
We would give them room in welcome."
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Rolled his vessel in the harbor,
On the cylinders of copper,
Spake these words when had ended: —
"Is there room upon this island,
Or a spot within these forests,
Where a hero may be hidden
From the coming din of battle,
From the play of spears and arrows?"
Thus replied the island maidens: —
"There are places on this island,
On these plains a spot befitting,
Where to hide thyself in safety,
Hero son of little valor.
Here are many, many castles,
Many courts upon this island;
Though there come a thousand heroes,
Though a thousand spearmen follow,
Thou canst hide thyself in safety."
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen: —
"Is there room upon this island,
Where the birch tree grows abundant,
Where this son may fell the forest,
And may cultivate the fallow?"
Answered thus the island maidens: —
"There is not a spot befitting,
Not a place upon the island,
Where to rest thy wearied members,
Not the smallest patch of birch wood,
Thou canst bring to cultivation.
All our fields have been divided,
All these woods have been apportioned,
Fields and forests have their owners."
Lemminkainen asked this question,
These the words of Kaukomieli: —
"Is there room upon this island,
Worthy spot in field or forest,
Where to sing my songs of magic,
Chant my gathered store of wisdom,

Sing mine ancient songs and legends?"
Answered thus the island maidens: —
"There is room upon this island,
Worthy place in these dominions,
Thou canst sing thy garnered wisdom,
Thou canst chant thine ancient legends,
Legends of the times primeval,
In the forest, in the castle,
On the island plains and pastures."
Then began the reckless minstrel
To intone his wizard sayings;
Sang he alders to the waysides,
Sang the oaks upon the mountains,
On the oak trees sang he branches,
On each branch he sang an acorn,
On the acorns, golden rollers,
On each roller sang a cuckoo;
Then began the cuckoos, calling,
Gold from every throat came streaming,
Copper fell from every feather,
And each wing emitted silver,
Filled the isle with precious metals.
Sang again young Lemminkainen,
Conjured on, and sang, and chanted,
Sang to precious stones the sea sands,
Sang the stones to pearls resplendent,
Robed the groves in iridescence,
Sang the island full of flowers,
Many-colored as the rainbow.
Sang again the magic minstrel,
In the court a well he conjured,
On the wall a golden cover,
On the lid a silver dipper,
That the boys might drink the water,
That the maids might lave their eyelids.
On the plains he conjured lakelets,
Sang the duck upon the waters,
Golden-cheeked and silver-headed,
Sang the feet from shining copper;
And the island maidens wondered,
Stood entranced at Ahti's wisdom,
At the songs of Lemminkainen,
At the hero's magic power.
Spake the singer, Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli: —

"I would sing a wondrous legend,
Sing in miracles of sweetness,
If within some hall or chamber,
I were seated at the table.
If I sing not in the castle,
In some spot by walls surrounded,
Then I sing my songs to zephyrs,
Fling them to the fields and forests."
Answered thus the island maidens:—
"On this isle are castle chambers,
Halls for use of magic singers,
Courts complete for chanting legends,
Where thy singing will be welcome,
Where thy songs will not be scattered
To the forests of the island,
Nor thy wisdom lost in ether."

Straightway Lemminkainen journeyed
With the maidens to the castle;
There he sang and conjured pitchers
On the borders of the tables,
Sang and conjured golden goblets
Foaming with the beer of barley;
Sang he many well-filled vessels,
Bowls of honey drink abundant,
Sweetest butter, toothsome biscuit,
Bacon, fish, and veal, and venison,
All the dainties of the Northland,
Wherewithal to still his hunger.
But the proud heart, Lemminkainen,
Was not ready for the banquet,
Did not yet begin his feasting,
Waited for a knife of silver,
For a knife of golden handle;
Quick he sang the precious metals,
Sang a blade from purest silver,
To the blade a golden handle,
Straightway then began his feasting,
Quenched his thirst and stilled his hunger,
Charmed the maidens on the island.

Then the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Roamed throughout the island hamlets,
To the joy of all the virgins,
All the maids of braided tresses;
Wheresoe'er he turned his footsteps,
There appeared a maid to greet him;

When his hand was kindly offered,
There his hand was kindly taken;
When he wandered out at evening,
Even in the darksome places,
There the maidens bade him welcome;
There was not an island village
Where there were not seven castles,
In each castle seven daughters,
And the daughters stood in waiting,
Gave the hero joyful greetings,
Only one of all the maidens
Whom he did not greet with pleasure.
Thus the merry Lemminkainen
Spent three summers in the ocean,
Spent a merry time in refuge,
In the hamlets on the island,
To the pleasure of the maidens,
To the joy of all the daughters;
Only one was left neglected,
She a poor and graceless spinster,
On the isle's remotest border,
In the smallest of the hamlets.
Then he thought about his journey
O'er the ocean to his mother,
To the cottage of his father.
There appeared the slighted spinster,
To the Northland son departing,
Spake these words to Lemminkainen: —
"O thou handsome Kaukomieli,
Wisdom bard, and magic singer,
Since this maiden thou hast slighted,
May the winds destroy thy vessel,
Dash thy bark to countless fragments
On the ocean rocks and ledges!"
Lemminkainen's thoughts were homeward,
Did not heed the maiden's murmurs,
Did not rise before the dawning
Of the morning on the island,
To the pleasure of the maiden
Of the much-neglected hamlet.
Finally at close of evening,
He resolved to leave the island,
He resolved to waken early,
Long before the dawn of morning;
Long before the time appointed,

He arose that he might wander
Through the hamlets of the island,
Bid adieu to all the maidens,
On the morn of his departure.
As he wandered hither, thither,
Walking through the village pathways
To the last of all the hamlets;
Saw he none of all the castles,
Where three dwellings were not standing;
Saw he none of all the dwellings
Where three heroes were not watching;
Saw he none of all the heroes,
Who was not engaged in grinding
Swords, and spears, and battle-axes,
For the death of Lemminkainen.
And these words the hero uttered: —
"Now alas! the Sun arises
From his couch within the ocean,
On the frailest of the heroes,
On the saddest child of Northland;
On my neck the cloak of Lempo
Might protect me from all evil,
Though a hundred foes assail me,
Though a thousand archers follow."
Then he left the maids ungreeted,
Left his longing for the daughters
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge,
With his farewell words unspoken,
Hastened toward the island harbor,
Toward his magic bark at anchor;
But he found it burned to ashes,
Sweet revenge had fired his vessel,
Lighted by the slighted spinster.
Then he saw the dawn of evil,
Saw misfortune hanging over,
Saw destruction round about him.
Straightway he began rebuilding
Him a magic sailing vessel,
New and wondrous, full of beauty;
But the hero needed timber,
Boards, and planks, and beams, and braces,
Found the smallest bit of lumber,
Found of boards but seven fragments,
Of a spool he found three pieces,
Found six pieces of the distaff;

With these fragments builds his vessel,
Builds a ship of magic virtue,
Builds the bark with secret knowledge,
Through the will of the magician;
Strikes one blow, and builds the first part,
Strikes a second, builds the center,
Strikes a third with wondrous power,
And the vessel is completed.

Thereupon the ship he launches,
Sings the vessel to the ocean,
And these words the hero utters: —
"Like a bubble swim these waters,
Like a flower ride the billows;
Loan me of thy magic feathers,
Three, O eagle, four, O raven,
For protection to my vessel,
Lest it flounder in the ocean!"

Now the sailor, Lemminkainen,
Seats himself upon the bottom
Of the vessel he has builded,
Hastens on his journey homeward,
Head depressed and evil-humored,
Cap awry upon his forehead,
Mind dejected, heavy-hearted,
That he could not dwell forever
In the castles of the daughters
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge.

Spake the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli: —
"Leave I must this merry island,
Leave her many joys and pleasures,
Leave her maids with braided tresses,
Leave her dances and her daughters,
To the joys of other heroes;
But I take this comfort with me:
All the maidens on the island,
Save the spinster who was slighted,
Will bemoan my loss for ages,
Will regret my quick departure;
They will miss me at the dances,
In the halls of mirth and joyance,
In the homes of merry maidens,
On my father's Isle of Refuge."

Wept the maidens on the island,
Long lamenting, loudly calling

To the hero sailing homeward: —
"Whither goest, Lemminkainen,
Why depart, thou best of heroes?
Dost thou leave from inattention,
Is there here a dearth of maidens,
Have our greetings been unworthy?"
Sang the magic Lemminkainen
To the maids as he was sailing,
This in answer to their calling: —
"Leaving not for want of pleasure,
Do not go from dearth of women;
Beautiful the island maidens,
Countless as the sands their virtues.
This the reason of my going,
I am longing for my home land,
Longing for my mother's cabins,
For the strawberries of Northland,
For the raspberries of Kalew,
For the maidens of my childhood,
For the children of my mother."
Then the merry Lemminkainen
Bade farewell to all the island;
Winds arose and drove his vessel
On the blue back of the ocean,
O'er the far extending waters,
Toward the island of his mother.
On the shore were grouped the daughters
Of the magic Isle of Refuge,
On the rocks sat the forsaken,
Weeping stood the island maidens,
Golden daughters, loud lamenting.
Weep the maidens of the island
While the sail yards greet their vision,
While the copper beltings glisten;
Do not weep to lose the sail yards,
Nor to lose the copper beltings;
Weep they for the loss of Ahti,
For the fleeing Kaukomieli
Guiding the departing vessel.
Also weeps young Lemminkainen,
Sorely weeps, and loud lamenting,
Weeps while he can see the island,
While the island hilltops glisten;
Does not mourn the island mountains,
Weeps he only for the maidens,
Left upon the Isle of Refuge.

Thereupon sailed Kaukomieli
On the blue back of the ocean;
Sailed one day, and then a second,
But, alas! upon the third day,
There arose a mighty stormwind,
And the sky was black with fury.
Blew the black winds from the northwest,
From the southeast came the whirlwind,
Tore away the ship's forecastle,
Tore away the vessel's rudder,
Dashed the wooden hull to pieces.
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Headlong fell upon the waters;
With his head he did the steering,
With his hands and feet, the rowing;
Swam whole days and nights unceasing,
Swam with hope and strength united,
Till at last appeared a cloudlet,
Growing cloudlet to the westward,
Changing to a promontory,
Into land within the ocean.
Swiftly to the shore swam Ahti,
Hastened to a magic castle,
Found therein a hostess baking,
And her daughters kneading barley,
And these words the hero uttered: —
"O thou hostess, filled with kindness,
Couldst thou know my pangs of hunger,
Couldst thou guess my name and station,
Thou wouldst hasten to the storehouse.
Bring me beer and foaming liquor,
Bring the best of thy provisions,
Bring me fish, and veal, and bacon,
Butter, bread, and honeyed biscuits,
Set for me a wholesome dinner,
Wherewithal to still my hunger,
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.
Days and nights have I been swimming,
Buffeting the waves of ocean,
Seemed as if the wind protected,
And the billows gave me shelter."
Then the hostess, filled with kindness,
Hastened to the mountain storehouse,
Cut some butter, veal, and bacon,
Bread, and fish, and honeyed biscuit,

Brought the best of her provisions,
Brought the mead and beer of barley,
Set for him a toothsome dinner,
Wherewithal to still his hunger,
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.
When the hero's feast had ended,
Straightway was a magic vessel
Given by the kindly hostess
To the weary Kaukomieli,
Bark of beauty, new and hardy,
Wherewithal to aid the stranger
In his journey to his home land,
To the cottage of his mother.
Quickly sailed wild Lemminkainen
On the blue back of the ocean;
Sailed he days and nights unceasing,
Till at last he reached the borders
Of his own loved home and country;
There beheld he scenes familiar,
Saw the islands, capes, and rivers,
Saw his former shipping stations,
Saw he many ancient landmarks,
Saw the mountains with their fir trees,
Saw the pine trees on the hilltops,
Saw the willows in the lowlands;
Did not see his father's cottage,
Nor the dwellings of his mother.
Where a mansion once had risen,
There the alder trees were growing,
Shrubs were growing on the homestead,
Junipers within the courtyard.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen: —
"In this glen I played and wandered,
On these stones I rocked for ages,
On this lawn I rolled and tumbled,
Frolicked on these woodland borders,
When a child of little stature.
Where then is my mother's dwelling,
Where the castles of my father?
Fire, I fear, has found the hamlet,
And the winds dispersed the ashes."
Then he fell to bitter weeping,
Wept one day, and then a second,
Wept the third day without ceasing;
Did not mourn the ancient homestead,
Nor the dwellings of his father;

Wept he for his darling mother,
Wept he for the dear departed,
For the loved ones of the island.
Then he saw the bird of heaven,
Saw an eagle flying near him,
And he asked the bird this question: —
"Mighty eagle, bird majestic,
Grant to me the information,
Where my mother may have wandered,
Whither I may go and find her!"
But the eagle knew but little,
Only knew that Ahti's people
Long ago together perished;
And the raven also answered
That his people had been scattered
By the swords, and spears, and arrows,
Of his enemies from Pohya.
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen: —
"Faithful mother, dear departed,
Thou who nursed me in my childhood,
Art thou dead and turned to ashes,
Didst thou perish for my follies,
O'er thy head are willows weeping,
Junipers above thy body,
Alders watching o'er thy slumbers?
This my punishment for evil,
This the recompense of folly!
Fool was I, a son unworthy,
That I measured swords in Northland
With the landlord of Pohyola.
To my tribe came fell destruction,
And the death of my dear mother,
Through my crimes and misdemeanors."
Then the minstrel looked about him,
Anxious, looked in all directions,
And beheld some gentle footprints,
Saw a pathway lightly trodden
Where the heather had been beaten.
Quick as thought the path he followed,
Through the meadows, through the brambles,
O'er the hills, and through the valleys,
To a forest, vast and cheerless;
Traveled far and traveled farther,
Still a greater distance traveled,
To a dense and hidden glenwood,

In the middle of the island;
Found therein a sheltered cabin,
Found a small and darksome dwelling
Built between the rocky ledges,
In the midst of triple pine trees;
And within he spied his mother,
Found his gray-haired mother weeping.
Lemminkainen loud rejoices,
Cries in tones of joyful greetings,
These the words that Ahti utters: —
"Faithful mother, well-beloved,
Thou that gavest me existence,
Happy I, that thou art living,
That thou hast not yet departed
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
To the islands of the blessed.
I had thought that thou hadst perished,
Hadst been murdered by my foemen,
Hadst been slain with bows and arrows.
Heavy are mine eyes from weeping,
And my cheeks are white with sorrow,
Since I thought my mother slaughtered
For the sins I had committed!"
Lemminkainen's mother answered: —
"Long, indeed, hast thou been absent,
Long, my son, hast thou been living
In thy father's Isle of Refuge,
Roaming on the secret island,
Living at the doors of strangers,
Living in a nameless country,
Refuge from the Northland foeman."
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen: —
"Charming is that spot for living,
Beautiful the magic island,
Rainbow-colored was the forest,
Blue the glimmer of the meadows,
Silvered were the pine-tree branches,
Golden were the heather blossoms;
All the woodlands dripped with honey,
Eggs in every rock and crevice,
Honey flowed from birch and sorb tree,
Milk in streams from fir and aspen,
Beer foam dripping from the willows,
Charming there to live and linger,
All their edibles delicious.

This their only source of trouble:
Great the fear for all the maidens,
All the heroes filled with envy,
Feared the coming of the stranger;
Thought that all the island maidens,
Thought that all the wives and daughters,
All the good, and all the evil,
Gave thy son too much attention;
Thought the stranger, Lemminkainen,
Saw the island maids too often;
Yet the virgins I avoided,
Shunned the good and shunned the evil,
Shunned the host of charming daughters,
As the black wolf shuns the sheepfold,
As the hawk neglects the chickens."

SLYBOOTS.

An Esthonian Folk Tale.

Edited by W. F. KIRBY.

In the days of the son of Kaliv there reigned a very rich king of Kungla, who gave a great feast to his subjects every seven years at midsummer, which lasted for two or three weeks together. The time for the feast came round again, and its commencement had been looked forward to for some months, though with some uncertainty; for twice already, seven years ago and fourteen years ago, the anticipated festival had come to nothing. Both times the king had made full preparations for the feast, but no man had tasted it. This seemed strange and incredible, but there were many people everywhere who could bear witness to the facts. It was said that on both these occasions an unknown stranger had come to the head cook and asked to be permitted to taste a little of the food and drink, but the moment he had dipped his spoon in the soup kettle, and put the froth in the beer can to his mouth, the whole contents of the storehouses, pantries, and cellars vanished in a moment, so that not a scrap or drop of anything remained. The cooks and kitchen boys had all seen and sworn to the truth of the matter, but the people were so enraged at the collapse of the

feast that the king was obliged to appease them seven years before, by ordering the head cook to be hanged for having given the stranger permission to taste the food. In order to prevent any repetition of the trouble, the king proclaimed that he would richly reward any one who would undertake the preparation of the feast; and at length, when no one would undertake the responsibility, the king promised his youngest daughter in marriage to any one who should succeed, but added that failure would be punished with death.

A long way from the capital, and near the borders of the kingdom, lived a rich farmer who had three sons, the youngest of whom showed great intelligence from his youth, because the Meadow Queen had nursed him, and had often secretly given him the breast. The father called him Slyboots, and used to say to the brothers, "You two elder ones must earn your living by your bodily strength and by the work of your hands, but as for you, little Slyboots, you will be able to rise higher in the world than your brothers, by your own cleverness."

Before the father died, he divided all his corn land and meadows between his two elder sons, but to the youngest he gave enough money to enable him to go forth into the wide world to seek his fortune. But the father's corpse was scarcely cold when the two elder brothers stripped the youngest of every farthing, and thrust him out of the door, saying mockingly, "Your cleverness alone, Slyboots, is to exalt you over our heads, and therefore you might find the money troublesome to you."

The youngest brother scorned to notice the ill treatment of his brothers, and went cheerfully on his way. "Good fortune may come from God," was the comforting reflection which he took with him from his father's house, and he whistled away his sad thoughts. Just as he was beginning to feel hungry, he encountered two traveling journeymen. His pleasant countenance and cheerful talk pleased them, and when they rested, they shared their provisions with him, so that Slyboots did not fare so badly on the first day. He parted from his companions before evening quite contented, for his present comfort left him without anxiety for the morrow. He could sleep anywhere, with the green grass for a couch and the blue sky above, and a stone under his head served as well as a soft pillow. Next morning he set out on his way again, and arrived at a lonely farm, where a young woman was sitting at the door, weeping

bitterly. Slyboots asked what was her trouble, and she answered, "I have a bad husband, who beats me every day if I cannot humor his mad freaks. He has ordered me to-day to cook him a fish which is not a fish, and which has eyes, but not in its head. Where in the world shall I find such a creature?" "Don't cry, young woman," answered Slyboots. "Your husband wants a crab, which is a water animal to be sure, but is not a fish, and which has eyes, but not in its head." The woman thanked him for his good advice, and gave him something to eat, and a bag of provisions which would last him for several days. As soon as he received this unexpected assistance, he determined to set out for the royal capital, where cleverness was likely to be in most request, and where he hoped to make his fortune.

Wherever he went, he heard every one talking of the king's midsummer banquet, and when he heard of the reward which was offered to the man who should prepare the feast, he began to reflect whether he might not be able to accomplish the adventure. "If I succeed," said he to himself, "I shall find myself at a stroke on the highway to fortune; and in the worst case of all, I shall only lose my life, and we must all die sooner or later. If I begin in the right way, why shouldn't I succeed? Perhaps I may be more fortunate than others. And even if the king should refuse me his daughter, he must at least give me the promised reward in money, which will make me a rich man."

Buoyed up with such thoughts he pursued his journey, singing and whistling like a lark, sometimes resting under the shadow of a bush during the heat of the day, and sleeping at night under a tree or in the open fields. One morning he finished the last remains of his provisions, and in the evening he arrived safe and sound at the city.

Next day he craved audience of the king. The king saw that he had to deal with an intelligent and enterprising man, and it was easy for them to come to terms. "What is your name?" asked the king. The man of brains replied, "My baptismal name is Nicodemus, but I was always called Slyboots at home, to show that I did not fall on my head." "I will leave you your name," returned the king, "but your head must answer for all the mischief if the affair should go wrong."

Slyboots asked the king to give him seven hundred workmen, and set about his preparations without delay. He ordered twenty large sheds to be constructed, and arranged in a square

like a series of large cow houses, so that a great open space was left in the middle, to which led one single large gate. He ordered great cooking pots and caldrons to be built in the rooms which were to be heated, and the ovens were furnished with iron spits, where meat and sausages could be roasted. Other sheds were furnished with great boilers and vats for brewing beer, so that the boilers were above the vats below. Other houses without fireplaces were fitted up as storehouses for cold provisions, such as black bread, barm bracks, white bread, etc. All needful stores, such as flour, groats, meat, salt, lard, butter, etc., were brought into the open space, and fifty soldiers were stationed before the door, so that nothing should be touched by the finger of any thief. The king came every day to view the preparations, and praised the skill and forethought of Slyboots. Besides all this, several dozen bakehouses were built in the open air, and a special guard of soldiers was stationed before each. They slaughtered for the feast a thousand oxen, two hundred calves, five hundred swine, ten thousand sheep, and many more small animals, which were driven together in flocks from all quarters. Stores of provisions were constantly brought by river in boats and barges, and by land in wagons, and this went on without intermission for several weeks. Seven thousand hogsheads were brewed of beer alone. Although the seven hundred assistants toiled late and early, and many additional laborers were engaged, yet most of the toil and trouble fell upon Slyboots, who was obliged to look sharply after the others at every point. He had warned the cooks, the bakers, and the brewers, in the most stringent manner, not to allow any strange mouth to taste the food or drink, and any one who broke this command was threatened with the gallows. If such a greedy stranger should make his appearance anywhere, he was to be brought immediately to the superintendent of the preparations.

On the morning of the first day of the feast, word was brought to Slyboots that an unknown old man had come into one of the kitchens, and asked the cook to allow him to taste a little from the soup kettle with a spoon, which the cook could not permit him to do on his own responsibility. Slyboots ordered the stranger to be brought before him, and presently he beheld a little old man with gray hair, who humbly begged to be allowed to taste the food and drink prepared for the banquet. Slyboots told him to come into one of the kitchens, when

he would gratify his wish if it were possible. As they went, he scanned the old man sharply, to see whether he could not detect something strange about him. Presently he observed a shining gold ring on the ring finger of the old man's left hand. When they reached the kitchen, Slyboots asked, "What security can you give me that no harm shall come of it if I let you taste the food?" "My lord," answered the stranger, "I have nothing to offer you as a pledge." Slyboots pointed to the fine gold ring and demanded that as a pledge. The old fellow resisted with all his might, protesting that the ring was a token of remembrance from his dead wife, and he had vowed never to take it from his hand, lest some misfortune should happen. "Then it is quite impossible for me to grant your request," said Slyboots, "for I cannot permit any one to taste either the food or drink without a pledge." The old man was so anxious about it that at last he gave his ring as a pledge.

Just as he was about to dip his spoon in the pot, Slyboots struck him so heavy a blow on the head with the flat of an ax that it might have felled the strongest ox; but the old fellow did not fall, but only staggered a little. Then Slyboots seized him by the beard with both hands, and ordered strong ropes to be brought, with which he bound the old man hand and foot, and hung him up by the legs to a beam. Then Slyboots said to him mockingly: "You may wait there till the feast is over, and then we will resume our conversation. Meantime, I'll keep your ring, on which your power depends, as a token." The old man was obliged to submit, whether he liked it or not, for he was bound so firmly that he could not move hand or foot.

Then the great feast began, to which the people flocked in thousands from all quarters. Although the feasting lasted for three whole weeks, there was no want of either food or drink, for there was plenty and to spare.

The people were much pleased, and had nothing but praise for the king and the manager of the feast. When the king was about to pay Slyboots the promised reward, he answered, "I have still a little business to transact with the stranger before I receive my reward." Then he took seven strong men with him, armed with heavy cudgels, and took them to the place where the old man had been hanging for the last three weeks. "Now, then," said Slyboots, "grasp your cudgels firmly, and belabor the old man so that he shall never forget his hospitable reception for the rest of his life." The

seven men began to whack the old man all at once, and would soon have made an end of his life if the rope had not given way under their blows. The little man fell down and vanished underground in an instant, leaving a wide opening behind him. Then said Slyboots: "I have his pledge, with which I must follow him. Bring the king a thousand greetings from me, and tell him to divide my reward among the poor, if I should not return."

He then crept downwards through the hole in which the old man had disappeared. At first he found the pathway very narrow, but it widened considerably at the depth of a few fathoms, so that he was able to advance easily. Steps were hewn in the rock, so that he did not slip, notwithstanding the darkness. Slyboots went on for some distance, till he came to a door. He looked through a crack, and saw three young girls sitting with the old man, whose head was resting on the lap of one of them. The girl was saying, "If I only rub the bruise a few times more with the bell, the pain and swelling will disappear." Slyboots thought, "That is certainly the place where I struck the old man with the back of the ax three weeks ago." He decided to wait behind the door till the master of the house had lain down to sleep and the fire was extinguished. Presently the old man said, "Help me into my room, that I may go to bed, for my body is quite out of joint and I can't move hand or foot." Then they brought him to his room. When it grew dark, and the girls had left the room, Slyboots crept gently in and hid himself behind the beer barrel.

Presently the girls came back, and spoke gently, so as not to rouse the old man. "The bruise on the head is of no consequence," said one, "and the sprained body will also soon be cured; but the loss of the ring of strength is irreparable, and this troubles the old man more than his bodily sufferings." Soon afterwards they heard the old man snoring; and Slyboots came out of his hiding place and made friends with the maidens. At first they were rather frightened, but the clever youth soon contrived to dispel their alarm, and they allowed him to stay there for the night. The maidens told him that the old man possessed two great treasures, — a magic sword and a rod of rowan wood, — and he resolved to possess himself of both. The rod would form a bridge over the sea for its possessor, and he who bore the sword could destroy the

most numerous army. On the following evening, Slyboots contrived to seize upon the wand and the sword, and escaped before daybreak with the help of the youngest girl. But the passage had disappeared from before the door, and in its place he found a large inclosure, beyond which was a broad sea.

As soon as Slyboots was gone, the girls began to quarrel, and their loud talking woke up the old man. He learned from what they said that a stranger had been there, and he rose up in a passion, and found the wand and sword gone. "My best treasures are stolen!" he roared, and, forgetting his bruises, he rushed out. Slyboots was still sitting on the beach, thinking whether he should try the power of the wand or seek for a dry path. Suddenly he heard a rushing sound behind him like a gust of wind. When he looked round, he saw the old man charging upon him like a madman. He sprang up, and had just time to strike the waves with the rod and to cry out, "Bridge before, water behind!" He had scarcely spoken when he found himself standing on a bridge over the sea, already at some distance from the shore.

The old man came to the beach panting and puffing, but stopped short when he saw the thief on the bridge over the sea. He called out, snuffling, "Nicodemus, my son, where are you going?" "Home, papa," was the reply. "Nicodemus, my son, you struck me on the head with an ax, and hung me up to a beam by the legs." "Yes, papa." "Nicodemus, my son, did you call seven men to beat me, and steal my gold ring from me?" "Yes, papa." "Nicodemus, my son, have you bamboozled my daughters?" "Yes, papa." "Nicodemus, my son, have you stolen my sword and wand?" "Yes, papa." "Nicodemus, my son, will you come back?" "Yes, papa," answered Slyboots again. Meantime he had advanced so far on the bridge that he could no longer hear the old man speak. When he had crossed the sea, he inquired the nearest way to the royal city, and hastened thither to claim his reward.

But lo! he found everything very different from what he had expected. Both his brothers had entered the service of the king, one as a coachman and the other as a chamberlain. Both were living in grand style and were rich people. When Slyboots applied to the king for his reward, the latter answered: "I waited for you for a whole year, and I neither saw nor heard anything of you. I supposed you were dead, and was about to

divide your reward among the poor, as you desired. But one day your elder brothers arrived to inherit your fortune. I left the matter to the court, who assigned the money to them, because it was supposed that you were dead. Since then your brothers have entered my service, and both still remain in it."

When Slyboots heard what the king said, he thought he must be dreaming, for he imagined that he had been only two nights in the old man's subterranean dwelling, and had then taken a few days to return home; but now it appeared that each night had been as long as a year. He would not go to law with his brothers, but abandoned the money to them, thanked God that he had escaped with his life, and looked out for some fresh employment. The king's cook engaged him as kitchen boy, and he now had to turn the joints on the spit every day. His brothers despised him for his mean employment, and did not like to have anything to do with him, although he still loved them. One evening he told them of much that he had seen in the underworld, where the geese and ducks had gold and silver plumage. The brothers related this to the king, and begged them to send their youngest brother to fetch these curious birds. The king sent for the kitchen boy, and ordered him to start next morning in search of the birds with the costly feathers.

Slyboots set out next day with a heavy heart, but he took with him the ring, the wand, and the sword, which he had carefully preserved. Some days afterwards he searched the sea, and saw an old man with a long gray beard sitting on a stone at the place where he had reached land after his flight. When Slyboots came nearer, the old man asked, "Why are you so sad, my friend?" Slyboots told him how badly he had fared, and the old man bid him be of good cheer, and not vex himself, adding, "No harm can happen to you as long as you wear the ring of strength." He then gave Slyboots a mussel shell, and advised him to build the bridge with the magic wand to the middle of the sea, and then to step on the shell with his left foot, when he would immediately find himself in the underworld, while every one there was asleep. He also advised him to make himself a bag of spun yarn, in which to put the water birds with gold and silver plumage, and then he could return unmolested. Everything fell out as the old man predicted, but Slyboots had hardly reached the seashore with his booty when

he heard his former acquaintance behind him; and when he was on the bridge he heard him calling out, "Nicodemus, my son," and repeating the same questions as before. At last he asked if he had stolen the birds. Slyboots answered "Yes" to every question, and hastened on.

Slyboots arrived at the royal city in the evening, as his friend with the gray beard had foretold, and the yarn bag held the birds so well that none had escaped. The king made him a present, and told him to go back next day, for he had heard from the two elder brothers that the lord of the underworld had many gold and silver utensils, which the king desired for his own use. Slyboots did not venture to refuse, but he went very unwillingly, because he did not know how to manage the affair. However, when he reached the seashore he met his friend with the gray beard, who asked the reason of his sadness. The old man gave Slyboots another mussel shell and a handful of small stones, with the following advice: "If you go there in the afternoon, you will find the father in bed taking his siesta, the daughters spinning in the sitting room, and the grandmother in the kitchen scouring the gold and silver vessels bright. Climb nimbly on the chimney, throw down the stones tied up in a bag on the old woman's neck, come down yourself as quick as possible, put the costly vessels in the yarn bag, and then run off as fast as your legs will carry you."

Slyboots thanked his friend, and followed his advice exactly. But when he dropped the bag of pebbles, it expanded into a six hundredweight sack of paving stones, which dashed the old woman to the ground. In a moment Slyboots swept all the gold and silver vessels into his bag and took to flight. When the Old Boy heard the noise, he thought the chimney had fallen down, and did not venture to get up directly. But when he had called the grandmother for a long time without receiving any answer, he was obliged to go himself. When he discovered the misfortune that had happened, he hastened in pursuit of the thief, who could not be gone far. Slyboots was already on the sea when his pursuer reached the shore, panting and puffing. As before, the Old Boy cried out, "Nicodemus, my son," and repeated the former questions. At last he asked, "Nicodemus, my son, have you stolen my gold and silver utensils?" "Certainly, my father," answered Slyboots. "Nicodemus, my son, do you promise to come again?" "No, my father," answered Slyboots, hurrying along the bridge. Although the old man

cursed and scolded after the thief, he could not catch him, and he had now been despoiled of all his magic treasures.

Slyboots found his friend with the gray beard waiting for him on the other side of the sea, and he threw down the bag of heavy gold and silver ware, which the ring of strength had enabled him to bring away, and sat down to rest his weary limbs.

The old man now told him much that shocked him. "Your brothers hate you, and will do all they can to destroy you, if you do not oppose their wicked attempts. They will urge the king on to set you tasks in which you are very likely to perish. When you bring your rich load to the king this evening, you will find him friendly disposed towards you; and then ask, as your only reward, that his daughter should be hidden behind the door in the evening, to hear what your brothers talk about together."

When Slyboots came before the king with his rich booty, which was enough to make at least ten horse loads, he found him extremely kind and friendly, and he took the opportunity to make the request which his old friend had advised. The king was glad that the treasure bringer asked for no greater reward, and ordered his daughter to hide herself behind the door in the evening, to overhear what the coachman and the chamberlain were talking about.

The brothers had grown haughty with prosperity, and boasted of their good luck, and what was worse, they both boasted to each other of the favors of the princess in her own hearing! She ran to her father, flushed with shame and anger, and told him, weeping, what shameful lies she had heard with her own ears, and begged him to punish the wretches. The king immediately ordered them both to be thrown into prison, and when they had confessed their guilt before the court next day, they were executed, while Slyboots was promoted to the rank of king's councilor.

Some time afterwards the country was invaded by a foreign king, and Slyboots was sent against the enemy in the field. Then he drew the sword which he had brought from the underworld for the first time, and began to slaughter the hostile army, and soon none were left alive on the bloody field. The king was so pleased at the victory that he made Slyboots his son-in-law.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES.

Edited by R. NISBET BAIN.

The Golden Mountain.

There was once upon a time a merchant's son who squandered and wasted all his goods. To such a pass did he come at last that he had nothing to eat. So he seized a spade, went out into the market place, and began waiting to see if any one would hire him as a laborer. And behold, the merchant who was one in seven hundred [seven hundred times richer than any one else] came along that way in his gilded coach; all the day laborers saw him, and the whole lot of them immediately scattered in every direction and hid themselves in corners. The merchant's son alone of them all remained standing in the market place.

"Do you want work, young man?" said the merchant who was one in seven hundred; "then take hire from me."

"Right willingly; 'twas for no other reason that I came to the market place."

"And what wage do you require?"

"If you lay me down one hundred roubles a day, 'tis a bargain."

"That is somewhat dear!"

"If you think it dear, go and seek a cheaper article; but this I know, crowds of people were here just now, you came, and —away they all bolted."

"Well, agreed! come to-morrow to the haven."

The next day, early in the morning, our merchant's son came to the haven; the merchant who was one in seven hundred had already been awaiting him some time. They went on board ship and went to sea. They sailed and sailed. In the midst of the sea an island appeared; on this island stood high mountains, and on the sea-shore something or other was burning like fire.

"Can that which I see be fire?" said the merchant's son.

"Nay, that is my little golden castle."

They drew near to the island; they went ashore; his wife and daughter came forth to meet the merchant who was one in seven hundred, and the daughter was beautiful with a beauty that no man can imagine or devise, and no tale can tell. As soon as

they had greeted one another they went on to the castle, and took the new laborer along with them; they sat them down at table, they began to eat, drink, and be merry. "A fig for to-day," said the host; "to-day we'll feast, to-morrow we'll work."

And the merchant's son was a fair youth, strong and stately, of a ruddy countenance like milk and blood, and he fell in love with the lovely damsel. She went out into the next room; she called him secretly, and gave him a flint and steel. "Take them," said she, "and if you should be in any need, use them."

Next day the merchant who was one in seven hundred set out with his servant for the high golden mountain. They climbed and climbed, but they climbed not up to the top; they crawled and crawled, but they crawled not up to the top.

"Well," said the merchant, "let's have a drink first of all." And the merchant handed him a sleeping poison. The laborer drank and fell asleep.

The merchant drew out his knife, killed his wretched nag which he had brought with him, took out its entrails, put the young man into the horse's stomach, put the spade in too, sewed up the wound, and went and hid himself among the bushes.

Suddenly there flew down a whole host of black iron-beaked ravens. They took up the carcass, carried it up into the mountain, and fell a-pecking it; they began eating up the horse, and soon pierced right down to the merchant's son. Then he awoke, beat off the black crows, looked hither and thither, and asked himself, "Where am I?"

The merchant who was one in seven hundred bawled up at him, "On the golden mountain; come, take your spade and dig gold."

So he digged and digged, throwing it all down below, and the merchant put it on wagons. By evening he had filled nine wagons.

"That'll do," cried the merchant who was one in seven hundred; "thanks for your labor. Adieu!"

"But how about me?"

"You may get on as best you can. Ninety-nine of your sort have perished on that mountain — you will just make up the hundred!" Thus spake the merchant, and departed.

"What's to be done now?" thought the merchant's son: "to get down from this mountain is quite impossible. I shall certainly starve to death." So there he stood on the mountain, and above him wheeled the black iron-beaked crows: they plainly scented their prey. He began to bethink him how all this had come to pass, and then it occurred to him how the lovely damsel had taken him aside and given him the flint and steel, and said to him herself, "Take it, and if you are in need make use of it."

"And look now, she did not say it in vain. Let us try it."

The merchant's son took out the flint and steel, struck it once, and immediately out jumped two fair young heroes.

"What do you want? What do you want?"

"Take me from this mountain to the sea-shore."

He had no sooner spoken than they took him under the arms and bore him carefully down from the mountain. The merchant's son walked about by the shore; and, lo, a ship was sailing by the island.

"Hi, good ship folk, take me with you!"

"Nay, brother, we cannot stop: such a stoppage would lose us one hundred knots."

The mariners passed by the island: contrary winds began to blow, a frightful hurricane arose. "Alas! he is plainly no simple man of our sort, we had better turn back and take him on board ship." So they returned to the island, stopped by the shore, took up the merchant's son, and conveyed him to his native town.

A long time and a little time passed by, and then the merchant's son took his spade and again went out into the market place to wait for some one to hire him. Again the merchant who was one in seven hundred passed by in his gilded carriage; the day laborers saw him and scattered in every direction, and hid them in corners. The merchant's son was the sole solitary little one left.

"Will you take hire from me?" said the merchant who was one in seven hundred.

"Willingly; put down two hundred roubles a day, and set me my work."

"Rather dear, eh?"

"If you find it dear, go and seek cheaper labor. You saw how

many people were here, and the moment you appeared they all ran away."

"Well, then, done; come to-morrow to the haven."

The next morning they met at the haven, went on board the ship, and sailed to the island. There they ate and drank their fill one whole day, and the next day they got up and went towards the golden mountain.

They arrived there; the merchant who was one in seven hundred pulled out his drinking glass. "Come now, let us have a drink first," said he.

"Stop, mine host! You who are the chief ought to drink the first: let me treat you with mine own drink." And the merchant's son, who had betimes provided himself with sleeping poison, poured out a full glass of it and gave it to the merchant who was one in seven hundred. He drank it off and fell into a sound sleep.

The merchant's son slaughtered the sorriest horse, disemboweled it, laid his host in the horse's belly, put the spade there too, sewed up the wound, and went and hid himself among the bushes. Instantly the black iron-beaked crows flew down, took up the carcass, carried it to the mountain, and fell a-pecking at it. The merchant who was one in seven hundred awoke and looked hither and thither. "Where am I?" he asked.

"On the mountain," bawled the merchant's son. "Take your spade and dig gold; if you dig much, I will show you how to get off the mountain."

The merchant who was one in seven hundred took his spade and dug and dug; he dug up twenty wagon loads.

"Stop, that's enough now," said the merchant's son; "thanks for your labor, and good-by."

"But what about me?"

"You? why, get off as best you can. Ninety-nine of your sort have perished on that mountain, you can make up the hundred."

So the merchant's son took all the twenty wagons, went to the golden castle, married the lovely damsel, the daughter of the merchant who was one in seven hundred, took possession of all her riches, and came to live in the capital with his whole family.

But the merchant who was one in seven hundred remained there on the mountain, and the black iron-beaked crows picked his bones.

The Story of Gore-Gorinskoe [Woeful Woe].

There once lived in a village two brothers, one of whom was rich, and the other poor. With the rich man everything went swimmingly, in everything he laid his hand to he found luck and bliss; but as for the poor man, slave and toil as he might, fortune flew away from him. The rich man, in a few years, so grew out of bounds that he went to live in the town, and built him the biggest house there, and settled down as a merchant; but the poor man got into such straits that sometimes he had not even a crust of bread in the house to feed a whole armful of children, small — smaller — smallest, who all cried together, and begged for something to eat and drink.

And the poor man began to repine at his fate, he began to lose heart, and his disheveled head began to sink deeper between his shoulders. And he went to his rich brother in the town and said: "Help me! I am quite worn out."

"Why should I not?" replied the rich man. "We can well afford it, only you must come and work it out with me all this week."

"Willingly," said the poor man; so he set to work, swept out the yard, curried the horses, and split up firewood. At the end of the week the rich brother gave him a *grisenka* [five cents] in money and a large lump of bread. "Thanks even for that," said the poor man, and was about to turn away homewards, when his brother's conscience evidently pricked him, and he said, "Why dost thou slip off like that? To-morrow is my name day: stay and feast with us."

And the poor man stayed to his brother's banquet. But, unfortunately for him, a great many rich guests assembled at his brother's — men of renown; and these guests his brother served most zealously, bowing down low before them, and imploring them as a favor to be so good as to eat and drink their fill. But he forgot altogether about his poor brother, who could only look on from afar, and see all the good people eating and drinking, and enjoying themselves, and making merry.

At last the banquet was over, the guests arose, they began to thank the host and hostess, and the poor man also bowed to his very girdle. The guests also went home, and very merry they all were; they laughed, and joked, and sang songs all the way. And the poor man went home as hungry as ever, and he thought to himself, "Come, now, I will sing a song too, so that

people may think that I too was not overlooked or passed over on my brother's name day, but ate to surfeit, and drank myself drunk with the best of them."

And so the peasant began singing a song, but suddenly his voice died away. He heard quite plainly that some one behind his back was imitating his song in a thin piping voice. He stopped short, and the voice stopped short; he went on singing, and again the voice imitated him.

"Who is that singing? come forth!" shrieked the poor man, and he saw before him a monster, all shriveled up and yellow, with scarcely any life in it, huddled up in rags, and girded about with the same vile rags, and its feet wound round with linden bast. The peasant was quite petrified with horror, and he said to the monster, "Who art thou?"

"I am Gore-Gorinskoe; I have compassion on thee; I will help thee to sing."

"Well, Gore, let us go together through the wide world arm in arm. I see that I shall find no other friends and kinsmen there."

"Let us go, then, master; I will never desert thee."

"And on what shall we go, then?"

"I know not what you are going upon, but I will go upon you," and flop! in an instant he was on the peasant's shoulders. The peasant had not strength enough to shake him off. And so the peasant went on his way, carrying Woeful Woe on his shoulders, though he was scarce able to drag one leg after the other, and the monster was singing all the time, and beating time to it, and driving him along with his little stick. "I say, master, wouldst thou like me to teach thee my favorite song?—

"'I am Woe, the woefully woeful!
Girt about with linden bast rags,
Shod with beggars' buskins, bark stript.
Live with me, then; live with Woe,
And sorrow never know.
If you say you have no money,
You can always raise it, honey;
Yet provide a hard-won penny
'Gainst the day thou'lt not have any.'

And besides," added Woe, "thou already hast this penny against an evil day, besides a crust of bread; let us then go on our way, and drink and be merry."

So they went on and on, and drank and drank, and so they got home. There sat the wife and all the children, without food, weeping, but Woe set the peasant a-dancing.

On the following day Woe began to sigh, and said, "My head aches from drinking!" and again he called upon the master to drink a thimbleful.

"I have no money," said the peasant.

"But didn't I tell thee thou canst always raise it, honey? Pawn thy harrow and plow, sledge and cart, and let us drink; we'll have a rare time of it to-day, at any rate."

What could he do? The peasant could not rid himself of Woe, so painfully tight did he sit upon him by this time; so he let himself be dragged about by Woe, and drank and idled away the whole day. And on the next day Woe groaned still more, and even began howling, and said, "Come, let us saunter about; let us drink away everything and pawn it. Sell thyself into slavery, and so get money to drink with."

The peasant saw that ruin was approaching him, so he had resort to subtlety; and he said to Woeful Woe, "I have heard our old men say that a treasure was buried about here a long time ago, but it was buried beneath such heavy stones that my single strength would be quite unable to raise it; now, if only we could raise this treasure, darling little Woe, what a fine time of loafing and drinking we should have together!"

"Come, then, and let us raise it; Woe has strength enough for everything."

So they went all about the place, and they came to a very large and heavy stone: five peasants together could not have moved it from the spot, but our friend and Woe lifted it up at the first go. And lo! beneath the stone there was indeed a coffer dark and heavy, and at the very bottom of this coffer something was sparkling. And the peasant said to Woe, "You just creep into the coffer and get out the gold, and I'll stand here and hold up the stone."

So Woe crept into the coffer with great glee, and cried out: "Hi, master, here are riches incalculable! Twenty jars chokefull of gold, all standing one beside the other!" and he handed up to the peasant one of the jars.

The peasant took the jar into his lap, and, as at the same time he let the stone fall back into its old place, he shut up Woeful Woe in the coffer with all the gold. 'Perish thou

and thy riches with thee!" thought the peasant; "no good luck goes along with thee."

And he went home to his own, and with the money he got from the jar he bought wood, repaired his cottage, added live stock to his possessions, and worked harder than ever, and he began to engage in trade, and it went well with him. In a single year he grew so much richer that in place of his hut he built him a large wooden house. And then he went to town to invite his brother and his wife to the house warming.

"What are you thinking of?" said his rich brother, with a scornful smile. "A little while ago you were naked, and had nothing to eat, and now you are giving house warmings, and laying out banquets!"

"Well, at one time, certainly, I had nothing to eat, but now, thank God, I am no worse off than you. Come and see."

The next day the rich brother went out into the country to his poor brother, and there on the pebbly plain he saw wooden buildings, all new and lofty, such as not every town merchant can boast of. And the poor brother who dwelt on the pebbles fed the rich brother till he could eat no more, and made him drink his fill; and after that, when the strings of his tongue were loosened, he made a clean breast of it, and told his brother how he had grown so rich.

Envy overcame the rich brother. He thought to himself, "This brother of mine is a fool. Out of twenty kegs he only took one. With all that money, Woe itself is not terrible. I'll go there myself, I'll take away the stone, take the money, and let Woe out from beneath the stone. Let him hound my brother to death if he likes."

No sooner said than done. The rich man took leave of his brother; but instead of going home he went to the stone. He pulled and tugged at it, and managed at last to push it a little to one side, so as to be able to peep into the coffer; but before he could pull his head back again, Woe had already skipped out, and was sitting on his neck. Our rich man felt the grievous burden on his shoulders, looked round, and saw the frightful monster bestriding him. And Woe shrieked in his ear, "A pretty fellow you are! You wanted to starve me to death in there, did you? You shall not shake me off again in a hurry, I warrant you. I'll never leave you again."

"Oh, senseless Woe!" cried the rich man, "indeed 'twas not I who placed you beneath that stone, and 'tis not me, the

rich man, you should cleave to; go hence, and torment my brother."

But Woeful Woe would not listen to him. "No," it screeched, "you lie! You deceived me once, but you shan't do it a second time."

And so the rich man carried Woe home with him, and all his wealth turned to dust and ashes. But the poor brother now lives in peace and plenty, and sings jesting ditties of Woe the outwitted.

The Woman Accuser.

There was once upon a time an old man and an old woman. The old woman was not a bad old woman, but there was this one bad thing about her — she did not know how to hold her tongue. Whatever she might hear from her husband, or whatever might happen at home, she was sure to spread it over the whole village; she even doubled everything in the telling, and so things were told which never happened at all. Not unfrequently the old man had to chastise the old woman, and her back paid for the faults of her tongue.

One day the old man went into the forest for wood. He had just got to the border of the forest, when his foot, in treading on a certain place, sank right into the ground. "Why, what's this?" thought the old man. "Come, now, I'll dig a bit here; maybe I shall be lucky enough to dig out something." He dug several times, and saw, buried in the ground, a little caldron quite full of silver and gold. "Look, now, what good luck has befallen me! But what am I to do with it? I cannot hide it from that good wife of mine at home, and she will be sure to blab to all the world about my lucky find, and thou wilt repent the day thou didst ever see it."

For a long time the old man sat brooding over his treasure, and at last he made up his mind what to do. He buried the treasure, threw a lot of wood over it, and went to town. There he bought at the bazaar a live pike and a live hare, returned to the wood, and hung the pike upon a tree, at the very top of it; and carried the hare to the stream, where he had a fish basket, and he put the hare into it in a shallow place.

Then he went off home, whipped up his little nag for pure lightness of heart, and so entered his hut. "Wife, wife," he cried, "such a piece of luck has befallen me that I cannot describe it!"

"What is it, what is it, hubby darling? Why dost thou not tell me?"

"What's the good, when thou wilt only blab it all about?"

"On my word, I'll say nothing to anybody. I swear it. I'll take the holy image from the wall and kiss it if thou dost not believe me."

"Well, well, all right. Listen, old woman!" and he bent down towards her ear and whispered, "I have found in the wood a caldron full of silver and gold."

"Then why didst thou not bring it hither?"

"Because we had both better go together, and so bring it home." And the old man went with his old woman to the forest.

They went along the road, and the peasant said to his wife, "From what I hear, old woman, and from what people told me the other day, it would seem that fish are now to be found growing on trees, while the beasts of the forest live in the water."

"Why, what art thou thinking about, little hubby? People nowadays are much given to lying."

"Lying, dost thou call it? Then come and see for thyself." And he pointed to the tree where the pike was hanging.

"Why, what marvel is this?" screamed the old woman. "However did that pike get there? Or have the people been speaking the truth to thee after all?"

But the peasant stood there, and moved his arms about, and shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, as if he could not believe his own eyes.

"Why dost thou keep standing there?" said the old woman. "Go up the tree, rather, and take the pike; 'twill do for supper."

So the peasant took the pike, and then they went on further. They passed by the stream, and the peasant stopped his horse. But his wife began screeching at him, and said, "What art gaping at now? let us make haste and go on."

"Nay, but look! I see something struggling about all round my fish basket. I'll go and see what it is." So he ran, looked into the fish basket, and called to his wife. "Just come and look here, old woman! Why, a hare has got into our fishing basket!"

"Then people must have told thee the truth after all. Fetch it out quickly; it will do for dinner on the feast day."

The old man took up the hare, and then went straight towards the treasure. He pitched away the wood, digged wide and deep, dragged the caldron out of the earth, and they took it home.

The old man and the old woman grew rich, they lived right merrily, and the old woman did not improve; she went to invite guests every day, and gave such banquets that she nearly drove her husband out of the house. The old man tried to correct her. "What's come to thee?" he cried. "Canst thou not listen to me?"

"Don't order me about," said she. "I found the treasure as well as thou, and have as much right to make merry with it."

The old man put up with it for a very long time, but at last he said to the old woman straight out, "Do as best thou canst, but I'm not going to give thee any more money to cast to the winds."

But the old woman immediately fell foul of him. "I see what thou art up to," screeched she; "thou wouldst keep all the money for thyself. No, thou rogue, I'll drive thee whither the crows will pick thy bones. Thou wilt have no good from thy money."

The old man would have chastised her, but the old woman thrust him aside, and went straight to the magistrate to lay a complaint against her husband. "I have come to throw myself on thy honor's compassion, and to present my petition against my good-for-nothing husband. Ever since he found that treasure there is no living with him. Work he won't, and he spends all his time in drinking and gadding about. Take away all his gold from him, father. What a vile thing is gold when it ruins a man so!"

The magistrate was sorry for the old woman, and he sent his eldest clerk to him, and bade him judge between the husband and wife. The clerk assembled all the village elders, and went to the peasant and said to him, "The magistrate has sent me to thee, and bids thee deliver up all thy treasure into my hands."

The peasant only shrugged his shoulders. "What treasure?" said he. "I know nothing whatever about any treasure."

"Not know? Why, thy old woman has just been to complain to the magistrate, and I tell thee what, friend, if thou deniest it, 'twill be worse for thee. If thou dost not give up the whole treasure to the magistrate, thou must give an account

of thyself for daring to search for treasures, and not revealing them to the authorities."

"But I cry your pardon, honored sirs! what *is* this treasure you are talking of? My wife must have seen this treasure in her sleep; she has told you a pack of nonsense, and you listen to her."

"Nonsense!" burst forth the old woman; "it is not nonsense, but a whole caldron full of gold and silver!"

"Thou art out of thy senses, dear wife. Honored sirs, I cry your pardon. Cross-examine her thoroughly about the affair, and if she proves this thing against me, I will answer for it with all my goods."

"And dost thou think that I cannot prove it against thee? Thou rascal, I will prove it. This is how the matter went, Mr. Clerk," began the old woman; "I remember it, every bit. We went to the forest, and we saw a pike on a tree."

"A pike?" roared the clerk at the old woman; "or dost thou want to make a fool of me?"

"Nay, I am not making a fool of thee, Mr. Clerk; I am speaking the simple truth."

"There, honored sirs," said the old man, "how can you believe her if she goes on talking such rubbish?"

"I am not talking rubbish, yokel! I am speaking the truth — or hast thou forgotten how we found a hare in thy fishing basket in the stream?"

All the elders rolled about for laughter; even the clerk smiled, and began to stroke down his long beard. The peasant again said to his wife, "Recollect thyself, old woman: dost thou not see that every one is laughing at thee? But ye, honored gentlemen, can now see for yourselves how far you can believe my wife."

"Yes," cried all the elders, with one voice, "long as we have lived in the world, we have never heard of hares living in rivers, and fish hanging on the trees of the forest." The clerk himself saw that this was a matter he could not get to the bottom of, so he dismissed the assembly with a wave of his hand, and went off to town to the magistrate.

And everybody laughed so much at the old woman that she was forced to bite her own tongue and listen to her husband; and the husband bought wares with his treasure, went to live in the town, and began to trade there, exchanged his wares for money, grew rich and prosperous, and was as happy as the day was long.

GREEK MYTHS.

By JOHN RUSKIN.

(From "The Queen of the Air.")

[JOHN RUSKIN: English critic and essayist; born at London, February 8, 1819. In 1839 he took the Newdigate prize for a poem. During his Oxford days he published many verses over the signature "J. R." In 1850 his poems were collected and privately printed. A reprint was made of them in New York in 1882. He studied art, but rather for the purposes of criticism. In 1843 appeared the first part of "Modern Painters," which was a vehement eulogy of J. M. W. Turner; the last volume in 1856. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849, and "The Stones of Venice," 1851–1853, are his best-known works. Among his popular lectures have been "Munera Pulveris," 1862–1863; "Sesame and Lilies," 1865; "Crown of Wild Olive," 1866; and "The Queen of the Air," 1869. His works include dozens of other titles on artistic, social, and economic subjects. His "Præterita," 1885, is autobiographical.]

1. I WILL not ask your pardon for endeavoring to interest you in the subject of Greek Mythology; but I must ask your permission to approach it in a temper differing from that in which it is frequently treated. We cannot justly interpret the religion of any people, unless we are prepared to admit that we ourselves, as well as they, are liable to error in matters of faith; and that the convictions of others, however singular, may in some points have been well founded; while our own, however reasonable, may in some particulars be mistaken. You must forgive me, therefore, for not always distinctively calling the creeds of the past "superstition," and the creeds of the present day "religion"; as well as for assuming that a faith now confessed may sometimes be superficial, and that a faith long forgotten may once have been sincere. It is the task of the Divine to condemn the errors of antiquity, and of the philologists to account for them; I will only pray you to read, with patience, and human sympathy, the thoughts of men who lived without blame in a darkness they could not dispel; and to remember that, whatever charge of folly may justly attach to the saying, "There is no God," the folly is prouder, deeper, and less pardonable, in saying, "There is no God but for me."

2. A myth, in its simplest definition, is a story with a meaning attached to it other than it seems to have at first; and the fact that it has such a meaning is generally marked by some of its circumstances being extraordinary, or, in the common use of the word, unnatural. Thus if I tell you that Hercules killed

a water serpent in the lake of Lerna, and if I mean, and you understand, nothing more than that fact, the story, whether true or false, is not a myth. But if by telling you this, I mean that Hercules purified the stagnation of many streams from deadly miasmata, my story, however simple, is a true myth; only, as, if I left it in that simplicity, you would probably look for nothing beyond, it will be wise in me to surprise your attention by adding some singular circumstance; for instance, that the water snake had several heads, which revived as fast as they were killed, and which poisoned even the foot that trod upon them as they slept. And in proportion to the fullness of intended meaning I shall probably multiply and refine upon these improbabilities; as, suppose, if, instead of desiring only to tell you that Hercules purified a marsh, I wished you to understand that he contended with the venom and vapor of envy and evil ambition, whether in other men's souls or in his own, and choked *that* malaria only by supreme toil, — I might tell you that this serpent was formed by the goddess whose pride was in the trial of Hercules; and that its place of abode was by a palm tree; and that for every head of it that was cut off, two rose up with renewed life; and that the hero found at last he could not kill the creature at all by cutting its heads off or crushing them, but only by burning them down; and that the midmost of them could not be killed even that way, but had to be buried alive. Only in proportion as I mean more, I shall certainly appear more absurd in my statement; and at last when I get unendurably significant, all practical persons will agree that I was talking mere nonsense from the beginning, and never meant anything at all.

3. It is just possible, however, also, that the story-teller may all along have meant nothing but what he said; and that, incredible as the events may appear, he himself literally believed — and expected you also to believe — all this about Hercules, without any latent moral or history whatever. And it is very necessary, in reading traditions of this kind, to determine, first of all, whether you are listening to a simple person, who is relating what, at all events, he believes to be true (and may, therefore, possibly have been so to some extent), or to a reserved philosopher, who is veiling a theory of the universe under the grotesque of a fairy tale. It is, in general, more likely that the first supposition should be the right one: simple and credulous persons are, perhaps fortunately, more common

than philosophers ; and it is of the highest importance that you should take their innocent testimony as it was meant, and not efface, under the graceful explanation which your cultivated ingenuity may suggest, either the evidence their story may contain (such as it is worth) of an extraordinary event having really taken place, or the unquestionable light which it will cast upon the character of the person by whom it was frankly believed. And to deal with Greek religion honestly, you must at once understand that this literal belief was, in the mind of the general people, as deeply rooted as ours in the legends of our own sacred book ; and that a basis of unmiraculous event was as little suspected, and an explanatory symbolism as rarely traced, by them, as by us.

You must, therefore, observe that I deeply degrade the position which such a myth as that just referred to occupied in the Greek mind, by comparing it (for fear of offending you) to our story of St. George and the Dragon. Still, the analogy is perfect in minor respects ; and though it fails to give you any notion of the vitally religious earnestness of the Greek faith, it will exactly illustrate the manner in which faith laid hold of its objects.

4. This story of Hercules and the Hydra, then, was to the general Greek mind, in its best days, a tale about a real hero and a real monster. Not one in a thousand knew anything of the way in which the story had arisen, any more than the English peasant generally is aware of the plebeian original of St. George ; or supposes that there were once alive in the world, with sharp teeth and claws, real, and very ugly, flying dragons. On the other hand, few persons traced any moral or symbolical meaning in the story, and the average Greek was as far from imagining any interpretation like that I have just given you, as an average Englishman is from seeing in St. George the Red Cross Knight of Spenser, or in the Dragon the Spirit of Infidelity. But, for all that, there was a certain undercurrent of consciousness in all minds that the figures meant more than they at first showed ; and, according to each man's own faculties of sentiment, he judged and read them ; just as a Knight of the Garter reads more in the jewel on his collar than the George and Dragon of a public house expresses to the host or to his customers. Thus, to the mean person the myth always meant little ; to the noble person, much ; and the greater their familiarity with it, the more contemptible it became to one, and the

more sacred to the other ; until vulgar commentators explained it entirely away, while Virgil made it the crowning glory of his choral hymn to Hercules.

> Around thee, powerless to infect thy soul,
> Rose, in his crested crowd, the Lerna worm.
>
> Non te rationis egentem
> Lernæus turbâ capitum circumstetit anguis.

And although, in any special toil of the hero's life, the moral interpretation was rarely with definiteness attached to its event, yet in the whole course of the life, not only a symbolical meaning, but the warrant for the existence of a real spiritual power, was apprehended of all men. Hercules was no dead hero, to be remembered only as a victor over monsters of the past — harmless now as slain. He was the perpetual type and mirror of heroism, and its present and living aid against every ravenous form of human trial and pain.

5. But, if we seek to know more than this and to ascertain the manner in which the story first crystallized into its shape, we shall find ourselves led back generally to one or other of two sources — either to actual historical events, represented by the fancy under figures personifying them ; or else to natural phenomena similarly endowed with life by the imaginative power usually more or less under the influence of terror. The historical myths we must leave the masters of history to follow ; they, and the events they record, being yet involved in great, though attractive and penetrable, mystery. But the stars, and hills, and storms are with us now, as they were with others of old ; and it only needs that we look at them with the earnestness of those childish eyes to understand the first words spoken of them by the children of men, and then, in all the most beautiful and enduring myths, we shall find, not only a literal story of a real person, not only a parallel imagery of moral principle, but an underlying worship of natural phenomena, out of which both have sprung, and in which both forever remain rooted. Thus, from the real sun, rising and setting, — from the real atmosphere, calm in its dominion of unfading blue, and fierce in its descent of tempest, — the Greek forms first the idea of two entirely personal and corporeal gods, whose limbs are clothed in divine flesh, and whose brows are crowned with divine beauty ; yet so real that the quiver rattles at their shoulder, and the

chariot bends beneath their weight. And, on the other hand, collaterally with these corporeal images, and never for one instant separated from them, he conceives also two omnipresent spiritual influences, of which one illuminates, as the sun, with a constant fire, whatever in humanity is skillful and wise; and the other, like the living air, breathes the calm of heavenly fortitude, and strength of righteous anger, into every human breast that is pure and brave.

6. Now, therefore, in nearly every myth of importance, you have to discern these three structural parts, — the root and the two branches: the root, in physical existence, sun, or sky, or cloud, or sea; then the personal incarnation of that, becoming a trusted and companionable deity, with whom you may walk hand in hand, as a child with its brother or its sister; and, lastly, the moral significance of the image, which is in all the great myths eternally and beneficently true.

7. The great myths; that is to say, myths made by great people. For the first plain fact about myth making is one which has been most strangely lost sight of, — that you cannot make a myth unless you have something to make it of. You cannot tell a secret which you don't know. If the myth is about the sky, it must have been made by somebody who had looked at the sky. If the myth is about justice and fortitude, it must have been made by some one who knew what it was to be just or patient. According to the quantity of understanding in the person will be the quantity of significance in his fable; and the myth of a simple and ignorant race must necessarily mean little, because a simple and ignorant race have little to mean. So the great question in reading a story is always, not what wild hunter dreamed, or what childish race first dreaded it; but what wise man first perfectly told, and what strong people first perfectly lived by it. And the real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among whom it is current. The farther back you pierce, the less significance you will find, until you come to the first narrow thought, which, indeed, contains the germ of the accomplished tradition; but only as the seed contains the flower. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their beloved and sacred legend; leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of more pure affections, and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable bourgeons out into symmetry of milky stem and honeyed bell.

8. But through whatever changes it may pass, remember that our right reading of it is wholly dependent on the materials we have in our own minds for an intelligent answering sympathy. If it first arose among a people who dwelt under stainless skies, and measured their journeys by ascending and declining stars, we certainly cannot read their story, if we have never seen anything above us in the day but smoke, nor anything around us in the night but candles. If the tale goes on to change clouds or planets into living creatures, — to invest them with fair forms and inflame them with mighty passions, — we can only understand the story of the human-hearted things, in so far as we ourselves take pleasure in the perfectness of visible form, or can sympathize, by an effort of imagination, with the strange people who had other loves than that of wealth, and other interests than those of commerce. And, lastly, if the myth complete itself to the fulfilled thoughts of the nation, by attributing to the gods, whom they have carved out of their fantasy, continual presence with their own souls; and their every effort for good is finally guided by the sense of the companionship, the praise, and the pure will of immortals, we shall be able to follow them into this last circle of their faith only in the degree in which the better parts of our own beings have been also stirred by the aspects of nature, or strengthened by her laws. It may be easy to prove that the ascent of Apollo in his chariot signifies nothing but the rising of the sun. But what does the sunrise itself signify to us? If only languid return to frivolous amusement, or fruitless labor, it will, indeed, not be easy for us to conceive the power, over a Greek, of the name of Apollo. But if, for us also, as for the Greek, the sunrise means daily restoration to the sense of passionate gladness and of perfect life, — if it means the thrilling of new strength through every nerve, — the shedding over us of a better peace than the peace of night, in the power of the dawn, — and the purging of evil vision and fear by the baptism of its dew; — if the sun itself is an influence, to us also, of spiritual good — and becomes thus in reality, not in imagination, to us also, a spiritual power, — we may then soon overpass the narrow limit of conception which kept that power impersonal, and rise with the Greek to the thought of an angel who rejoiced as a strong man to run his course, whose voice calling to life and to labor rang round the earth, and whose going forth was to the ends of heaven.

BALLADE OF THE MYSTERIOUS HOSTS OF THE FOREST.

By THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

[THÉODORE FAULLAIN DE BANVILLE, French novelist and poet, was born at Moulins, March 14, 1823; died at Paris, March 13, 1891. He was the son of a naval officer; became a Parisian man of letters. His best-known works were the volumes of poetry, "The Caryatides" (1842), "The Stalactites" (1846), "Odes Funambulesques" (1857), "New Odes Funambulesques" (1868), "Russian Idyls" (1872), and "Thirty-six Merry Ballads" (1873). He wrote also prose tales and sketches; as, "The Poor Mountebanks" (1853), "The Parisians of Paris" (1866), "Tales for Women" (1881), and "The Soul of Paris" (1890). He published his autobiography, "My Recollections," in 1882.

For biography of Andrew Lang, the distinguished scholar, poet, and man of letters, see "Calypso," Vol. 2.]

STILL sing the mocking fairies, as of old,
Beneath the shade of thorn and holly tree;
The west wind breathes upon them pure and cold,
And still wolves dread Diana roving free,
In secret woodland with her company.
'Tis thought the peasants' hovels know her rite
When now the wolds are bathed in silver light,
And first the moonrise breaks the dusky gray;
Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
And through the dim wood, Dian thrids her way.

With waterweeds twined in their locks of gold
The strange cold forest fairies dance in glee;
Sylphs overtimorous and overbold
Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may be,
The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy:
Then, 'mid their mirth, and laughter, and affright,
The sudden goddess enters, tall and white,
With one long sigh for summers passed away;
The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright,
And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

She gleans her sylvan trophies; down the wold
She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee,
Mixed with the music of the hunting rolled:
But her delight is all in archery,
And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she
More than the hounds that follow on the flight;

The tall nymph draws a golden bow of might,
And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay,
She tosses loose her locks upon the night,
And Dian through the dim wood thrids her way.

ENVOI.

Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,
The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight;
Amid the forest leaves and fountain spray
There is the mystic home of our delight,
And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

THE LABORS OF HERCULES.

BY SIR GEORGE W. COX (rewritten).

DECEIVED by the evil advice of Ate, the mischief-maker of the gods, Jupiter said to Juno his queen, "This day a child shall be born of the race of Perseus, who shall be the mightiest of all on earth." He meant his son Hercules; but Juno had a crafty trick in her mind to lay a heavy curse on that son, whom naturally she hated for his being such. She asked Jupiter if what he had just said should surely be so, and he gave the nod which meant the vow that could not be recalled; then she went to the Fates and induced them to have Eurystheus born first, so that he should be the one mortal more powerful than Hercules, though he was a weak, jealous, and spiteful man.

So the lot was fixed that all his life long Hercules should toil at the will of a mean and envious master. He was matchless in strength, courage, and beauty; but he was to have neither profit nor comfort from them till he should pass from the land of mortals. But Jupiter was enraged at the ruin of his plans for the child by Juno's plot; he cast forth Ate from the halls of Olympus and forbade her to dwell again among the gods, and ordained that Hercules should dwell with the gods in Olympus as soon as his days of toils on earth were ended.

So Hercules grew up in the house of Amphitryon (the husband of Alcmena, the mother of the baby demigod), full of beauty and wonderful might. One day, as he lay sleeping, two huge serpents came into the chamber, twisted their coils round

the cradle, and gazed on him with their cold, glassy eyes, till the sound of their hissing woke him; but instead of being frightened, he stretched out his little arms, caught hold of the serpents' necks, and strangled them to death. All knew by this sign that he was to have terrible struggles with the evil things of the world, but was to come off the victor.

As he grew up, no one could compare with him for strength of arm and swiftness of foot, in taming horses, or in wrestling. The best men in Argos were his teachers; and the wise centaur Chiron was his friend, and taught him always to help the weak and take their part against any who oppressed them. For all his great strength, none were more gentle than Hercules; none more full of pity for those bowed down by pain and labor.

But it was bitter to him that he must spend his life slaving for Eurystheus, while others were rich in joy and pleasures, feasts and games. One day, thinking of these things, he sat down by the wayside where two paths met, in a lonely valley far from the dwellings of men. Suddenly lifting up his eyes, he saw two women coming toward him, each from a different road. Both were fair to look upon: but one had a soft and gentle face, and was clad in pure white. The other looked boldly at Hercules; her face was ruddier, and her eyes shone with a hot and restless glitter; her thin, embroidered robe, streaming in long folds from her shoulders, clung about her voluptuous figure, revealing more than it hid. With a quick and eager step she hastened to him, so as to be the first to speak. And she said: "I know, man of toils and grief, that your heart is sad within you, and that you know not which way to turn. Come with me, and I will lead you on a soft and pleasant road, where no storms shall vex you and no sorrows shall trouble you. You shall never hear of wars or fighting; sickness and pain shall not come near you: but you shall feast all day long at rich banquets and listen to the songs of minstrels. You shall not want for sparkling wine, soft robes, or pleasant couches; you shall not lack the delights of love, for the bright eyes of maidens shall look gently upon you, and their song shall lull you to sleep."

Hercules said: "You promise me pleasant things, lady, and I am sorely pressed down by a hard master. What is your name?"

"My friends," said she, "call me Pleasure; those who look

on me with disfavor have given me more than one bad name and an ill repute, but they speak falsely."

Then the other said: "Hercules, I too know who you are and the doom laid on you, and how you have toiled and endured even from childhood; that is the very reason I feel sure you will give me your love. If you do so, men will speak of your good deeds in future times, and my name will be still more exalted. But I have no fine words to cheat you with. Nothing good is ever reached, nothing great is ever won, without toil. If you seek for fruit from the earth, you must tend and till it; if you would have the favor of the gods, you must come before them with prayers and offerings; if you long for the love of men, you must do them good."

Then the other broke in and said: "You see, Hercules, that Virtue seeks to lead you on a long and weary path; but my broad and easy road leads quickly to happiness."

Virtue answered with a flash of anger in her pure eyes: "Wretched thing, what good thing have you to give, and what pleasure can you feel, who know not what it is to toil? Your lusts are satiated, your taste is dulled into indifference or nausea. You drink the wine before you are thirsty, and fill yourself with dainties before you are hungry. Though you are numbered among the immortals, the gods have cast you forth out of heaven, and good men scorn you. The sweetest of all sounds, when a man's heart praises him, you have never heard; the sweetest of all sights, when a man looks on his good deeds, you have never seen. Those who bow down to you are weak and feeble in youth, and wretched and loathsome in old age. But I dwell with the gods in heaven, and with good men on the earth; and without me nothing good can be done or thought. More than all others I am honored by the gods and cherished by the men who love me. In peace and in war, in health and in sickness, I am the aid of all who seek me; and my help never fails. My children know the purest of all pleasures, when the hour of rest comes after the toil of day. In youth they are strong, and their limbs are quick with health; in old age they look back upon a happy life; and when they lie down to the sleep of death, their name is cherished among men for their good and useful deeds. Love me, therefore, Hercules, and obey my words, and when your labors are ended you shall dwell with me in the home of the immortal gods."

Hercules bowed his head and swore to follow Virtue's counsels,

and went forth with a good courage to his labor and suffering. He lived and wrought in many lands to obey Eurystheus' orders. He did good deeds for men; but he gained nothing by them except the love of the gentle Iole. Far away in Œchalia, where the sun rises from the eastern sea, he saw the maiden in the halls of Eurytus, and sought to win her love. But Jupiter's vow to Juno gave him no rest. Eurystheus sent him to other lands, and he saw the maiden no more.

But Hercules kept up a good heart, and the glory of his great deeds became spread abroad through all the earth. Minstrels sang how he slew the monsters and savage beasts who vexed the sons of men; how he smote the Hydra in the land of Lerna, and the wild boar which haunted the groves of Erymanthus, and the Harpies who lurked in the swamps of Stymphalus. They told how he traveled far away to the land of the setting sun, where Eurystheus bade him pluck the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides: how over hill and dale, across marsh and river, through thicket and forest, he came to the western sea, and crossed to the African land where Atlas lifts up his white head to the high heaven; how he smote the dragon which guarded the brazen gates, and brought the apples to King Eurystheus. They sang of his weary journey when he roamed through the land of the Ethiopians and came to the wild and desolate heights of Caucasus; how he saw a giant form high on the naked rock, and the vulture which gnawed the Titan's heart with its beak; how he slew the bird, and smote off the cruel chains, and set Prometheus free. They sang how Eurystheus laid on him a fruitless task, by sending him down to the dark land of King Hades to bring up the monster Cerberus; how upon the shore of the gloomy Acheron he found the mighty hound who guards the home of Hades and Persephone, seized him and brought him to Eurystheus. They sang of the days when he worked in the land of Queen Omphale beneath the Libyan sun; how he destroyed the walls of Ilion when Laomedon was king; how he was bid to cleanse the vast stables where King Augeas had kept a thousand horses for thirty years without removing a spadeful of the filth, and accomplished the task by turning a river through them; and how he went to Calydon and wooed and won Dejanira, the daughter of the chieftain Œneus.

He dwelt a long time in Calydon, and the people there loved him for his kindly deeds. But one day he accidentally killed

with his spear the boy Eunomus. The father held no grudge against Hercules, knowing that he did not intend the death; but Hercules was so grieved for the death that he left the country, and went again on his travels. On the banks of the Evenus he wounded with a poisoned arrow the centaur Nessus, for attempting to assault Dejanira. As the poison ran through the centaur's veins, he was frenzied with a desire to revenge himself on Hercules; and under guise of forgiveness and good will to Dejanira, he advised her to fill a shell with his blood, and if ever she lost the love of Hercules, to spread it on a robe for him to wear, and the love would return.

So Nessus died; and Hercules went to the land of Trachis, and there Dejanira remained while he journeyed to the far East. Years passed, and he did not return. At last news came of great deeds he had done in distant lands; among them that he had slain Eurytus, the king of Œchalia, and taken a willing captive his daughter Iole, the most beautiful maiden in the land.

Then the words of Nessus came back to Dejanira: she thought Hercules' love had gone from her, and to win it back she smeared a richly embroidered robe with the centaur's blood, and with a message full of heartfelt love and honor sent it to him to wear. The messenger found him offering sacrifice to his father Jupiter, and gave him the robe in token of Dejanira's love. Hercules wrapped it round him, and stood by the altar while the black smoke rolled up toward heaven. Presently the vengeance of Nessus was accomplished: the poison began to burn fiercely through Hercules' veins. He strove in vain to tear off the robe: it had become as part of his own skin, and he only tore pieces out of his own flesh in the attempt; as he writhed in agony, the blood poured from his body in streams.

Then the maiden Iole came to his side, and sought to soothe his agony with her gentle hands and to cheer him with pitying words. Then once more his face flushed with a deep joy, and his eye glanced with a pure light, as in the days of his young might; and he said: "Ah, Iole, my first and best love, your voice is my comfort as I sink down into the sleep of death. I loved you in my morning time; but Fate would not give you to me for a companion in my long wanderings. But I will waste none of my short final happiness in grieving now: you are with me to be the last thing I see or hear or think of in life."

Then he made them carry him to the high crest of Mount Œta and gather wood. When all was ready, he lay down to rest on the huge pyre, and they kindled it. The shades were darkening the sky, but Hercules tried still to pierce them with his eyes to gaze on Iole's face and cheer her in her sorrow. "Weep not, Iole," he said; "my labors are done, and now is the time for rest. I shall see you again in the land where night never comes."

Darker and darker grew the evening shades; and only the blazing of the funeral pile on the mountain top pierced the blackness of the gloom. Then a thundercloud came down from heaven and its bolt crashed through the air. So Jupiter carried his child home, and the halls of Olympus were opened to welcome the hero, who rested at last from his matchless labors.

HYMN OF APOLLO.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[Percy Bysshe Shelley, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and, climbing heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;—
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence; and the air
Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
  Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
  Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
  With their ethereal colors; the moon's globe,
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers,
  Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on earth or heaven may shine
Are portions of one power which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven;
  Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
  For grief that I depart they weep and frown.
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

I am the eye with which the universe
  Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
  All prophecy, all medicine, are mine,
All light of Art or Nature; — to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong.

THE GOLDEN APPLES.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(From "The Earthly Paradise.")

[William Morris, English poet and art reformer, was born March 24, 1834; educated at Oxford, and was one of the Preraphaelites. His best-known poem is "The Earthly Paradise"; he has also written "The Defense of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," "Sigurd the Volsung," "The Fall of the Niblungs," and smaller ones. In prose he wrote "The House of the Wolfings," "The Glittering Plain," etc. He founded a manufactory of household decorations to reform public taste, and a printing house for artistic typography. He was also a fervent Socialist. He died October 3, 1896.]

As many as the leaves fall from the tree,
From the world's life the years are fallen away
Since King Eurystheus sat in majesty
In fair Mycenæ; midmost of whose day
It once befell that in a quiet bay

A ship of Tyre was swinging nigh the shore,
Her folk for sailing handling rope and oar.

Fresh was the summer morn, a soft wind stole
Down from the sheep-browsed slopes the cliffs that crowned,
And ruffled lightly the long gleaming roll
Of the peaceful sea, and bore along the sound
Of shepherd folk and sheep and questing hound;
For in the first dip of the hillside there
Lay bosomed 'mid its trees a homestead fair.

Amid regrets for last night, when the moon,
Risen on the soft dusk, shone on maidens' feet
Brushing the gold-heart lilies to the tune
Of pipes complaining, o'er the grass down-beat
That mixed with dewy flowers its odor sweet,
The shipmen labored, till the sail unfurled
Swung round the prow to meet another world.

But ere the anchor had come home, a shout
Rang from the strand, as though the ship were hailed.
Whereat the master bade them stay, in doubt
That they without some needful thing had sailed;
When, lo! from where the cliffs' steep gray sides failed
Into a ragged, stony slip, came twain
Who seemed in haste the ready keel to gain.

Soon they drew nigh, and he who first came down
Unto the surf was a man huge of limb,
Gray-eyed, with crisp-curled hair 'twixt black and brown;
Who had a lion's skin cast over him,
So wrought with gold that the fell showed but dim
Betwixt the threads, and in his hand he bore
A mighty club with bands of steel done o'er.

Panting there followed him a gray old man,
Bearing a long staff, clad in gown of blue,
Feeble of aspect, hollow-checked, and wan,
Who, when unto his fellow's side he drew,
Said faintly: "Now, do that which thou shouldst do;
This is the ship." Then in the other's eye
A smile gleamed, and he spake out merrily:

"Masters, folk tell me that ye make for Tyre,
And after that still nearer to the sun;
And since Fate bids me look to die by fire,

Fain am I, ere my worldly day be done,
To know what from earth's hottest can be won;
And this old man, my kinsman, would with me.
How say ye, will ye bear us o'er the sea?"

"What is thy name?" the master said: "And know
That we are merchants, and for naught give naught;
What wilt thou pay? — thou seem'st full rich, I trow."
The old man muttered, stooped adown and caught
At something in the sand: "E'en so I thought,"
The younger said, "when I set out from home —
As to my name, perchance in days to come

"Thou shalt know that — but have heed, take this toy,
And call me the Strong Man." And as he spake
The master's deep brown eyes 'gan gleam with joy,
For from his arm a huge ring did he take,
And cast it on the deck, where it did break
A water jar, and in the wet shards lay
Golden, and gleaming like the end of day.

But the old man held out a withered hand,
Wherein there shone two pearls most great and fair,
And said, "If any nigher I might stand,
Then mightst thou see the things I give thee here —
And for name — a many names I bear,
But call me Shepherd of the Shore this tide,
And for more knowledge with a good will bide."

From one to the other turned the master's eyes;
The Strong Man laughed as at some hidden jest,
And wild doubts in the shipman's heart did rise;
But thinking on the thing, he deemed it best
To bid them come aboard, and take such rest
As they might have of the untrusty sea,
'Mid men who trusty fellows still should be.

Then no more words the Strong Man made, but straight
Caught up the elder in his arms, and so,
Making no whit of all that added weight,
Strode to the ship, right through the breakers low,
And catching at the rope that they did throw
Out toward his hand, swung up into the ship:
Then did the master let the hawser slip.

The shapely prow cleft the wet mead and green,
And wondering drew the shipmen round to gaze
Upon those limbs, the mightiest ever seen;
And many deemed it no light thing to face
The splendor of his eyen, though they did blaze
With no wrath now, no hate for them to dread,
As seaward 'twixt the summer isles they sped.

Freshened the wind, but ever fair it blew
Unto the southeast; but as failed the land,
Unto the plunging prow the Strong Man drew,
And, silent, gazing with wide eyes did stand,
As though his heart found rest; but 'mid the band
Of shipmen in the stern the old man sat,
Telling them tales that no man there forgat.

As one who had beheld, he told them there
Of the sweet singer, who, for his song's sake,
The dolphins back from choking death did bear;
How in the mid sea did the vine outbreak
O'er that ill bark when Bacchus 'gan to wake;
How anigh Cyprus, ruddy with the rose
The cold sea grew as any June-loved close;

While on the flowery shore all things alive
Grew faint with sense of birth of some delight,
And the nymphs waited trembling there, to give
Glad welcome to the glory of that sight:
He paused then, ere he told how, wild and white,
Rose ocean, breaking o'er a race accurst,
A world once good, now come unto its worst.

And then he smiled, and said, "And yet ye won,
Ye men, and tremble not on days like these,
Nor think with what a mind Prometheus' son
Beheld the last of the torn reeling trees
From high Parnassus: slipping through the seas
Ye never think, ye men folk, how ye seem
From down below through the green waters' gleam."

Dusk was it now when these last words he said,
And little of his visage might they see,
But o'er their hearts stole vague and troublous dread,
They knew not why; yet ever quietly
They sailed that night; nor might a morning be

Fairer than was the next morn; and they went
Along their due course after their intent.

The fourth day, about sunrise, from the mast
The watch cried out he saw Phœnician land;
Whereat the Strong Man on the elder cast
A look askance, and he straight took his stand
Anigh the prow, and gazed beneath his hand
Upon the low sun and the scarce-seen shore,
Till cloud flecks rose, and gathered and drew o'er.

The morn grown cold; then small rain 'gan to fall,
And all the wind dropped dead, and hearts of men
Sank, and their bark seemed helpless now and small;
Then suddenly the wind 'gan moan again;
Sails flapped, and ropes beat wild about; and then
Down came the great east wind; and the ship ran
Straining, heeled o'er, through seas all changed and wan.

Westward, scarce knowing night from day, they drave
Through sea and sky grown one; the Strong Man wrought
With mighty hands, and seemed a god to save;
But on the prow, heeding all weather naught,
The elder stood, nor any prop he sought,
But swayed to the ship's wallowing, as on wings
He there were set above the wrack of things.

And westward still they drave; and if they saw
Land upon either side, as on they sped,
'Twas but as faces in a dream may draw
Anigh, and fade, and leave naught in their stead;
And in the shipmen's hearts grew heavy dread
To sick despair; they deemed they should drive on
Till the world's edge and empty space were won.

But 'neath the Strong Man's eyes e'en as they might
They toiled on still; and he sang to the wind,
And spread his arms to meet the waters white,
As o'er the deck they tumbled, making blind
The brine-drenched shipmen; nor with eye unkind
He gazed up at the lightning; nor would frown
When o'er the wet waste Jove's bolt rattled down.

And they, who at the last had come to think
Their guests were very gods, with all their fear
Feared naught belike that their good ship would sink

Amid the storm; but rather looked to hear
The last moan of the wind that them should bear
Into the windless stream of ocean gray,
Where they should float till dead was every day.

Yet their fear mocked them; for the storm 'gan die
About the tenth day, though unto the west
They drave on still; soon fair and quietly
The morn would break; and though amid their rest
Naught but long evil wandering seemed the best
That they might hope for; still, despite their dread,
Sweet was the quiet sea and goodlihead

Of the bright sun at last come back again;
And as the days passed, less and less fear grew,
If without cause, till faded all their pain;
And they 'gan turn unto their guests anew,
Yet durst ask naught of what that evil drew
Upon their heads; or of returning speak.
Happy they felt, but listless, spent, and weak.

And now as at the first the elder was,
And sat and told them tales of yore agone;
But ever the Strong Man up and down would pass
About the deck, or on the prow alone
Would stand and stare out westward; and still on
Through a fair summer sea they went, nor thought
Of what would come when these days turned to naught.

And now when twenty days were well passed o'er
They made a new land; cloudy mountains high
Rose from the sea at first; then a green shore
Spread fair below them: as they drew anigh
No sloping, stony strand could they espy,
And no surf breaking; the green sea and wide
Wherethrough they slipped was driven by no tide.

Dark fell ere they might set their eager feet
Upon the shore; but night-long their ship lay
As in a deep stream, by the blossoms sweet
That flecked the grass whence flowers ne'er passed away.
But when the cloud-barred east brought back the day,
And turned the western mountain tops to gold,
Fresh fear the shipmen in their bark did hold.

For as a dream seemed all; too fair for those
Who needs must die; moreover they could see,
A furlong off, 'twixt apple tree and rose,
A brazen wall that gleamed out wondrously
In the young sun, and seemed right long to be;
And memory of all marvels lay upon
Their shrinking hearts now this sweet place was won.

But when unto the nameless guests they turned,
Who stood together nigh the plank shot out
Shoreward, within the Strong Man's eyes there burned
A wild light, as the other one in doubt
He eyed a moment; then with a great shout
Leaped into the blossomed grass; the echoes rolled
Back from the hills, harsh still and overbold.

Slowly the old man followed him, and still
The crew held back: they knew now they were brought
Over the sea the purpose to fulfill
Of these strange men; and in their hearts they thought,
"Perchance we yet shall live, if, meddling naught
With dreams, we bide here till these twain come back;
But prying eyes the fire blast seldom lack."

Yet 'mongst them were two fellows bold and young,
Who, looking each upon the other's face,
Their hearts to meet the unknown danger strung,
And went ashore, and at a gentle pace
Followed the strangers, who unto the place
Where the wall gleamed had turned; peace and desire
Mingled together in their hearts, as nigher

They drew unto that wall, and dulled their fear:
Fair wrought it was, as though with bricks of brass;
And images upon its face there were,
Stories of things a long while come to pass:
Nor that alone — as looking in a glass
Its maker knew the tales of what should be,
And wrought them there for bird and beast to see.

So on they went; the many birds sang sweet
Through all that blossomed thicket from above,
And unknown flowers bent down before their feet;
The very air, cleft by the gray-winged dove,
Throbbed with sweet scent, and smote their souls with love.

Slowly they went till those twain stayed before
A strangely wrought and iron-covered door.

They stayed, too, till o'er noise of wind, and bird,
And falling flower, there rang a mighty shout
As the Strong Man his steel-bound club upreared,
And drave it 'gainst the hammered iron stout,
Where 'neath his blows flew bolt and rivet out,
Till shattered on the ground the great door lay,
And into the guarded place bright poured the day.

The Strong Man entered, but his fellow stayed
Leaning against a tree trunk as they deemed.
They faltered now, and yet all things being weighed
Went on again; and thought they must have dreamed
Of the old man, for now the sunlight streamed
Full on the tree he had been leaning on,
And him they saw not go, yet was he gone:

Only a slim green lizard flitted there
Amidst the dry leaves; him they noted naught,
But, trembling, through the doorway 'gan to peer,
And still of strange and dreadful saw not aught,
Only a garden fair beyond all thought.
And there, 'twixt sun and shade, the Strong Man went
On some long-sought-for end belike intent.

They 'gan to follow down a narrow way
Of greensward that the lilies trembled o'er,
And whereon thick the scattered rose leaves lay;
But a great wonder weighed upon them sore,
And well they thought they should return no more;
Yet scarce a pain that seemed; they looked to meet
Before they died things strange and fair and sweet.

So still to right and left the Strong Man thrust
The blossomed boughs, and passed on steadily,
As though his hardy heart he well did trust,
Till in a while he gave a joyous cry,
And hastened on, as though the end drew nigh;
And women's voices then they deemed they heard,
Mixed with a noise that made desire afeard.

Yet through sweet scents and sounds on did they bear
Their panting hearts, till the path ended now
In a wide space of green; a streamlet clear

From out a marble basin there did flow,
And close by that a slim-trunked tree did grow,
And on a bough low o'er the water cold
There hung three apples of red-gleaming gold.

About the tree, new risen e'en now to meet
The shining presence of that mighty one,
Three damsels stood, naked from head to feet
Save for the glory of their hair, where sun
And shadow flickered, while the wind did run
Through the gray leaves o'erhead, and shook the grass
Where nigh their feet the wandering bee did pass.

But 'midst their delicate limbs and all around
The tree roots, gleaming blue black could they see
The spires of a great serpent, that, enwound
About the smooth bole, looked forth threateningly,
With glittering eyes and raised crest, o'er the three
Fair heads fresh crowned, and hissed above the speech
Wherewith they murmured softly each to each.

Now the Strong Man amid the green space stayed,
And, leaning on his club, with eager eyes
But brow yet smooth, in voice yet friendly said:
"O daughters of old Hesperus the Wise,
Well have ye held your guard here; but time tries
The very will of gods, and to my hand
Must give this day the gold fruit of your land."

Then spake the first maid — sweet as the west wind
Amidst of summer noon her sweet voice was:
"Ah, me! what knows this place of changing mind
Of men or gods? here shall long ages pass,
And clean forget thy feet upon the grass,
Thy hapless bones amid the fruitful mold;
Look at thy death envenomed swift and cold!"

Hiding new flowers, the dull coils, as she spake,
Moved near her limbs: but then the second one,
In such a voice as when the morn doth wake
To song of birds, said, "When the world foredone
Has moaned its last, still shall we dwell alone
Beneath this bough, and have no tales to tell
Of things deemed great that on the earth befell."

Then spake the third, in voice as of the flute
That wakes the maiden to her wedding morn:
"If any god should gain our golden fruit,
Its curse would make his deathless life forlorn.
Lament thou, then, that ever thou wert born;
Yet all things, changed by joy or loss or pain,
To what they were shall change and change again."

"So be it," he said, "the Fates that drive me on
Shall slay me or shall save; blessing or curse
That followeth after when the thing is won
Shall make my work no better now nor worse;
And if it be that the world's heart must nurse
Hatred against me, how then shall I choose
To leave or take? — let your dread servant loose!"

E'en therewith, like a pillar of black smoke,
Swift, shifting ever, drave the worm at him;
In deadly silence now that nothing broke,
Its folds were writhing round him trunk and limb,
Until his glittering gear was naught but dim
E'en in that sunshine, while his head and side
And breast the fork-tongued, pointed muzzle tried.

Closer the coils drew, quicker all about
The forked tongue darted, and yet stiff he stood,
E'en as an oak that sees the straw flare out
And lick its ancient bole for little good:
Until the godlike fury of his mood
Burst from his heart in one great shattering cry,
And rattling down the loosened coils did lie;

And from the torn throat and crushed dreadful head
Forth flowed a stream of blood along the grass;
Bright in the sun he stood above the dead,
Panting with fury; yet as ever was
The wont of him, soon did his anger pass,
And with a happy smile at last he turned
To where the apples o'er the water burned.

Silent and moveless ever stood the three;
No change came o'er their faces, as his hand
Was stretched aloft unto the sacred tree;
Nor shrank they aught aback, though he did stand
So close that tresses of their bright hair, fanned

By the sweet garden breeze, lay light on him,
And his gold fell brushed by them breast and limb.

He drew adown the wind-stirred bough, and took
The apples thence; then let it spring away,
And from his brow the dark hair backward shook,
And said: "O sweet, O fair, and shall this day
A curse upon my life henceforward lay —
This day alone? Methinks of coming life
Somewhat I know, with all its loss and strife.

"But this I know, at least: the world shall wend
Upon its way, and, gathering joy and grief
And deeds done, bear them with it to the end;
So shall it, though I lie as last year's leaf
Lies 'neath a summer tree, at least receive
My life gone by, and store it, with the gain
That men alive call striving, wrong, and pain.

"So for my part I rather bless than curse,
And bless this fateful land; good be with it;
Nor for this deadly thing's death is it worse,
Nor for the lack of gold; still shall ye sit
Watching the swallow o'er the daisies flit;
Still shall your wandering limbs ere day is done
Make dawn desired by the sinking sun.

"And now, behold! in memory of all this
Take ye this girdle that shall waste and fade
As fadeth not your fairness and your bliss,
That when hereafter 'mid the blossoms laid
Ye talk of days and men now nothing made,
Ye may remember how the Theban man,
The son of Jove, came o'er the waters wan."

Their faces changed not aught for all they heard;
As though all things now fully told out were,
They gazed upon him without any word:
Ah! craving kindness, hope, or loving care,
Their fairness scarcely could have made more fair,
As with the apples folded in his fell
He went, to do more deeds for folk to tell.

Now as the girdle on the ground was cast,
Those fellows turned and hurried toward the door;
And as across its broken leaves they passed

The old man saw they not, e'en as before;
But an unearthed blind mole bewildered sore
Was wandering there in fruitless, aimless wise,
That got small heed from their full-sated eyes.

Swift gat they to their anxious folk; nor had
More time than just to say, "Be of good cheer,
For in our own land may we yet be glad,"
When they beheld the guests a drawing near;
And much bewildered the two fellows were
To see the old man, and must even deem
That they should see things stranger than a dream.

But when they were aboard the elder cried,
"Up sails, my masters, fair now is the wind;
Nor good it is too long here to abide,
Lest what ye may not loose your souls should bind."
And as he spake, the tall trees left behind
Stirred with the rising land wind, and the crew,
Joyous thereat, the hawsers shipward drew.

Swift sped the ship, and glad at heart were all,
And the Strong Man was merry with the rest,
And from the elder's lips no word did fall
That did not seem to promise all the best;
Yet with a certain awe were men oppressed,
And felt as if their inmost hearts were bare,
And each man's secret babbled through the air.

Still oft the old man sat with them and told
Tales of past time, as on the outward way;
And now would they the face of him behold
And deem it changed; the years that on him lay
Seemed to grow naught, and no more wan and gray
He looked, but ever glorious, wise and strong,
As though no lapse of time for him were long.

At last, when six days through the kindly sea
Their keel had slipped, he said: "Come hearken now,
For so it is that things fare wondrously
E'en in these days; and I a tale can show
That, told by you unto your sons shall grow
A marvel of the days that are to come:
Take heed and tell it when ye reach your home.

"Yet living in the world a man there is
Men call the Theban King Amphitryon's son,
Although perchance a greater sire was his;
But certainly his lips have hung upon
Alcmena's breasts: great deeds this man hath won
Already, for his name is Hercules,
And e'en ye Asian folk have heard of these.

"Now ere the moon, this eve in his last wane,
Was born, this Hercules, the fated thrall
Of King Eurystheus, was straight bid to gain
Gifts from a land whereon no foot doth fall
Of mortal man, beyond the misty wall
Of unknown waters; pensively he went
Along the sea on his hard life intent.

"And at the dawn he came into a bay
Where the sea, ebbed far down, left wastes of sand,
Walled from the green earth by great cliffs and gray;
Then he looked up, and wondering there did stand,
For strange things lay in slumber on the strand;
Strange counterparts of what the firm earth hath
Lay scattered all about his weary path:

"Sea lions and sea horses and sea kine,
Sea boars, sea men strange skinned, of wondrous hair;
And in their midst a man who seemed divine
For changeless eld, and round him women fair,
Clad in the sea webs glassy green and clear,
With gems on head and girdle, limb and breast,
Such as earth knoweth not among her best.

"A moment at the fair and wondrous sight
He stared; then, since the heart in him was good,
He went about with careful steps and light
Till o'er the sleeping sea god now he stood;
And if the white-foot maids had stirred his blood
As he passed by, now other thoughts had place
Within his heart when he beheld that face.

"For Nereus now he knew, who knows all things,
And to himself he said, 'If I prevail,
Better than by some god-wrought eagle wings
Shall I be holpen;' then he cried out: 'Hail,
O Nereus! lord of shifting hill and dale!

Arise and wrestle; I am Hercules!
Not soon now shalt thou meet the ridgy seas.'

"And mightily he cast himself on him;
And Nereus cried out shrilly; and straightway
That sleeping crowd, fair maid with half-hid limb,
Strange man and green-haired beast, made no delay,
But glided down into the billows gray,
And, by the lovely sea embraced, were gone,
While they two wrestled on the sea strand lone.

"Soon found the sea god that his bodily might
Was naught in dealing with Jove's dear one there;
And soon he 'gan to use his magic sleight:
Into a lithe leopard, and a hugging bear,
He turned him; then the smallest fowl of air
The straining arms of Hercules must hold,
And then a mud-born wriggling eel and cold.

"Then as the firm hands mastered this, forth brake
A sudden rush of waters all around,
Blinding and choking: then a thin green snake
With golden eyes; then o'er the shell-strewn ground
Forth stole a fly, the least that may be found;
Then earth and heaven seemed wrapped in one huge flame,
But from the midst thereof a voice there came:

"'Kinsman and stout heart, thou hast won the day,
Nor to my grief: what wouldst thou have of me?'
And therewith to an old man small and gray
Faded the roaring flame, who wearily
Sat down upon the sand and said, 'Let be!
I know thy tale; worthy of help thou art;
Come now, a short way hence will there depart

"'A ship of Tyre for the warm southern seas,
Come we aboard; according to my will
Her way shall be.' Then up rose Hercules,
Merry of face, though hot and panting still;
But the fair summer day his heart did fill
With all delight; and so forth went the twain,
And found those men desirous of all gain.

"Ah, for these gainful men — somewhat indeed
Their sails are rent, their bark beat; kin and friend
Are wearying for them; yet a friend in need

They yet shall gain, if at their journey's end,
Upon the last ness where the wild goats wend
To lick the salt-washed stones, a house they raise
Bedight with gold in kindly Nereus' praise."

Breathless they waited for these latest words,
That like the soft wind of the gathering night
Were grown to be: about the mast flew birds
Making their moan, hovering long-winged and white;
And now before their straining anxious sight
The old man faded out into the air,
And from his place flew forth a sea mew fair.

Then to the Mighty Man, Alcmena's son,
With yearning hearts they turned till he should speak.
And he spake softly: "Naught ill have ye done
In helping me to find what I did seek:
The world made better by me knows if weak
My hand and heart are: but now, light the fire
Upon the prow and worship the gray sire."

So did they; and such gifts as there they had
Gave unto Nereus; yea, and sooth to say,
Amid the tumult of their hearts made glad,
Had honored Hercules in e'en such way;
But he laughed out amid them, and said, "Nay,
Not yet the end is come; nor have I yet
Bowed down before vain longing and regret.

"It may be — who shall tell, when I go back
There whence I came, and looking down behold
The place that my once eager heart shall lack,
And all my dead desires a lying cold,
But I may have the might then to enfold
The hopes of brave men in my heart? — but long life
Lies before first with its change and wrong."

So fair along the watery ways they sped
In happy wise, nor failed of their return;
Nor failed in ancient Tyre the ways to tread,
Teaching their tale to whomsoe'er would learn,
Nor failed at last the flesh of beasts to burn
In Nereus' house, turned toward the bright day's end
On the last ness, round which the wild goats wend.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

By JOHN KEATS.

[John Keats: An English poet, sometimes called "The Poets' Poet"; born at Moorsfield, London, October 31, 1795; died at Rome, Italy, February 23, 1821. His first poem, "Endymion," was issued when he was twenty-three. It has beautiful passages, but the story is very difficult to follow, and is mainly a vehicle for luscious verbal music. Its promise was more than fulfilled in his second volume, published in 1820, and containing many noble sonnets, the immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," etc. His highest flight was reached in the sublime "Hyperion," but he had no constructive imagination and let it drop after the first canto. He had enormous effect on the coming poets of his time, and Tennyson was his thoroughgoing disciple. The "Love Letters to Fanny Brawne" appeared in 1878; his "Letters to his Family and Friends" in 1891.]

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st;
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

HYMN TO MINERVA.

ATTRIBUTED TO HOMER; TRANSLATED BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I SING the glorious power with azure eyes,
Athenian Pallas, tameless, chaste, and wise,
Tritogenia, town-preserving maid,
Revered and mighty from his awful head
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armor dressed,
Golden, all radiant. Wonder strange possessed
The everlasting Gods that shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of ægis-bearing Jove.
Fearfully heaven was shaken, and did move
Beneath the might of the cerulean-eyed;
Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide;
And, lifted from his depths, the Sea swelled high

In purple billows; the tide suddenly
Stood still; and great Hyperion's Son long time
Checked his swift steeds: till, where she stood sublime,
Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
The arms divine. Wise Jove rejoiced to view.
Child of the ægis bearer, hail to thee!
Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be.

THE GORGON'S HEAD.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on the eternal verities. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter," 1850; "The House of the Seven Gables," 1851; "The Blithedale Romance," 1852; "The Marble Faun," 1860; "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice-told Tales," first series, appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

PERSEUS was the son of Danaë, who was the daughter of a king, and when Perseus was a very little boy some wicked people put his mother and himself into a chest and set them afloat upon the sea. The wind blew freshly and drove the chest away from the shore, and the uneasy billows tossed it up and down, while Danaë clasped her child closely to her bosom, and dreaded that some big wave would dash its foamy crest over them both. The chest sailed on, however, and neither sank nor was upset, until, when night was coming, it floated so near an island that it got entangled in a fisherman's nets and was drawn out high and dry upon the sand. The island was called Seriphus, and it was reigned over by King Polydectes, who happened to be the fisherman's brother.

This fisherman, I am glad to tell you, was an exceedingly humane and upright man. He showed great kindness to Danaë and her little boy, and continued to befriend them until Perseus had grown to be a handsome youth, very strong and active and skillful in the use of arms. Long before this time King Polydectes had seen the two strangers — the mother and her

child — who had come to his dominions in a floating chest. As he was not good and kind like his brother the fisherman, but extremely wicked, he resolved to send Perseus on a dangerous enterprise in which he would probably be killed, and then to do some great mischief to Danaë herself. So this bad-hearted king spent a long while in considering what was the most dangerous thing that a young man could possibly undertake to perform. At last, having hit upon an enterprise that promised to turn out as fatally as he desired, he sent for the youthful Perseus.

The young man came to the palace, and found the king sitting upon his throne.

"Perseus," said King Polydectes, smiling craftily upon him, "you are grown up a fine young man. You and your good mother have received a great deal of kindness from myself, as well as from my worthy brother the fisherman, and I suppose you would not be sorry to repay some of it."

"Please, your majesty," answered Perseus, "I would willingly risk my life to do so."

"Well, then," continued the king, still with a cunning smile on his lips, "I have a little adventure to propose to you; and, as you are a brave and enterprising youth, you will doubtless look upon it as a great piece of good luck to have so rare an opportunity of distinguishing yourself. You must know, my good Perseus, I think of getting married to the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and it is customary on these occasions to make the bride a present of some far-fetched and elegant curiosity. I have been a little perplexed, I must honestly confess, where to obtain anything likely to please a princess of her exquisite taste. But this morning, I flatter myself, I have thought of precisely the article."

"And can I assist your majesty in obtaining it?" cried Perseus, eagerly.

"You can, if you are as brave a youth as I believe you to be," replied King Polydectes, with the utmost graciousness of manner. "The bridal gift which I have set my heart on presenting to the beautiful Hippodamia is the head of the Gorgon Medusa with the snaky locks, and I depend on you, my dear Perseus, to bring it to me. So, as I am anxious to settle affairs with the princess, the sooner you go in quest of the Gorgon the better I shall be pleased."

"I will set out to-morrow morning," answered Perseus.

The Gorgon's Head

"Pray do so, my gallant youth," rejoined the king. "And, Perseus, in cutting off the Gorgon's head be careful to make a clean stroke, so as not to injure its appearance. You must bring it home in the very best condition in order to suit the exquisite taste of the beautiful Princess Hippodamia."

Perseus left the palace, but was scarcely out of hearing before Polydectes burst into a laugh, being greatly amused, wicked king that he was, to find how readily the young man fell into the snare. The news quickly spread abroad that Perseus had undertaken to cut off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. Everybody was rejoiced, for most of the inhabitants of the island were as wicked as the king himself, and would have liked nothing better than to see some enormous mischief happen to Danaë and her son. The only good man in this unfortunate island of Seriphus appears to have been the fisherman. As Perseus walked along, therefore, the people pointed after him, and made mouths, and winked to one another, and ridiculed him as loudly as they dared.

"Ho, ho!" cried they; "Medusa's snakes will sting him soundly!"

Now, there were three Gorgons alive at that period, and they were the most strange and terrible monsters that had ever been seen since the world was made, or that have been seen in after days, or that are likely to be seen in all time to come. I hardly know what sort of creature or hobgoblin to call them. They were three sisters, and seem to have borne some distant resemblance to woman, but were really a very frightful and mischievous species of dragon. It is indeed difficult to imagine what hideous beings these three sisters were. Why, instead of locks of hair, if you can believe me, they had each of them a hundred enormous snakes growing on their heads, all alive, twisting, wriggling, curling, and thrusting out their venomous tongues with forked stings at the end. The teeth of the Gorgons were terribly long tusks; their hands were made of brass; and their bodies were all over scales, which, if not iron, were something as hard and impenetrable. They had wings, too, and exceedingly splendid ones, I can assure you, for every feather in them was pure, bright, glittering, burnished gold, and they looked very dazzling, no doubt, when the Gorgons were flying about in the sunshine.

But when people happened to catch a glimpse of their glittering brightness aloft in the air, they seldom stopped to gaze,

but ran and hid themselves as speedily as they could. You will think, perhaps, that they were afraid of being stung by the serpents that served the Gorgons instead of hair, or of having their heads bitten off by their ugly tusks, or of being torn all to pieces by their brazen claws. Well, to be sure, these were some of the dangers, but by no means the greatest nor the most difficult to avoid. For the worst thing about these abominable Gorgons was that if once a poor mortal fixed his eyes full upon one of their faces, he was certain that very instant to be changed from warm flesh and blood into cold and lifeless stone.

Thus, as you will easily perceive, it was a very dangerous adventure that the wicked King Polydectes had contrived for this innocent young man. Perseus himself, when he had thought over the matter, could not help seeing that he had very little chance of coming safely through it, and that he was far more likely to become a stone image than to bring back the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. For, not to speak of other difficulties, there was one which it would have puzzled an older man than Perseus to get over. Not only must he fight with and slay this golden-winged, iron-scaled, long-tusked, brazen-clawed, snaky-haired monster, but he must do it with his eyes shut, or at least without so much as a glance at the enemy with whom he was contending. Else, while his arm was lifted to strike, he would stiffen into stone, and stand with that uplifted arm for centuries, until time and the wind and weather should crumble him quite away. This would be a very sad thing to befall a young man who wanted to perform a great many brave deeds and to enjoy a great deal of happiness in this bright and beautiful world.

So disconsolate did these thoughts make him that Perseus could not bear to tell his mother what he had undertaken to do. He therefore took his shield, girded on his sword, and crossed over from the island to the mainland, where he sat down in a solitary place and hardly refrained from shedding tears.

But while he was in this sorrowful mood he heard a voice close beside him.

"Perseus," said the voice, "why are you sad?"

He lifted his head from his hands, in which he had hidden it, and, behold! all alone as Perseus had supposed himself to be, there was a stranger in the solitary place. It was a brisk, intelligent, and remarkably shrewd-looking young man, with

a cloak over his shoulders, an odd sort of cap on his head, a strangely twisted staff in his hand, and a short and very crooked sword hanging by his side. He was exceeding light and active in his figure, like a person much accustomed to gymnastic exercises and well able to leap or run. Above all, the stranger had such a cheerful, knowing, and helpful aspect (though it was certainly a little mischievous into the bargain) that Perseus could not help feeling his spirits grow livelier as he gazed at him. Besides, being really a courageous youth, he felt greatly ashamed that anybody should have found him with tears in his eyes, like a timid little schoolboy, when, after all, there might be no occasion for despair. So Perseus wiped his eyes and answered the stranger pretty briskly, putting on as brave a look as he could.

"I am not so very sad," said he; "only thoughtful about an adventure that I have undertaken."

"Oho!" answered the stranger. "Well, tell me all about it, and possibly I may be of service to you. I have helped a good many young men through adventures that looked difficult enough beforehand. Perhaps you may have heard of me. I have more names than one, but the name of Quicksilver suits me as well as any other. Tell me what your trouble is, and we will talk the matter over and see what can be done."

The stranger's words and manner put Perseus into quite a different mood from his former one. He resolved to tell Quicksilver all his difficulties, since he could not easily be worse off than he already was, and very possibly his new friend might give him some advice that would turn out well in the end. So he let the stranger know, in few words, precisely what the case was — how that King Polydectes wanted the head of Medusa with the snaky locks as a bridal gift for the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and how that he had undertaken to get it for him, but was afraid of being turned into stone.

"And that would be a great pity," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile. "You would make a very handsome marble statue, it is true, and it would be a considerable number of centuries before you crumbled away, but, on the whole, one would rather be a young man for a few years than a stone image for a great many."

"Oh, far rather!" exclaimed Perseus, with the tears again standing in his eyes. "And, besides, what would my dear mother do if her beloved son were turned into a stone?"

"Well, well! let us hope that the affair will not turn out so very badly," replied Quicksilver in an encouraging tone. "I am the very person to help you, if anybody can. My sister and myself will do our utmost to bring you safe through the adventure, ugly as it now looks."

"Your sister?" repeated Perseus.

"Yes, my sister," said the stranger. "She is very wise, I promise you; and as for myself, I generally have all my wits about me, such as they are. If you show yourself bold and cautious and follow our advice, you need not fear being a stone image yet a while. But, first of all, you must polish your shield till you can see your face in it as distinctly as in a mirror."

This seemed to Perseus rather an odd beginning of the adventure, for he thought it of far more consequence that the shield should be strong enough to defend him from the Gorgons' brazen claws than that it should be bright enough to show him the reflection of his face. However, concluding that Quicksilver knew better than himself, he immediately set to work and scrubbed the shield with so much diligence and good will that it very quickly shone like the moon at harvest time. Quicksilver looked at it with a smile and nodded his approbation. Then, taking off his own short and crooked sword, he girded it about Perseus, instead of the one which he had before worn.

"No sword but mine will answer your purpose," observed he; "the blade has a most excellent temper, and will cut through iron and brass as easily as through the slenderest twig. And now we will set out. The next thing is to find the Three Gray Women, who will tell us where to find the Nymphs."

"The Three Gray Women!" cried Perseus, to whom this seemed only a new difficulty in the path of his adventure; "pray, who may the Three Gray Women be? I never heard of them before."

"They are three very strange old ladies," said Quicksilver, laughing. "They have but one eye among them, and only one tooth. Moreover, you must find them out by starlight or in the dusk of the evening, for they never show themselves by the light either of the sun or moon."

"But," said Perseus, "why should I waste my time with these Three Gray Women? Would it not be better to set out at once in search of the terrible Gorgons?"

"No, no," answered his friend. "There are other things to be done before you can find your way to the Gorgons. There is nothing for it but to hunt up these old ladies, and when we meet with them you may be sure that the Gorgons are not a great way off. Come, let us be stirring."

Perseus by this time felt so much confidence in his companion's sagacity that he made no more objections, and professed himself ready to begin the adventure immediately. They accordingly set out and walked at a pretty brisk pace — so brisk, indeed, that Perseus found it rather difficult to keep up with his nimble friend Quicksilver. To say the truth, he had a singular idea that Quicksilver was furnished with a pair of winged shoes, which of course helped him along marvelously. And then, too, when Perseus looked sideways at him out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to see wings on the side of his head, although, if he turned a full gaze, there were no such things to be perceived, but only an odd kind of cap. But, at all events, the twisted staff was evidently a great convenience to Quicksilver, and enabled him to proceed so fast that Perseus, though a remarkably active young man, began to be out of breath.

"Here!" cried Quicksilver at last — for he knew well enough, rogue that he was, how hard Perseus found it to keep pace with him — "take you the staff, for you need it a great deal more than I. Are there no better walkers than yourself in the island of Seriphus?"

"I could walk pretty well," said Perseus, glancing slyly at his companion's feet, "if I had only a pair of winged shoes."

"We must see about getting you a pair," answered Quicksilver.

But the staff helped Perseus along so bravely that he no longer felt the slightest weariness. In fact, the stick seemed to be alive in his hand, and to lend some of its life to Perseus. He and Quicksilver now walked onward at their ease, talking very sociably together, and Quicksilver told so many pleasant stories about his former adventures, and how well his wits had served him on various occasions, that Perseus began to think him a very wonderful person. He evidently knew the world, and nobody is so charming to a young man as a friend who has that kind of knowledge. Perseus listened the more eagerly in the hope of brightening his own wits by what he heard.

At last he happened to recollect that Quicksilver had spoken

of a sister who was to lend her assistance in the adventure which they were now bound upon.

"Where is she?" he inquired. "Shall we not meet her soon?"

"All at the proper time," said his companion. "But this sister of mine, you must understand, is quite a different sort of character from myself. She is very grave and prudent, seldom smiles, never laughs, and makes it a rule not to utter a word unless she has something particularly profound to say. Neither will she listen to any but the wisest conversation."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Perseus; "I shall be afraid to say a syllable."

"She is a very accomplished person, I assure you," continued Quicksilver, "and has all the arts and sciences at her fingers' ends. In short, she is so immoderately wise that many people call her wisdom personified. But, to tell you the truth, she has hardly vivacity enough for my taste, and I think you would scarcely find her so pleasant a traveling companion as myself. She has her good points, nevertheless, and you will find the benefit of them in your encounter with the Gorgons."

By this time it had grown quite dusk. They were now come to a very wild and desert place, overgrown with shaggy bushes, and so silent and solitary that nobody seemed ever to have dwelt or journeyed there. All was waste and desolate in the gray twilight, which grew every moment more obscure. Perseus looked about him rather disconsolately, and asked Quicksilver whether they had a great deal farther to go.

"Hist! hist!" whispered his companion. "Make no noise. This is just the time and place to meet the Three Gray Women. Be careful that they do not see you before you see them, for, though they have but a single eye among the three, it is as sharp-sighted as half a dozen common eyes."

"But what must I do," asked Perseus, "when we meet them?"

Quicksilver explained to Perseus how the Three Gray Women managed with their one eye. They were in the habit, it seems, of changing it from one to another, as if it had been a pair of spectacles or — which would have suited them better — a quizzing glass. When one of the three had kept the eye a certain time, she took it out of the socket and passed it to one of her sisters whose turn it might happen to be, and who im-

mediately clapped it into her own head and enjoyed a peep at the visible world. Thus it will easily be understood that only one of the Three Gray Women could see, while the other two were in utter darkness; and, moreover, at the instant when the eye was passing from hand to hand neither of the poor old ladies was able to see a wink. I have heard of a great many strange things in my day, and have witnessed not a few, but none, it seems to me, that can compare with the oddity of these Three Gray Women all peeping through a single eye.

So thought Perseus likewise, and was so astonished that he almost fancied his companion was joking with him, and that there were no such old women in the world.

"You will soon find whether I tell the truth or no," observed Quicksilver. "Hark! hush! hist! hist! There they come, now!"

Perseus looked earnestly through the dusk of the evening, and there, sure enough, at no great distance off, he descried the Three Gray Women. The light being so faint, he could not well make out what sort of figures they were, only he discovered that they had long gray hair, and as they came nearer he saw that two of them had but the empty socket of an eye in the middle of their foreheads. But in the middle of the third sister's forehead there was a very large, bright, and piercing eye, which sparkled like a great diamond in a ring; and so penetrating did it seem to be that Perseus could not help thinking it must possess the gift of seeing in the darkest midnight just as perfectly as at noonday. The sight of three persons' eyes was melted and collected into that single one.

Thus the three old dames got along about as comfortably, upon the whole, as if they could all see at once. She who chanced to have the eye in her forehead led the other two by the hands, peeping sharply about her all the while, insomuch that Perseus dreaded lest she should see right through the thick clump of bushes behind which he and Quicksilver had hidden themselves. My stars! it was positively terrible to be within reach of so very sharp an eye.

But before they reached the clump of bushes one of the Three Gray Women spoke.

"Sister! Sister Scarecrow!" cried she, "you have had the eye long enough. It is my turn now!"

"Let me keep it a moment longer, Sister Nightmare," an-

swered Scarecrow. "I thought I had a glimpse of something behind that thick bush."

"Well, and what of that?" retorted Nightmare, peevishly. "Can't I see into a thick bush as easily as yourself? The eye is mine as well as yours, and I know the use of it as well as you, or maybe a little better. I insist upon taking a peep immediately."

But here the third sister, whose name was Shakejoint, began to complain, and said that it was her turn to have the eye, and that Scarecrow and Nightmare wanted to keep it all to themselves. To end the dispute, old Dame Scarecrow took the eye out of her forehead and held it forth in her hand.

"Take it, one of you," cried she, "and quit this foolish quarreling. For my part, I shall be glad of a little thick darkness. Take it quickly, however, or I must clap it into my own head again."

Accordingly, both Nightmare and Shakejoint stretched out their hands, groping eagerly to snatch the eye out of the hand of Scarecrow. But, being both alike blind, they could not easily find where Scarecrow's hand was; and Scarecrow, being now just as much in the dark as Shakejoint and Nightmare, could not at once meet either of their hands in order to put the eye into it. Thus (as you will see with half an eye, my wise little auditors) these good old dames had fallen into a strange perplexity. For, though the eye shone and glistened like a star as Scarecrow held it out, yet the Gray Women caught not the least glimpse of its light, and were, all three, in utter darkness from too impatient a desire to see.

Quicksilver was so much tickled at beholding Shakejoint and Nightmare both groping for the eye, and each finding fault with Scarecrow and with one another, that he could scarcely help laughing aloud.

"Now is your time!" he whispered to Perseus. "Quick, quick! before they can clap the eye into either of their heads. Rush out upon the old ladies and snatch it from Scarecrow's hand."

In an instant, while the Three Gray Women were still scolding each other, Perseus leaped from behind the clump of bushes and made himself master of the prize. The marvelous eye, as he held it in his hand, shone very brightly, and seemed to look up into his face with a knowing air, and an expression as if it would have winked had it been provided with a pair of

eyelids for that purpose. But the Gray Women knew nothing of what had happened, and, each supposing that one of her sisters was in possession of the eye, they began their quarrel anew. At last, as Perseus did not wish to put these respectable dames to greater inconvenience than was really necessary, he thought it right to explain the matter.

"My good ladies," said he, "pray do not be angry with one another. If anybody is in fault, it is myself, for I have the honor to hold your very brilliant and excellent eye in my own hand."

"You! you have our eye? And who are you?" screamed the Three Gray Women all in a breath, for they were terribly frightened, of course, at hearing a strange voice and discovering that their eyesight had got into the hands of they could not guess whom. "Oh, what shall we do, sisters? what shall we do? We are all in the dark! Give us our eye! Give us our one precious, solitary eye! You have two of your own! Give us our eye!"

"Tell them," whispered Quicksilver to Perseus, "that they shall have back the eye as soon as they direct you where to find the Nymphs who have the flying slippers, the magic wallet, and the helmet of darkness."

"My dear, good, admirable old ladies," said Perseus, addressing the Gray Women, "there is no occasion for putting yourselves into such a fright. I am by no means a bad young man. You shall have back your eye, safe and sound and as bright as ever, the moment you tell me where to find the Nymphs."

"The Nymphs! Goodness me! sisters, what Nymphs does he mean?" screamed Scarecrow. "There are a great many Nymphs, people say — some that go a hunting in the woods, and some that live inside of trees, and some that have a comfortable home in fountains of water. We know nothing at all about them. We are three unfortunate old souls that go wandering about in the dusk, and never had but one eye among us, and that one you have stolen away. Oh, give it back, good stranger! whoever you are, give it back!"

All this while the Three Gray Women were groping with their outstretched hands and trying their utmost to get hold of Perseus, but he took good care to keep out of their reach.

"My respectable dames," said he — for his mother had taught him always to use the greatest civility — "I hold your eye fast in my hand, and shall keep it safely for you until you please to

tell me where to find these Nymphs — the Nymphs, I mean, who keep the enchanted wallet, the flying slippers, and the — what is it? — the helmet of invisibility."

"Mercy on us, sisters! what is the young man talking about?" exclaimed Scarecrow, Nightmare, and Shakejoint one to another, with great appearance of astonishment. "A pair of flying slippers, quoth he! His heels would quickly fly higher than his head if he were silly enough to put them on. And a helmet of invisibility! How could a helmet make him invisible unless it were big enough for him to hide under it? And the enchanted wallet! What sort of a contrivance may that be, I wonder? No, no, good stranger! we can tell you nothing of these marvelous things. You have two eyes of your own, and we but a single one among us three. You can find out such wonders better than three blind old creatures like us."

Perseus, hearing them talk in this way, began really to think that the Gray Women knew nothing of the matter, and, as it grieved him to have put them to so much trouble, he was just on the point of restoring their eye and asking pardon for his rudeness in snatching it away. But Quicksilver caught his hand.

"Don't let them make a fool of you," said he. "These Three Gray Women are the only persons in the world that can tell you where to find the Nymphs, and unless you get that information you will never succeed in cutting off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. Keep fast hold of the eye and all will go well."

As it turned out, Quicksilver was in the right. There are but few things that people prize so much as they do their eyesight, and the Gray Women valued their single eye as highly as if it had been half a dozen, which was the number they ought to have had. Finding that there was no other way of recovering it, they at last told Perseus what he wanted to know. No sooner had they done so than he immediately and with the utmost respect clapped the eye into the vacant socket in one of their foreheads, thanked them for their kindness, and bade them farewell. Before the young man was out of hearing, however, they had got into a new dispute because he happened to have given the eye to Scarecrow, who had already taken her turn of it when their trouble with Perseus commenced.

It is greatly to be feared that the Three Gray Women were very much in the habit of disturbing their mutual harmony by

bickerings of this sort, which was the more pity as they could not conveniently do without one another, and were evidently intended to be inseparable companions. As a general rule, I would advise all people, whether sisters or brothers, old or young, who chance to have but one eye among them, to cultivate forbearance, and not all insist upon peeping through it at once.

Quicksilver and Perseus in the mean time were making the best of their way in quest of the Nymphs. The old dames had given them such particular directions that they were not long in finding them out. They proved to be very different persons from Nightmare, Shakejoint, and Scarecrow, for instead of being old they were young and beautiful, and instead of one eye among the sisterhood each Nymph had two exceedingly bright eyes of her own, with which she looked very kindly at Perseus. They seemed to be acquainted with Quicksilver, and when he told them the adventure which Perseus had undertaken they made no difficulty about giving him the valuable articles that were in their custody. In the first place, they brought out what appeared to be a small purse, made of deerskin and curiously embroidered, and bade him be sure and keep it safe. This was the magic wallet. The Nymphs next produced a pair of shoes or slippers or sandals with a nice little pair of wings at the heel of each.

"Put them on, Perseus," said Quicksilver. "You will find yourself as light-heeled as you can desire for the remainder of our journey."

So Perseus proceeded to put one of the slippers on, while he laid the other on the ground by his side. Unexpectedly, however, this other slipper spread its wings, fluttered up off the ground, and would probably have flown away if Quicksilver had not made a leap and luckily caught it in the air.

"Be more careful," said he as he gave it back to Perseus. "It would frighten the birds up aloft if they should see a flying slipper amongst them."

When Perseus had got on both of these wonderful slippers he was altogether too buoyant to tread on earth. Making a step or two, lo and behold! upward he popped into the air, high above the heads of Quicksilver and the Nymphs, and found it very difficult to clamber down again. Winged slippers and all such high-flying contrivances are seldom quite easy to manage until one grows a little accustomed to them. Quicksilver

laughed at his companion's involuntary activity, and told him that he must not be in so desperate a hurry, but must wait for the invisible helmet.

The good-natured Nymphs had the helmet with its dark tuft of waving plumes all in readiness to put upon his head. And now there happened about as wonderful an incident as anything that I have yet told you. The instant before the helmet was put on, there stood Perseus, a beautiful young man with golden ringlets and rosy cheeks, the crooked sword by his side, and the brightly polished shield upon his arm — a figure that seemed all made up of courage, sprightliness, and glorious light. But when the helmet had descended over his white brow there was no longer any Perseus to be seen! Nothing but empty air! Even the helmet that covered him with its invisibility had vanished!

"Where are you, Perseus?" asked Quicksilver.

"Why, here, to be sure!" answered Perseus, very quietly, although his voice seemed to come out of the transparent atmosphere. "Just where I was a moment ago. Don't you see me?"

"No, indeed!" answered his friend. "You are hidden under the helmet. But if I cannot see you, neither can the Gorgons. Follow me, therefore, and we will try your dexterity in using the winged slippers."

With these words Quicksilver's cap spread its wings, as if his head were about to fly away from his shoulders; but his whole figure rose lightly into the air, and Perseus followed. By the time they had ascended a few hundred feet the young man began to feel what a delightful thing it was to leave the dull earth so far beneath him and to be able to flit about like a bird.

It was now deep night. Perseus looked upward and saw the round, bright, silvery moon, and thought that he should desire nothing better than to soar up thither and spend his life there. Then he looked downward again and saw the earth, with its seas and lakes, and the silver courses of its rivers, and snowy mountain peaks, and the breadth of its fields, and the dark cluster of its woods, and its cities of white marble; and, with the moonshine sleeping over the whole scene, it was as beautiful as the moon or any star could be. And, among other objects, he saw the island of Seriphus, where his dear mother was. Sometimes he and Quicksilver approached a cloud that at a distance looked as if it were made of fleecy silver, although

when they plunged into it they found themselves chilled and moistened with gray mist. So swift was their flight, however, that in an instant they emerged from the cloud into the moonlight again. Once a high-soaring eagle flew right against the invisible Perseus. The bravest sights were the meteors that gleamed suddenly out as if a bonfire had been kindled in the sky, and made the sunshine pale for as much as a hundred miles around them.

As the two companions flew onward Perseus fancied that he could hear the rustle of a garment close by his side; and it was on the side opposite to the one where he beheld Quicksilver, yet only Quicksilver was visible.

"Whose garment is this," inquired Perseus, "that keeps rustling close beside me in the breeze?"

"Oh, it is my sister's!" answered Quicksilver. "She is coming along with us, as I told you she would. We could do nothing without the help of my sister. You have no idea how wise she is. She has such eyes, too! Why, she can see you at this moment just as distinctly as if you were not invisible, and I'll venture to say she will be the first to discover the Gorgons."

By this time, in their swift voyage through the air, they had come within sight of the great ocean, and were soon flying over it. Far beneath them the waves tossed themselves tumultuously in mid sea, or rolled a white surf line upon the long beaches, or foamed against the rocky cliffs with a roar that was thunderous in the lower world, although it became a gentle murmur, like the voice of a baby half asleep, before it reached the ears of Perseus. Just then a voice spoke in the air close by him. It seemed to be a woman's voice, and was melodious, though not exactly what might be called sweet, but grave and mild.

"Perseus," said the voice, "there are the Gorgons."

"Where?" exclaimed Perseus. "I cannot see them."

"On the shore of that island beneath you," replied the voice. "A pebble dropped from your hand would strike in the midst of them."

"I told you she would be the first to discover them," said Quicksilver to Perseus. "And there they are!"

Straight downward, two or three thousand feet below him, Perseus perceived a small island with the sea breaking into white foam all around its rocky shore except on one side, where there was a beach of snowy sand. He descended toward it,

and, looking earnestly at a cluster or heap of brightness at the foot of a precipice of black rocks, behold, there were the terrible Gorgons! They lay fast asleep, soothed by the thunder of the sea, for it required a tumult that would have deafened everybody else to lull such fierce creatures into slumber. The moonlight glistened on their steely scales and on their golden wings, which drooped idly over the sand. Their brazen claws, horrible to look at, were thrust out and clutched the wave-beaten fragments of rock, while the sleeping Gorgons dreamed of tearing some poor mortal all to pieces. The snakes that served them instead of hair seemed likewise to be asleep, although now and then one would writhe and lift its head and thrust out its forked tongue, emitting a drowsy hiss, and then let itself subside among its sister snakes.

The Gorgons were more like an awful gigantic kind of insect — immense golden-winged beetles or dragon flies or things of that sort, at once ugly and beautiful — than like anything else, only that they were a thousand and a million times as big. And, with all this, there was something partly human about them, too. Luckily for Perseus, their faces were completely hidden from him by the posture in which they lay, for had he but looked one instant at them he would have fallen heavily out of the air, an image of senseless stone.

"Now," whispered Quicksilver, as he hovered by the side of Perseus, — "now is your time to do the deed! Be quick, for if one of the Gorgons should awake, you are too late."

"Which shall I strike at?" asked Perseus, drawing his sword and descending a little lower. "They all three look alike. All three have snaky locks. Which of the three is Medusa?"

It must be understood that Medusa was the only one of these dragon monsters whose head Perseus could possibly cut off. As for the other two, let him have the sharpest sword that ever was forged, and he might have hacked away by the hour together without doing them the least harm.

"Be cautious," said the calm voice which had before spoken to him. "One of the Gorgons is stirring in her sleep, and is just about to turn over. That is Medusa. Do not look at her. The sight would turn you to stone. Look at the reflection of her face and figure in the bright mirror of your shield."

Perseus now understood Quicksilver's motive for so earnestly exhorting him to polish his shield. In its surface he could safely

look at the reflection of the Gorgon's face. And there it was, that terrible countenance, mirrored in the brightness of the shield, with the moonlight falling over it and displaying all its horror. The snakes, whose venomous natures could not altogether sleep, kept twisting themselves over the forehead. It was the fiercest and most horrible face that ever was seen or imagined, and yet with a strange, fearful, and savage kind of beauty in it. The eyes were closed and the Gorgon was still in a deep slumber, but there was an unquiet expression disturbing her features, as if the monster was troubled with an ugly dream. She gnashed her white tusks and dug into the sand with her brazen claws.

The snakes, too, seemed to feel Medusa's dream and to be made more restless by it. They twined themselves into tumultuous knots, writhed fiercely, and uplifted a hundred hissing heads without opening their eyes.

"Now, now!" whispered Quicksilver, who was growing impatient. "Make a dash at the monster!"

"But be calm," said the grave, melodious voice at the young man's side. "Look in your shield as you fly downward, and take care that you do not miss your first stroke."

Perseus flew cautiously downward, still keeping his eyes on Medusa's face as reflected in his shield. The nearer he came the more terrible did the snaky visage and metallic body of the monster grow. At last, when he found himself hovering over her within arm's length, Perseus uplifted his sword, while at the same instant each separate snake upon the Gorgon's head stretched threateningly upward and Medusa unclosed her eyes. But she awoke too late. The sword was sharp, the stroke fell like a lightning flash, and the head of the wicked Medusa tumbled from her body!

"Admirably done!" cried Quicksilver. "Make haste and clap the head into your magic wallet."

To the astonishment of Perseus, the small embroidered wallet which he had hung about his neck, and which had hitherto been no bigger than a purse, grew all at once large enough to contain Medusa's head. As quick as thought he snatched it up, with the snakes still writhing upon it, and thrust it in.

"Your task is done," said the calm voice. "Now fly, for the other Gorgons will do their utmost to take vengeance for Medusa's death."

It was indeed necessary to take flight, for Perseus had not done the deed so quietly but that the clash of his sword and the hissing of the snakes and the thump of Medusa's head as it tumbled upon the sea-beaten sand awoke the other two monsters. There they sat for an instant, sleepily rubbing their eyes with their brazen fingers, while all the snakes on their heads reared themselves on end with surprise and with venomous malice against they knew not what. But when the Gorgons saw the scaly carcass of Medusa headless, and her golden wings all ruffled and half spread out on the sand, it was really awful to hear what yells and screeches they set up. And then the snakes! They sent forth a hundredfold hiss with one consent, and Medusa's snakes answered them out of the magic wallet.

No sooner were the Gorgons broad awake than they hurtled upward into the air, brandishing their brass talons, gnashing their horrible tusks, and flapping their huge wings so wildly that some of the golden feathers were shaken out and floated down upon the shore. And there, perhaps, those very feathers lie scattered till this day. Up rose the Gorgons, as I tell you, staring horribly about in hopes of turning somebody to stone. Had Perseus looked them in the face, or had he fallen into their clutches, his poor mother would never have kissed her boy again. But he took good care to turn his eyes another way, and as he wore the helmet of invisibility, the Gorgons knew not in what direction to follow him; nor did he fail to make the best use of the winged slippers by soaring upward a perpendicular mile or so. At that height, when the screams of those abominable creatures sounded faintly beneath him, he made a straight course for the island of Seriphus, in order to carry Medusa's head to King Polydectes.

I have no time to tell you of several marvelous things that befell Perseus on his way homeward, such as his killing a hideous sea monster just as it was on the point of devouring a beautiful maiden, nor how he changed an enormous giant into a mountain of stone merely by showing him the head of the Gorgon. If you doubt this latter story, you may make a voyage to Africa some day or other and see the very mountain, which is still known by the ancient giant's name.

Finally, our brave Perseus arrived at the island, where he expected to see his dear mother. But during his absence the wicked king had treated Danaë so very ill that she was compelled to make her escape, and had taken refuge in a temple,

where some good old priests were extremely kind to her. These praiseworthy priests, and the kind-hearted fisherman who had first shown hospitality to Danaë and little Perseus when he found them afloat in the chest, seem to have been the only persons on the island who cared about doing right. All the rest of the people, as well as King Polydectes himself, were remarkably ill-behaved, and deserved no better destiny than that which was now to happen.

Not finding his mother at home, Perseus went straight to the palace, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the king. Polydectes was by no means rejoiced to see him, for he had felt almost certain in his own evil mind that the Gorgons would have torn the poor young man to pieces and have eaten him up out of the way. However, seeing him safely returned, he put the best face he could upon the matter and asked Perseus how he had succeeded.

"Have you performed your promise?" inquired he. "Have you brought me the head of Medusa with the snaky locks? If not, young man, it will cost you dear, for I must have a bridal present for the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and there is nothing else that she would admire so much."

"Yes, please your majesty," answered Perseus in a quiet way, as if it were no very wonderful deed for such a young man as he to perform. "I have brought you the Gorgon's head, snaky locks, and all."

"Indeed! Pray let me see it," quoth King Polydectes. "It must be a very curious spectacle, if all that travelers tell about it be true."

"Your majesty is in the right," replied Perseus. "It is really an object that will be pretty certain to fix the regards of all who look at it. And, if your majesty think fit, I would suggest that a holiday be proclaimed, and that all your majesty's subjects be summoned to behold this wonderful curiosity. Few of them, I imagine, have seen a Gorgon's head before, and perhaps never may again."

The king well knew that his subjects were an idle set of reprobates, and very fond of sight-seeing, as idle persons usually are. So he took the young man's advice, and sent out heralds and messengers in all directions to blow the trumpet at the street corners and in the market places and wherever two roads met, and summon everybody to court. Thither, accordingly, came a great multitude of good-for-nothing vagabonds, all of

whom, out of pure love of mischief, would have been glad if Perseus had met with some ill hap in his encounter with the Gorgons. If there were any better people in the island (as I really hope there may have been, although the story tells nothing about any such), they stayed quietly at home, minding their own business and taking care of their little children. Most of the inhabitants, at all events, ran as fast as they could to the palace, and shoved and pushed and elbowed one another in their eagerness to get near a balcony on which Perseus showed himself holding the embroidered wallet in his hand.

On a platform within full view of the balcony sat the mighty King Polydectes, amid his evil counselors and with his flattering courtiers in a semicircle round about him. Monarch, counselors, courtiers, and subjects all gazed eagerly toward Perseus.

"Show us the head! Show us the head!" shouted the people; and there was a fierceness in their cry, as if they would tear Perseus to pieces unless he should satisfy them with what he had to show. "Show us the head of Medusa with the snaky locks!"

A feeling of sorrow and pity came over the youthful Perseus.

"O King Polydectes," cried he, "and ye many people, I am very loath to show you the Gorgon's head."

"Ah, the villain and coward!" yelled the people, more fiercely than before. "He is making game of us! He has no Gorgon's head! Show us the head if you have it, or we will take your own head for a football!"

The evil counselors whispered bad advice in the king's ear; the courtiers murmured, with one consent, that Perseus had shown disrespect to their royal lord and master; and the great King Polydectes himself waved his hand and ordered him, with the stern, deep voice of authority, on his peril to produce the head: —

"Show me the Gorgon's head or I will cut off your own!"

And Perseus sighed.

"This instant," repeated Polydectes, "or you die!"

"Behold it, then!" cried Perseus, in a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

And suddenly holding up the head, not an eyelid had time to wink before the wicked King Polydectes, his evil counselors, and all his fierce subjects were no longer anything but the mere images of a monarch and his people. They were all fixed forever in the look and attitude of that moment. At the first

glimpse of the terrible head of Medusa they whitened into marble. And Perseus thrust the head back into his wallet, and went to tell his dear mother that she need no longer be afraid of the wicked King Polydectes.

PROMETHEUS.

By LORD BYRON.

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

I.

Titan! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until his voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,

The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
  Refused thee even the boon to die:
  The wretched gift eternity
Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
  All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
  The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
  To render with thy precepts less
  The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
  Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
  A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
  To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
  A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself — and equal to all woes,
  And a firm will, and a deep sense
Which even in torture can descry
  Its own concentered recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

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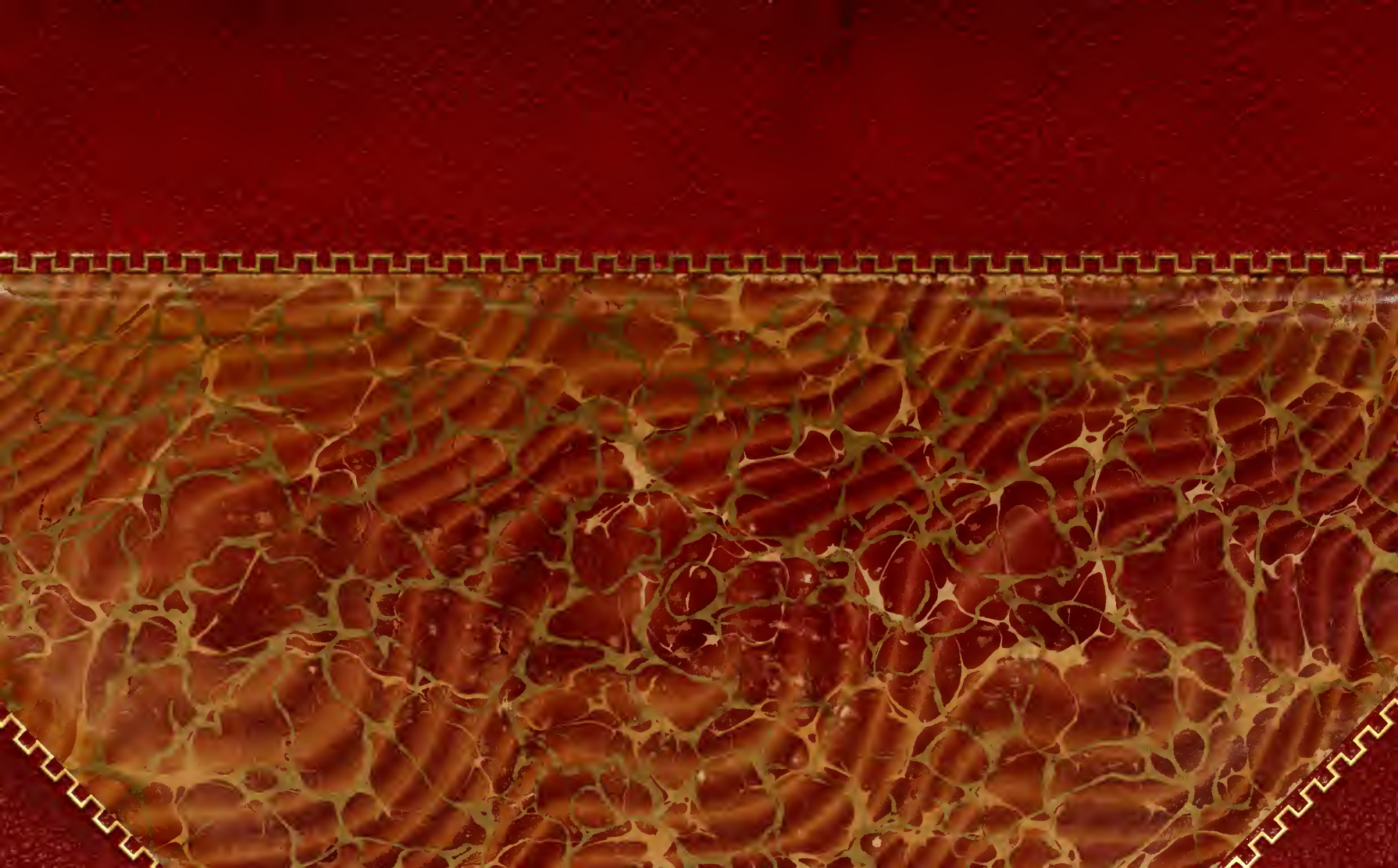
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